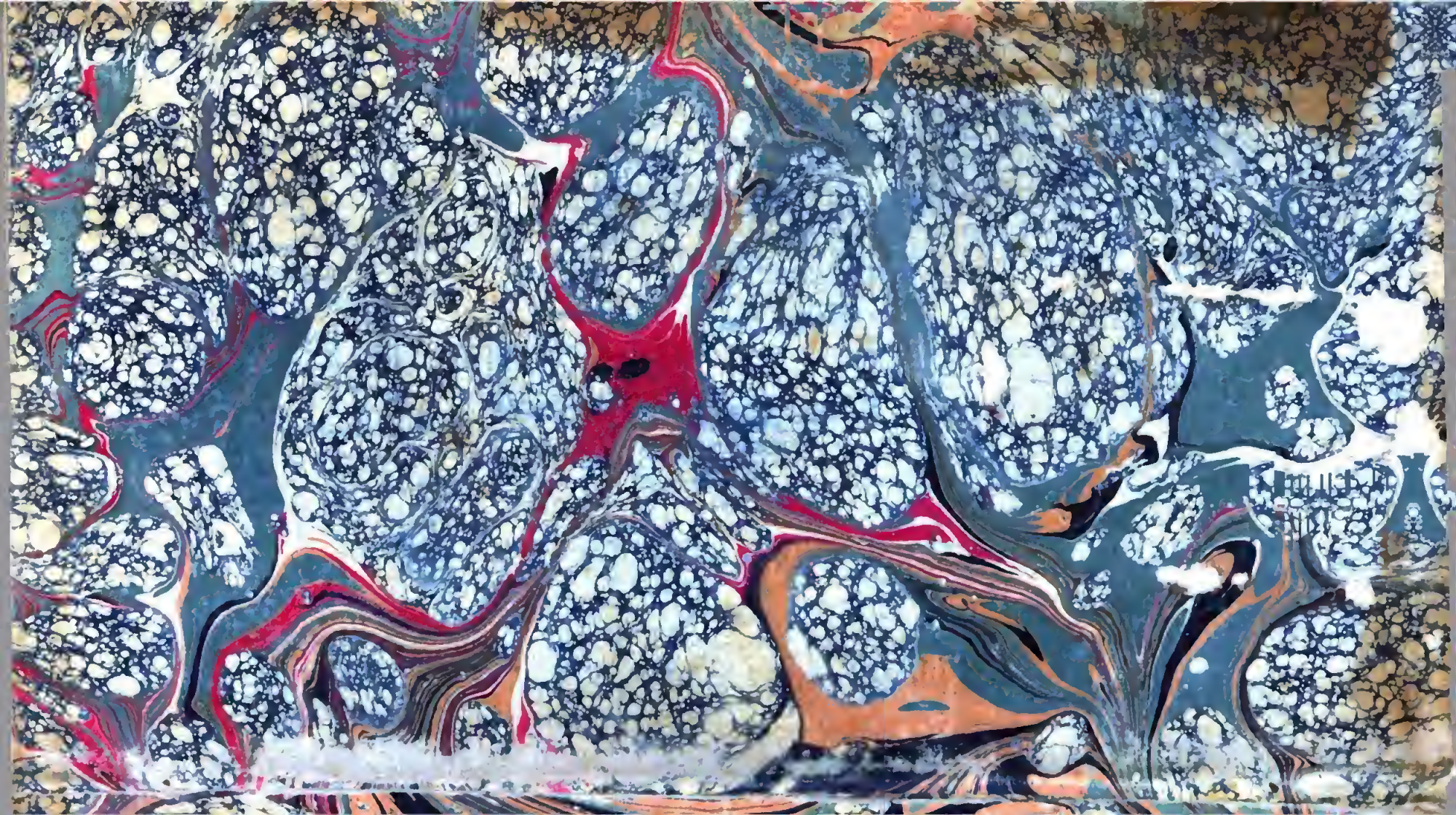
R. BIBL. NAZ.
Vitt. Emanuele III.
RACC.
DE MARINIS
A
634
NAPOLI



Racc. Dr. Marinus N 534

MORISON's EDITION

OF THE

POEMS

OF

OSSIAN,

THE

SON OF FINGAL.

TRANSLATED

BY JAMES MACPHERSON, Esq;

CAREFULLY CORRECTED, AND GREATLY IMPROVED.

WITH A SETT OF ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS,

FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS, BY STOTHARD AND ALLAN.

VOLUME SECOND.

WE MAY BOLDLY ASSIGN OSSIAN A PLACE AMONG THOSE WHOSE WORKS ARE TO LAST FOR AGES. BLAIR.

PERTH:

PRINTED BY R. MORISON JUNIOR,

FOR R. MORISON & SON, BOOKSELLERS, PERTH.

M,DCC,XCV.

Biblioteca Nazionale V. E. III NAPOLI

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

Page.

TEMORA, Book I. 1
Book II. 21
Book III. 37
Book IV. 51
Book V. 63
Book VI. 75
Book VII. 88
Book VIII. 101
CATHLIN of CLUTHA, ... 170
SUL-MALLA of LUMON, ... 182
CATH-LODA, Part First, ... 193
Part Second, ... 206
Part Third, ... 216
OINA-MORUL, ... 224
COLNA-DONA, ... 231
The DEATH of OSCAR, ... 237
A DISSERTATION concerning the POEMS of OSSIAN, 243
A Critical DISSERTATION on the POEMS of OSSIAN, 275
APPENDIX, ... 377

Biblioteca Nazionale
NAPOLI

Digitized by Google

TEMORA.

Stothard del. D.M. Pyel sculp.

Biblioteca Nazionale Napoli

TEMORA:

AN EPIC POEM.

IN EIGHT BOOKS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cairbar, the ſon of Borbar-duthul, lord of Atha in Connaught, the moſt potent chief of the race of the Firbolg, having murdered, at Temora the royal palace, Cormac the ſon of Artho, the young king of Ireland, uſurped the throne. Cormac was lineally deſcended from Conar the ſon of Trenmor, the great-grandfather of Fingal, king of thoſe Caledonians who inhabited the weſtern coaſt of Scotland. Fingal reſented the behaviour of Cairbar, and reſolved to paſs over into Ireland, with an army, to reeſtabliſh the royal family on the Iriſh throne. Early intelligence of his deſigns coming to Cairbar, he aſſembled ſome of his tribes in Ulſter, and at the ſame time ordered his brother Cathmor to follow him ſpeedily with an army, from Temora. Such was the ſituation of affairs when the Caledonian fleet appeared on the coaſt of Ulſter.

The poem opens in the morning. Cairbar is repreſented as retired from the reſt of the army, when one of his ſcouts brought him news of the landing of Fingal. He aſſembles a council of his chiefs. Foldath the chief of Moma haughtily deſpiſes the enemy; and is reprimanded warmly by Malthos. Cairbar, after hearing their debate, orders a feaſt to be prepared, to which, by his bard Olla, he invites Oſcar the ſon of Oſſian; reſolving to pick a

quarrel with that hero, and ſo have ſome pretext for killing him. Oſcar came to the feaſt; the quarrel happened; the followers of both fought, and Cairbar and Oſcar fell by mutual wounds. The noiſe of the battle reached Fingal's army. The king came on, to the relief of Oſcar, and the Iriſh fell back to the army of Cathmor, who was advanced to the banks of the river Lubar, on the heath of Moi-lena. Fingal after mourning over his grandſon, ordered Ullin the chief of his bards to carry his body to Morven, to be there interred. Night coming on, Althan, the ſon of Conachar, relates to the king the particulars of the murder of Cormac. Fillan, the ſon of Fingal, is ſent to obſerve the motions of Cathmor by night, which concludes the action of the firſt day. The ſcene of this book is a plain, near the hill of Mora, which roſe on the borders of the heath of Moi-lena, in Ulſter.

BOOK I.

THE blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees ſhake their duſky heads in the breeze. Gray torrents pour their noiſy ſtreams. Two green hills, with aged oaks, ſurround a narrow plain. The blue courſe of a ſtream is there; on its banks ſtood Cairbar [a] of Atha. His ſpear ſupports the king: the red eyes of his fear are ſad. Cormac riſes in his ſoul, with all his ghaſtly wounds. The gray form of his youth appears in darkneſs; blood pours from his airy ſides. Cairbar thrice threw his ſpear

on

on earth; and thrice he ſtroked his beard. His ſteps are ſhort; he often ſtops: and toſſes his ſinewy arms. He is like a cloud in the deſart, that varies its form to every blaſt: the valleys are ſad around, and fear, by turns, the ſhower.

The king, at length, reſumed his ſoul, and took his pointed ſpear. He turned his eyes to Moi-lena. The ſcouts of blue ocean came. They came with ſteps of fear, and often looked behind. Cairbar knew that the mighty were near, and called his gloomy chiefs.

The ſounding ſteps of his warriors came. They drew, at once, their ſwords. There Morlath [b] ſtood with darkened face. Hidalla's long hair ſighs in wind. Red-haired Cormar bends on his ſpear, and rolls his ſide-long-looking eyes. Wild is the look of Malthos from beneath two ſhaggy brows. Foldath ſtands like an oozy rock, that covers its dark ſides with foam. His ſpear is like Slimora's fir, that meets the wind of heaven. His ſhield is marked with the ſtrokes of battle; and his red eye deſpiſes danger. Theſe and a thouſand other chiefs ſurrounded car-borne Cairbar, when the ſcout of ocean came. Mor-annal, from ſtreamy Moi-lena. His eyes hang forward from his face, his lips are trembling, pale.

"Do the chiefs of Erin ſtand," he ſaid, "ſilent as the grove of evening? Stand they, like a ſilent wood, and Fingal on the coaſt? Fingal, the terrible in battle, the king of ſtreamy Morven." "Haſt thou ſeen the warrior?" ſaid Cairbar with a ſigh. "Are his heroes many on the coaſt? Lifts he the ſpear of battle? Or comes the king in peace?" "In peace he comes not, Cairbar. I have ſeen his forward ſpear. [c] It is a meteor of death; the blood of thouſands is on its ſteel. He came firſt to the ſhore, ſtrong in the gray hair of age. Full roſe his ſinewy limbs, as he ſtrode in his might. That ſword is by his ſide which gives no ſecond [d] wound. His ſhield is terrible, like the bloody moon aſcending through a ſtorm. Then came Oſſian king of ſongs; and Morni's ſon, the firſt of men. Connal leaps forward on his ſpear: Dermit ſpreads his dark-brown locks. Fillan bends his bow, the young hunter of ſtreamy Moruth. But who is that before them, like the dreadful courſe of a ſtream? It is the ſon of Oſſian, bright between his locks. His long hair falls on his back. His dark brows are half-incloſed in ſteel. His ſword hangs looſe on his ſide. His ſpear glitters as he moves. I fled from his terrible eyes, king of high Temora."

"Then fly, thou feeble man," ſaid Foldath in gloomy wrath. "Fly to the gray ſtreams of thy land

land, ſon of the little ſoul! Have not I ſeen that Oſcar? I beheld the chief in war. He is of the mighty in danger; but there are others who lift the ſpear. Erin has many ſons as brave, king of Temora of Groves! Let Foldath meet him in the ſtrength of his courſe, and ſtop this mighty ſtream. My ſpear is covered with the blood of the valiant; my ſhield is like the wall of Tura."

"Shall Foldath [e] alone meet the foe?" replied the dark-browed Malthos. "Are they not numerous on our coaſt, like the waters of many ſtreams? Are not theſe the chiefs who vanquiſhed Swaran, when the ſons of Erin fled? And ſhall Foldath meet their braveſt heroes? Foldath of the heart of pride! take the ſtrength of the people; and let Malthos come. My ſword is red with ſlaughter, but who has heard my words?" [f]

"Sons of green Erin," ſaid Hidalla, [g] "let not Fingal hear your words. The foe might rejoice, and his arm be ſtrong in the land. Ye are brave, O warriors, and like the ſtorms of the deſart; they meet the rocks without fear, and overturn the woods. But let us move in our ſtrength, ſlow as a gathered cloud. Then ſhall the mighty tremble; the ſpear ſhall fall from the hand of the valiant. We ſee the cloud of death, they will ſay, while ſhadows fly over their face. Fingal will mourn in his

his age, and ſee his flying fame. The ſteps of his chiefs will ceaſe in Morven: the moſs of years ſhall grow in Selma."

Cairbar heard their words, in ſilence, like the cloud of a ſhower: it ſtands dark on Cromla, till the lightning burſts its ſides: the valley gleams with red light; the ſpirits of the ſtorm rejoice. So ſtood the ſilent king of Temora; at length his words are heard.

"Spread the feaſt on Moi-lena: let my hundred bards attend. Thou, red-haired Olla, take the harp of the king. Go to Oſcar chief of ſwords, and bid him to our feaſt. To-day we feaſt and hear the ſong; to-morrow break the ſpears. Tell him that I have raiſed the tomb of Cathol;[h] that bards have ſung to his ghoſt. Tell him that Cairbar has heard his fame at the ſtream of reſounding Carun.[i] Cathmor[k] is not here, Borbar-duthul's generous race. He is not here with his thouſands, and our arms are weak. Cathmor is a foe to ſtrife at the feaſt: his ſoul is bright as that ſun. But Cairbar ſhall fight with Oſcar, chiefs of the woody Temora! His words for Cathol were many; the wrath of Cairbar burns. He ſhall fall on Moi-lena: my fame ſhall riſe in blood."

Their faces brightened round with joy. They ſpread over Moi-lena. The feaſt of ſhells is prepared.

pared. The ſongs of bards ariſe. We heard [l] the voice of joy on the coaſt: we thought that mighty Cathmor came. Cathmor the friend of ſtrangers! the brother of red-haired Cairbar. Their ſouls were not the ſame. The light of heaven was in the boſom of Cathmor. His towers roſe on the banks of Atha: ſeven paths led to his halls. Seven chiefs ſtood on the paths, and called the ſtranger to the feaſt! But Cathmor dwelt in the wood to avoid the voice of praiſe.

Olla came with his ſongs. Oſcar went to Cairbar's feaſt. Three hundred warriors ſtrode along Moi-lena of the ſtreams. The gray dogs bounded on the heath, their howling reached afar. Fingal ſaw the departing hero: the ſoul of the king was ſad. He dreaded Cairbar's gloomy thoughts, amidſt the feaſt of ſhells. My ſon raiſed high the ſpear of Cormac: an hundred bards met him with ſongs. Cairbar concealed with ſmiles the death that was dark in his ſoul. The feaſt is ſpread, the ſhells reſound: joy brightens the face of the hoſt. But it was like the parting beam of the ſun, when he is to hide his red head in a ſtorm.

Cairbar roſe in his arms; darkneſs gathered on his brow. The hundred harps ceaſed at once. The clang [m] of his ſhields was heard. Far diſtant on the heath Olla raiſed his ſong of woe. My ſon knew

knew the ſign of death; and riſing ſeized his ſpear. "Oſcar!" ſaid the dark-red Cairbar, I behold the ſpear [n] of Innis-fail. The ſpear of Temora [o] glitters in thy hand ſon of woody Morven! It was in the pride of an hundred [p] kings, the death of heroes of old. Yield it, ſon of Oſſian, yield it to car-borne Cairbar."

"Shall I yield," Oſcar replied, "the gift of Erin's injured king: the gift of fair-haired Cormac, when Oſcar ſcattered his foes! I came to Cormac's halls of joy, when Swaran fled from Fingal. Gladneſs roſe in the face of youth: he gave the ſpear of Temora. Nor did he give it to the feeble, O Cairbar, neither to the weak in ſoul. The darkneſs of thy face is no ſtorm to me; nor are thine eyes the flames of death. Do I fear thy clanging ſhield? Tremble I at Olla's ſong? No: Cairbar, frighten the feeble; Oſcar is a rock."

"And wilt thou not yield the ſpear?" replied the riſing pride of Cairbar. "Are thy words ſo mighty becauſe Fingal is near? Fingal with aged locks from Morven's hundred groves! He has fought with little men. But he muſt vaniſh before Cairbar, like a thin pillar of miſt before the winds of Atha [q]." "Were he who fought with little men near Atha's darkening chief: Atha's darkening chief would yield green Erin his rage.

Speak

Speak not of the mighty, O Cairbar! but turn thy ſword on me. Our ſtrength is equal: but Fingal is renowned! the firſt of mortal men!"

Their people ſaw the darkening chiefs. Their crowding ſteps are heard around. Their eyes roll in fire. A thouſand ſwords are half unſheathed. Red-haired Olla raiſed the ſong of battle: the trembling joy of Oſcar's ſoul aroſe: the wonted joy of his ſoul when Fingal's horn was heard. Dark as the ſwelling wave of ocean before the riſing winds, when it bends it head near a coaſt, came on the hoſt of Cairbar.

Daughter of Toſcar[1]! why that tear? He is not fallen yet. Many were the deaths of his arm before my hero fell!

Behold they fall before my ſon like the groves in the deſart, when an angry ghoſt ruſhes through night, and takes their green heads in his hand! Morlath falls: Maronnan dies: Conachar trembles in his blood. Cairbar ſhrinks[2] before Oſcar's ſword; and creeps in darkneſs behind his ſtone. He lifted the ſpear in ſecret, and pierced my Oſcar's ſide. He falls forward on his ſhield: his knee ſuſtains the chief. But ſtill his ſpear in his hand. See gloomy Cairbar[3] falls! The ſteel pierced his forehead, and divided his red hair behind. He lay, like a ſhattered rock, which Cromla

ſhakes from its ſhaggy ſide. But never more ſhall Oſcar riſe! he leans on his boſſy ſhield. His ſpear is in his terrible hand: Erin's ſons ſtood diſtant and dark. Their ſhouts aroſe, like crowded ſtreams; Moi-lena echoed wide.

Fingal heard the ſound; and took his father's ſpear. His ſteps are before us on the heath. He ſpoke the words of woe." I hear the noiſe of war. Young Oſcar is alone. Riſe, ſons of Morven; join the hero's ſword."

Oſſian ruſhed along the heath. Fillan bounded over Moi-lena. Fingal ſtrode in his ſtrength, and the light of his ſhield is terrible. The ſons of Erin ſaw it far diſtant; they trembled in their ſouls. They knew that the wrath of the king aroſe: and they foreſaw their death. We firſt arrived; we fought; and Erin's chiefs withſtood our rage. But when the king came, in the ſound of his courſe, what heart of ſteel could ſtand! Erin fled over Moi-lena. Death purſued their flight. We ſaw Oſcar on his ſhield. We ſaw his blood around. Silence darkened every face. Each turned his back and wept. The king ſtrove to hide his tears. His gray beard whiſtled in the wind. He bent his head above his ſon. His words were mixed with ſighs.

"And

"And art thou fallen, Oſcar, in the midſt of thy courſe? the heart of the aged beats over thee! He ſees thy coming wars. The wars which ought to come he ſees, but they are cut off from thy fame. When ſhall joy dwell at Selma? When ſhall grief depart from Morven? My ſons fall by degrees: Fingal ſhall be the laſt of his race. The fame which I have received ſhall paſs away: my age will be without friends. I ſhall ſit a gray cloud in my hall: nor ſhall I hear the return of a ſon, in the midſt of his ſounding arms. Weep, ye heroes of Morven! never more ſhall Oſcar riſe!"

And they did weep, O Fingal; dear was the hero to their ſouls. He went out to battle, and the foes vaniſhed; he returned, in peace, amidſt their joy. No father mourned his ſon ſlain in youth: no brother his brother of love. They fell, without tears, for the chief of the people was low! Bran [t] is howling at his feet: gloomy Luath is ſad, for he had often led them to the chaſe; to the bounding roe of the deſart.

When Oſcar ſaw his friends around, his breaſt aroſe with ſighs. "The groans," he ſaid, "of aged chiefs; the howling of my dogs: the ſudden burſts of ſongs of grief, have melted Oſcar's ſoul. My ſoul, that never melted before; it was like the ſteel of my ſword. Oſſian, carry me to my hills!

Raiſe the ſtones of my renown. Place the horn of the deer, and my ſword within my narrow dwelling. The torrent hereafter may raiſe the earth: the hunter may find the ſteel and ſay, "This has been Oſcar's ſword."

"And falleſt thou, ſon of my fame! And ſhall I never ſee thee, Oſcar! When others hear of their ſons, I ſhall not hear of thee. The moſs is on thy four gray ſtones; the mournful wind is there. The battle ſhall be fought without him: he ſhall not purſue the dark-brown hinds. When the warrior returns from battles, and tells of other lands; I have ſeen a tomb, he will ſay, by the roaring ſtream, the dark dwelling of a chief. He fell by the car-borne Oſcar, the firſt of mortal men. I, perhaps, ſhall hear his voice; and a beam of joy will riſe in my ſoul."

The night would have deſcended in ſorrow, and morning returned in the ſhadow of grief: our chiefs would have ſtood like cold dropping rocks on Moi-lena, and have forgot the war, did not the king diſperſe his grief, and raiſe his mighty voice. The chiefs, as new-wakened from dreams, liſt up their heads around.

"How long on Moi-lena ſhall we weep; or pour our tears in Ullin? The mighty will not return. Oſcar ſhall not riſe in his ſtrength. The valiant muſt

muſt fall one day, and be no more known on his hills. Where are our fathers, O warriors! the chiefs of the times of old? They have ſet like ſtars that have ſhone, we only hear the ſound of their praiſe. But they were renowned in their day, the terror of other times. Thus ſhall we paſs, O warriors, in the day of our fall. Then let us be renowned when we may; and leave our fame behind us, like the laſt beams of the ſun, when he hides his red head in the weſt. Ullin, my aged bard! take the ſhip of the king. Carry Oſcar to Selma of harps. Let the daughters of Morven weep. We ſhall fight in Erin for the race of fallen Cormac. The days of my years begin to fail: I feel the weakneſs of my arm. My fathers bend from their clouds, to receive their gray-haired ſon. But, before I go hence, one beam of fame ſhall riſe: ſo ſhall my days end, as my years begun, in fame: my life ſhall be one ſtream of light to bards of other times.

Ullin raiſed his white ſails: the wind of the ſouth came forth. He bounded on the waves towards Selma. I remained in my grief, but my words were not heard. The feaſt is ſpread on Moilena: an hundred heroes reared the tomb of Cairbar: but no ſong is raiſed over the chief: for his ſoul had been dark and bloody. The bards remembered

membered the fall of Cormac! What could they ſay in Cairbar's praiſe?

The night came rolling down. The light of an hundred oaks aroſe. Fingal ſat beneath a tree. Old Althan [u] ſtood in the midſt. He told the tale of fallen Cormac. Althan the ſon of Conachar, the friend of car-borne Cuchullin: he dwelt with Cormac in windy Temora, when Semo's ſon fought with generous Torlath. The tale of Althan was mournful, and the tear was in his eye.

"The [x] ſetting ſun was yellow on Dora [y]. Gray evening began to deſcend. Temora's woods ſhook with the blaſt of the unconſtant wind. A cloud, at length, gathered in the weſt, and a red ſtar looked from behind its edge. I ſtood in the wood alone, and ſaw a ghoſt on the darkening air. His ſtride extended from hill to hill: his ſhield was dim on his ſide. It was the ſon of Semo: I knew the warrior's face. But he paſſed away in his blaſt; and all was dark around. My ſoul was ſad. I went to the hall of ſhells. A thouſand lights aroſe: the hundred bards had ſtrung the harp. Cormac ſtood in the midſt, like the morning ſtar, when it rejoices on the eaſtern hill, and its young beams are bathed in ſhowers. The ſword of Artho [z] was in the hand of the king; and he looked with joy on its poliſhed ſtuds: thrice he

rove

ſtrove to draw it, and thrice he failed; his yellow locks are ſpread on his ſhoulders: his cheeks of youth are red. I mourned over the beam of youth, for he was ſoon to ſet.

"Althan!" he ſaid, with a ſmile, "haſt thou beheld my father? Heavy is the ſword of the king, ſurely his arm was ſtrong. O that I were like him in battle, when the rage of his wrath aroſe! then would I have met, like Cuchullin, the car-borne ſon of Cantela! But years may come on, O Althan! and my arm be ſtrong. Haſt thou heard of Semo's ſon, the chief of high Temora? He might have returned with his fame; for he promiſed to return to-night. My bards wait him with ſongs; my feaſt is ſpread in Temora."

"I heard the king in ſilence. My tears began to flow. I hid them with my aged locks; but he perceived my grief. "Son of Conachar!" he ſaid, "is the king of Tura [a] low? Why burſts thy ſigh in ſecret? And why deſcends the tear? Comes the car-borne Torlath? Or the ſound of the red-haired Cairbar? They come! for I behold thy grief. Moſſy Tura's king is low! Shall I not ruſh to battle? But I cannot lift the ſpear! O had mine arm the ſtrength of Cuchullin, ſoon would Cairbar fly; the fame of my fathers would be renewed; and the deeds of other times!"

"He

" He took his bow. The tears flow down, from both his ſparkling eyes. Grief ſaddens round: the bards bend forward, from their hundred harps. The lone blaſt touched their trembling ſtrings. The ſound [b] is ſad and low. A voice is heard at a diſtance, as of one in grief? it was Carril of other times, who came from dark Slimora [c]. He told of the death of Cuchullin, and of his mighty deeds. The people were ſcattered round his tomb: their arms lay on the ground. They had forgot the war, for he, their ſire, was ſeen no more.

" But who," ſaid the ſoft-voiced Carril, " come like the bounding roes? their ſtature is like the young trees of the plain, growing in a ſhower: Soft and ruddy are their cheeks; but fearleſs ſouls look forth from their eyes? Who but the ſons of Uſnoth [d], the carborne chiefs of Etha. The people riſe on every ſide, like the ſtrength of an half-extinguiſhed fire, when the winds come, ſudden, from the deſart, on their ruſtling wings. The ſound of Caithbat's [e] ſhield was heard. The heroes ſaw Cuchullin [f] in Nathos. So rolled his ſparkling eyes: his ſteps were ſuch on the heath. Battles are fought at Lego: the ſword of Nathos prevails. Soon ſhalt thou behold him in thy halls, king of Temora of Groves."

" And

"And ſoon may I behold the chief!" replied the blue-eyed king. "But my ſoul is ſad for Cuchullin; his voice was pleaſant in mine ear. Often have we moved, on Dora, to the chaſe of the dark-brown hinds: his bow was unerring on the mountains. He ſpoke of mighty men. He told of the deeds of my fathers; and I felt my joy. But ſit thou at the feaſt, O bard, I have often heard thy voice. Sing in the praiſe of Cuchullin; and of that mighty ſtranger [g]."

"Day roſe on woody Temora, with all the beams of the eaſt. Trathin came to the hall, the ſon of old Gellama [h]. "I behold," he ſaid, "a dark cloud in the deſart, king of Innis-fail! a cloud it ſeemed at firſt, but now a crowd of men. One ſtrides before them in his ſtrength; his red hair flies in wind. His ſhield glitters to the beam of the eaſt. His ſpear is in his hand."

"Call him to the feaſt of Temora," replied the king of Erin. "My hall is the houſe of ſtrangers, ſon of the generous Gellama! Perhaps it is the chief of Etha, coming in the ſound of his renown. Hail, mighty ſtranger, art thou of the friends of Cormac? But Carril, he is dark, and unlovely; and he draws his ſword. Is that the ſon of Uſnoth, bard of the times of old?"

"It is not the ſon of Uſnoth," ſaid Carril, "but the chief of Atha. Why comeſt thou in thy arms to Temora, Cairbar of the gloomy brow? Let not thy ſword riſe againſt Cormac! Whither doſt thou turn thy ſpeed?" He paſſed on in his darkneſs, and ſeized the hand of the king. Cormac foreſaw his death, and the rage of his eyes aroſe. Retire, thou gloomy chief of Atha: Nathos comes with battle. Thou art bold in Cormac's hall, for his arm is weak. The ſword entered the ſide of the king: he fell in the halls of his fathers. His fair hair is in the duſt. His blood is ſmoking round.

And art thou fallen in thy halls [k], O ſon of noble Artho? The ſhield of Cuchullin was not near. Nor the ſpear of thy father. Mournful are the mountains of Erin, for the chief of the people is low? Bleſt be thy ſoul, O Cormac! thou art darkened in thy youth."

His words came to the ears of Cairbar, and he cloſed us [m] in the midſt of darkneſs. He feared to ſtretch his ſword to the bards [n] though his ſoul was dark. Long had we pined alone: at length, the noble Cathmor [o] came. He heard our voice from the cave; he turned the eye of his wrath on Cairbar.

"Chief of Atha!" he ſaid, "how long wilt thou pain my ſoul? Thy heart is like the rock of the

the deſart; and thy thoughts are dark. But thou art the brother of Cathmor, and he will fight thy battles. But Cathmor's ſoul is not like thine, thou feeble hand of war! The light of my boſom is ſtained with thy deeds: the bards will not ſing of my renown. They may ſay, *Cathmor was brave, but he fought for gloomy Cairbar.* They will paſs over my tomb in ſilence: my fame ſhall not be heard. Cairbar! looſe the bards: they are the ſons of other times. Their voice ſhall be heard in other years; after the kings of Temora have failed."

"We came forth at the words of the chief. We ſaw him in his ſtrength. He was like thy youth, O Fingal, when thou firſt didſt lift the ſpear. His face was like the plain of the ſun, when it is bright: no darkneſs travelled over his brow. But he came with his thouſands to Ullin; to aid the red-haired Cairbar: and now he comes to revenge his death, O king of woody Morven."

"And let him come," replied the king; "I love a foe like Cathmor. His ſoul is great; his arm is ſtrong, his battles are full of fame. But the little ſoul is a vapour that hovers round the marſhy lake: it never riſes on the green hill, leſt the winds ſhould meet it there: its dwelling is in the cave, it ſends forth the dart of death. Our young he-

roes, O warriors, are like the renown of our fathers. They fight in youth; they fall: their names are in the ſong. Fingal is amidſt his darkening years. He muſt not fall, as an aged oak, acroſs a ſecret ſtream. Near it are the ſteps of the hunter, as it lies beneath the wind. *How has that tree fallen?* He, whiſtling, ſtrides along.

"Raiſe the ſong of joy, ye bards of Morven, that our ſouls may forget the paſt. The red ſtars look on us from the clouds, and ſilently deſcend. Soon ſhall the gray beam of the morning riſe, and ſhew us the foes of Cormac. Fillan! take the ſpear of the king; go to Mora's dark-brown ſide. Let thine eyes travel over the heath, like flames of fire. Obſerve the foes of Fingal, and the courſe of generous Cathmor. I hear a diſtant ſound, like the falling of rocks in the deſart. But ſtrike thou thy ſhield at times, that they may not come through night, and the fame of Morven ceaſe. I begin to be alone, my ſon, and I dread the fall of my renown."

The voice of the bards aroſe. The king leaned on the ſhield of Trenmor. Sleep deſcended on his eyes; his future battles roſe in his dreams. The hoſt are ſleeping around. Dark-haired Fillan obſerved the foe. His ſteps are on a diſtant hill: we hear, at times, his clanging ſhield.

TEMORA:

TEMORA:

AN EPIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

This book opens, we may ſuppoſe, about midnight, with a ſoliloquy of Oſſian, who had retired, from the reſt of the army, to mourn for his ſon Oſcar. Upon hearing the noiſe of Cathmor's army approaching, he went to find out his brother Fillan, who kept the watch, on the hill of Mora, in the front of Fingal's army. In the converſation of his brother, the epiſode of Conar, the ſon of Trenmor, who was the firſt king of Ireland, is introduced, which lays open the origin of the conteſts between Cael and Firbolg, the two nations who firſt poſſeſſed themſelves of that iſland. Oſſian kindles a fire on Mora; upon which Cathmor deſiſted from the deſign he had formed of ſurpriſing the army of the Caledonians. He calls a council of his chiefs; reprimands Foldath for adviſing a night-attack, as the Iriſh army were ſo much ſuperior in number to the enemy. The bard Fonar introduces the ſtory of Crothar, the anceſtor of the king, which throws further light on the hiſtory of Ireland, and the original pretenſions of the family of Atha, to the throne of that kingdom. The Iriſh chiefs lie down to reſt, and Cathmor himſelf undertakes the watch. In his circuit round the army, he is met by Oſſian. The interview of the two heroes is deſcribed. Cathmor obtains a promiſe from Oſſian, to order a funeral elegy to be ſung over the grave of

of Cairbar; it being the opinion of the times, that the ſouls of the dead could not be happy, till their elegies were ſung by a bard. Morning comes. Cathmor and Oſſian part; and the latter, caſually meeting with Carril the ſon of Kinfena, ſends that bard, with a funeral ſong, to the tomb of Cairbar.

BOOK II.

FATHER [a] of heroes, Trenmor! dweller of eddying winds! where the dark-red courſe of thunder marks the troubled clouds! Open thou thy ſtormy halls, and let the bards of old be near: let them draw near, with their ſongs and their half viewleſs harps. No dweller of miſty valley comes; no hunter unknown at his ſtreams; but the car-borne Oſcar from the folds of war. Sudden is thy change, my ſon, from what thou wert on dark Moi-lena! The blaſt folds thee in its ſkirt, and ruſtles along the ſky.—Doſt thou not behold thy father, at the ſtream of night? the chiefs of Morven ſleep far diſtant. They have loſt no ſon. But ye have loſt a hero, Chiefs of ſtreamy Morven! Who could equal his ſtrength, when battle rolled againſt his ſide, like the darkneſs of crowded waters?—Why this cloud in Oſſian's ſoul? It ought to burn in danger. Erin is near with her hoſt. The king of Morven is alone. Alone thou ſhalt not be, my father, while I can lift the ſpear.

I roſe,

I roſe, in my rattling arms. I liſtened to the wind of night. The ſhield of Fillan [b] is not heard. I ſhook for the ſon of Fingal. Why ſhould the foe come, by night; and the dark-haired warrior fail? Diſtant, ſullen murmurs riſe: like the noiſe of the lake of Lego, when its waters ſhrink in the days of froſt, and all its burſting ice reſounds. The people of Lara look to heaven, and foreſee the ſtorm. My ſteps are forward on the heath: the ſpear of Oſcar in my hand. Red ſtars looked from high. I gleamed, along the night. I ſaw Fillan ſilent before me, bending forward from Mora's rock. He heard the ſhout of the foe; the joy of his ſoul aroſe. He heard my ſounding tread, and turned his lifted ſpear.

"Comeſt thou, ſon of night, in peace? Or doſt thou meet thy wrath? The foes of Fingal are mine. Speak, or fear my ſteel. I ſtand, not in vain, the ſhield of Morven's race."

"Never mayſt thou ſtand in vain, ſon of blue-eyed Clatho. Fingal begins to be alone; darkneſs gathers on the laſt of his days. Yet he has two [c] ſons who ought to ſhine in war. Who ought to be two beams of light, near the ſteps of his departure."

"Son of Fingal," replied the youth, "it is not long ſince I raiſed the ſpear. Few are the marks

of

of my ſword in battle, but my ſoul is fire. The chiefs of Bolga [d] crowd around the ſhield of generous Cathmor. Their gathering is on that heath. Shall my ſteps approach their hoſt? I yielded to Oſcar alone, in the ſtrife of the race, on Cona."

"Fillan, thou ſhalt not approach their hoſt; nor fall before thy fame is known. My name is heard in ſong: when needful I advance. From the ſkirts of night I ſhall view their gleaming tribes. Why, Fillan, didſt thou ſpeak of Oſcar, to call forth my ſigh? I muſt forget [e] the warrior, till the ſtorm is rolled away. Sadneſs ought not to dwell in danger, nor the tear in the eye of war. Our fathers forgot their fallen ſons, till the noiſe of arms was paſt. Then ſorrow returned to the tomb, and the ſong of bards aroſe.

"Conar [f] was the brother of Trathal, firſt of mortal men. His battles were on every coaſt. A thouſand ſtreams rolled down the blood of his foes. His fame filled green Erin, like a pleaſant gale. The nations gathered in Ullin, and they bleſſed the king; the king of the race of their fathers, from the land of hinds.

"The chiefs [g] of the ſouth were gathered, in the darkneſs of their pride. In the horrid cave of Moma, they mixed their ſecret words. Thither often, they ſaid, the ſpirits of their fathers came; ſhewing

ſhewing their pale forms from the chinky rocks, and reminding them of the honour of Bolga. Why ſhould Conar reign, the ſon of ſtreamy Morven?

"They came forth, like the ſtreams of the deſart, with the roar of their hundred tribes. Conar was a rock before them: broken they rolled on every ſide. But often they returned and the ſons of Ullin fell. The king ſtood, among the tombs of his warriors, and darkly bent his mournful face. His ſoul was rolled into itſelf; he marked the place where he was to fall; when Trathal came, in his ſtrength, the chief of cloudy Morven. Nor did he come alone; Colgar [h] was at his ſide; Colgar the ſon of the king and of white-boſomed Solin-corma.

"As Trenmor, clothed with meteors, deſcends from the halls of thunder, pouring the dark ſtorm before him over the troubled ſea: ſo Colgar deſcended to battle, and waſted the echoing field. His father rejoiced over the hero: but an arrow came. His tomb was raiſed, without a tear. The king was to revenge his ſon. He lightened forward in battle, till Bolga yielded at her ſtreams.

"When peace returned to the land, and his blue waves bore the king to Morven: then he remembered his ſon, and poured the ſilent tear.

Thrice did the bards, at the cave of Furmono, call the ſoul of Colgar. They called him to the hills of his land; he heard them in his miſt. Trathal placed his ſword in the cave, that the ſpirit of his ſon might rejoice.

" Colgar [i], ſon of Trathil," ſaid Fillan, " thou wert renowned in youth! But the king hath not marked my ſword, bright-ſtreaming on the field. I go forth with the crowd: I return, without my fame. But the foe approaches, Oſſian. I hear their murmur on the heath. The ſound of their ſteps is like thunder, in the boſom of the ground, when the rocking hills ſhake their groves, and not a blaſt pours from the darkened ſky."

Sudden I turned on my ſpear, and raiſed the flame of an oak on high. I ſpread it large on Mora's wind. Cathmor ſtopt in his courſe. Gleaming he ſtood, like a rock, on whoſe ſides are the wandering of blaſts; which ſeize its echoing ſtreams and clothe them over with ice. So ſtood the friend [k] of ſtrangers. The winds lift his heavy locks. Thou art the talleſt of the race of Erin, king of ſtreamy Atha!

" Firſt of bards," ſaid Cathmor, " Fonar [l], call the chiefs of Erin. Call red-haired Cormar, dark-browed Malthos, the ſide-long-looking gloom of Maronan. Let the pride of Foldath appear: the red-

red-rolling eye of Turlotho. Nor let Hidalla be forgot; his voice, in danger, is like the ſound of a ſhower, when it falls in the blaſted vale, near Atha's failing ſtream."

They came, in their clanging arms. They bent forward to his voice, as if a ſpirit of their fathers ſpoke from a cloud of night. Dreadful ſhone they to the light; like the fall of the ſtream of Brumo [m], when the meteor lights it before the nightly ſtranger. Shuddering, he ſtops in his journey, and looks up for the beam of the morn.

"Why [n] delights Foldath," ſaid the king, "to pour the blood of foes, by night? Fails his arms in battle, in the beams of day? Few are the foes before us, why ſhould we clothe us in miſt? The valiant delight to ſhine, in the battles of their land. Thy council was in vain, chief of Moma; the eyes of Morven do not ſleep. They are watchful, as eagles, on their moſſy rocks. Let each collect, beneath his cloud, the ſtrength of his roaring tribe. To-morrow I move, in light, to meet the foes of Bolga! Mighty [o] was he, that is low, the race of Borbal-duthul!

"Not unmarked," ſaid Foldath, "were my ſteps before thy race. In light, I met the foes of Cairbar; the warrior praiſed my deeds. But his ſtone was raiſed without a tear? No bard ſung [p]

over Erin's king; and ſhall his foes rejoice along their moſſy hills? No: they muſt not rejoice: he was the friend of Foldath. Our words were mixed, in ſecret, in Moma's ſilent cave; whilſt thou, a boy in the field, purſuedſt the thiſtle's beard. With Moma's ſons I ſhall ruſh abroad, and find the foe, on his duſky hills. Fingal ſhall lie without his ſon, the gray-haired king of Selma."

"Doſt thou think, thou feeble man," replied the chief of Atha; "doſt thou think that he can fall, without his fame, in Erin? Could the bards be ſilent, at the tomb of the mighty Fingal? The ſong would burſt in ſecret; and the ſpirit of the king rejoice. It is when thou ſhalt fall, that the bard ſhall forget the ſong. Thou art dark, chief of Moma, though thine arm is a tempeſt in war. Do I forget the king of Erin, in his narrow houſe? My ſoul is not loſt to Cairbar, the brother of my love. I marked the bright beams of joy, which travelled over his cloudy mind, when I returned, with fame, to Atha of the ſtreams."

Tall they removed, beneath the words of the king; each to his own dark tribe; where humming, they rolled on the heath, faint-glittering to the ſtars: like waves in the rocky bay, before the nightly wind. Beneath an oak, lay the chief of Atha: his ſhield, a duſky round, hung high.

Near

Near him, againſt a rock, leaned the ſtranger [q] of Inis-huna: that beam of light, with wandering locks, from Lumon of the roes. At diſtance roſe the voice of Fonar, with the deeds of the days of old. The ſong fails, at times, in Lubar's growing roar.

"Crothar [r]," begun the bard, "firſt dwelt at Atha's moſſy ſtream. A thouſand [s] oaks, from the mountains, formed his echoing hall. The gathering of the people was there, around the feaſt of the blue-eyed king. But who, among his chiefs, was like the ſtately Crothar? Warriors kindled in his preſence. The young ſigh of the virgins roſe. In Alnecma [t] was the warrior honoured; the firſt of the race of Bolga.

"He purſued the chaſe in Ullin: on the moſs-covered top of Drumardo. From the wood looked the daughter of Cathmin, the blue-rolling eye of Con-lama. Her ſigh roſe in ſecret. She bent her head, midſt her wandering locks. The moon looked in, at night, and ſaw the white-toſſing of her arms? for ſhe thought of the mighty Crothar, in the ſeaſon of her dreams.

Three days feaſted Crothar with Cathmin. On the fourth they awaked the hinds. Con-lama moved to the chaſe, with all her lovely ſteps. She met Crothar in the narrow path. The bow, fell, at once,

once, from her hand. She turned her face away, and half-hid it with her locks. The love of Crothar roſe. He brought the white-boſomed maid to Atha. Bards raiſed the ſong in her preſence; joy dwelt round the daughter of Ullin.

" The pride of Torloch roſe, a youth who loved the white-handed Con-lama. He came, with battle, to Alnecma; to Atha of the roes. Cormul went forth to the ſtrife, the brother of car-borne Crotha. He went forth, but he fell, and the ſigh of his people roſe. Silent and tall, acroſs the ſtream, came the darkening ſtrength of Crothar: He rolled the foe from Alnecma, and returned, midſt the joy of Con-lama.

" Battle on battle comes. Blood is poured on blood. The tombs of the valiant riſe. Erin's clouds are hung round with ghoſts. The chiefs of the ſouth gathered round the echoing ſhield of Crothar. He came with death to the paths of the foe. The virgins wept, by the ſtreams of Ullin. They looked on the miſt of the hill, no hunter deſcended from its folds. Silence darkened in the land: blaſts ſighed lonely on graſſy tombs.

" Deſcending like the eagle of heaven, with all his ruſtling wings, when he forſakes the blaſt with joy, the ſon of Trenmor came; Conar, arm of death, from Morven of the groves. He poured

his

his might along green Erin. Death dimly ſtrode behind his ſword. The ſons of Bolga fled, from his courſe, as from a ſtream, that burſting from the ſtormy deſart, rolls the fields together, with all their echoing woods. Crothar [u] met him in battle: but Alnecma's warriors fled. The king of Atha ſlowly retired, in the grief of his ſoul. He, afterwards, ſhone in the ſouth; but dim as the ſun of autumn; when he viſits, in his robes of miſt, Lara of dark ſtreams. The withered graſs is covered with dew: the field, though bright, is ſad."

"Why wakes the bard before me," ſaid Cathmor, "the memory of thoſe who fled? Has ſome ghoſt, from his duſky cloud, bent forward to thine ear; to frighten Cathmor from the field with the tales of old? Dwellers of the folds of night, your voice is but a blaſt to me; which takes the gray thiſtle's head, and ſtrews its beard on ſtreams. Within my boſom is a voice; others hear it not. His ſoul forbids the king of Erin to ſhrink back from war."

Abaſhed the bard ſhrinks back in night: retired, he bends above a ſtream, his thoughts are on the days of Atha, when Cathmor heard his ſong with joy. His tears come rolling down: the winds are in his beard.

Erin

Erin ſleeps around. No ſleep comes down on Cathmor's eyes. Dark, in his ſoul, he ſaw the ſpirit of low-laid Cairbar. He ſaw him, without his ſong, rolled in a blaſt of night. He roſe. His ſteps were round the hoſt. He ſtruck, at times, his echoing ſhield. The ſound reached Oſſian's ear, on Mora of the hinds.

"Fillan," I ſaid, "the foes advance. I hear the ſhield of war. Stand thou in the narrow path. Oſſian ſhall mark their courſe. If over my fall the hoſt ſhall pour; then be thy buckler heard. Awake the king on his heath, leſt his fame ſhould ceaſe." I ſtrode, in all my rattling arms; wide-bounding over a ſtream that darkly winded, in the field, before the king of Atha. Green Atha's king, with lifted ſpear, came forward on my courſe. Now would we have mixed in horrid fray, like two contending ghoſts, that bending forward, from two clouds, ſend forth the roaring winds; did not Oſſian behold, on high, the helmet of Erin's kings. The eagle's wing ſpread above it, ruſtling in the breeze. A red ſtar looked through the plumes. I ſtopt the lifted ſpear.

"The helmet of kings is before me! Who art thou ſon of night? Shall Oſſian's ſpear be renowned, when thou art lowly-laid?" At once he dropt the gleaming lance. Growing before me ſeemed

the

the form. He ſtretched his hand in night; and ſpoke the words of kings.

"Friend of the ſpirit of heroes, do I meet thee thus in ſhades? I have wiſhed for thy ſtately ſteps in Atha, in the days of feaſts. Why ſhould my ſpear now ariſe? The ſun muſt behold us, Oſſian; when we bend, gleaming, in the ſtrife. Future warriors ſhall mark the place: and, ſhuddering, think of other years. They ſhall mark it, like the haunt of ghoſts, pleaſant and dreadful to the ſoul."

"And ſhall it be forgot," I ſaid, "where we meet in peace? Is the remembrance of battles always pleaſant to the ſoul? Do not we behold, with joy, the place where our fathers feaſted? But our eyes are full of tears, on the field of their wars. This ſtone ſhall riſe, with all its moſs, and ſpeak to other years. *Here Cathmor and Oſſian met! the warriors met in peace!* When thou, O ſtone, ſhalt fail: and Lubar's ſtream roll quite away! then ſhall the traveller come, and bend here, perhaps, in reſt. When the darkened moon is rolled over his head, our ſhadowy forms may come, and, mixing with his dreams, remind him of this place. But why turneſt thou ſo dark away, ſon of Borbarduthul [x]?"

"Not forgot, ſon of Fingal, ſhall we aſcend theſe winds. Our deeds are ſtreams of light, before the eyes of bards. But darkneſs is rolled on Atha: the king is low, without his ſong: ſtill there was a beam towards Cathmor from his ſtormy ſoul; like the moon, in a cloud, amidſt the dark-red courſe of thunder."

"Son of Erin," I replied, "my wrath dwells not in this houſe [y]. My hatred flies, on eagle-wing, from the foe that is low. He ſhall hear the ſong of bards; Cairbar ſhall rejoice on his winds."

Cathmor's ſwelling ſoul aroſe: he took the dagger from his ſide; and placed it gleaming in my hand. He placed it, in my hand, with ſighs, and, ſilent, ſtrode away. Mine eyes followed his departure. He dimly gleamed, like the form of a ghoſt, which meets a traveller by night, on the dark-ſkirted heath. His words are dark like ſongs of old: with morning ſtrides the unfiniſhed ſhade away.

Who [z] comes from Lubar's vale? From the folds of the morning miſt? The drops of heaven are on his head. His ſteps are in the paths of the ſad. It is Carril of other times. He comes from Tura's ſilent cave. I behold it dark in the rock, through the thin folds of miſt. There, perhaps, Cuchullin ſits,

ſits, on the blaſt which bend its trees. Pleaſant is the ſong of the morning from the bard of Erin!

"The waves crowd away for fear: they hear the ſound of thy coming forth, O ſun! Terrible is thy beauty, ſon of heaven, when death is folded in thy locks; when thou rolleſt thy vapours before thee, over the blaſted hoſt. But pleaſant is thy beam to the hunter, ſitting by the rock in a ſtorm, when thou lookeſt from thy parted cloud, and brighteneſt his dewy locks; he looks down on the ſtreamy vale, and beholds the deſcent of roes. How long ſhalt thou riſe on war, and roll, a bloody ſhield, through heaven? I ſee the deaths of heroes dark-wandering over thy face!"

"Why wander the words of Carril! does the ſon of heaven mourn! he is unſtained in his courſe, ever rejoicing in his fire. Roll on, thou careleſs light; thou too, perhaps, muſt fall. Thy dun robe [a] may ſeize thee, ſtruggling, in the ſky.

"Pleaſant is the voice of the ſong, O Carril, to Oſſian's ſoul! It is like the ſhower of the morning, when it comes through the ruſtling vale, on which the ſun looks through miſt, juſt riſing from his rocks. But this is no time, O bard, to ſit down, at the ſtrife of ſong. Fingal is in arms on the vale. Thou ſeeſt the flaming ſhield of the

king. His face darkens between his locks. He beholds the wide rolling of Erin.

"Does not Carril behold that tomb, beſide the roaring ſtream? Three ſtones lift their gray heads, beneath a bending oak. A king is lowly laid: give thou his ſoul to the wind. He is the brother of Cathmor! open his airy hall. Let thy ſong be a ſtream of joy to Cairbar's darkened ghoſt."

TEMORA:

AN EPIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning coming on, Fingal, after a ſpeech to his people, devolves the command on Gaul, the ſon of Morni; it being the cuſtom of the times, that the king ſhould not engage, till the neceſſity of affairs required his ſuperior valour and conduct. The king and Oſſian retire to the rock of Cormul, which overlooked the field of battle. The bards ſung the war-ſong. The general conflict is deſcribed. Gaul, the ſon of Morni, diſtinguiſhes himſelf; kills Tur-lathon, chief of Moruth, and other chiefs of leſſer name. On the other hand, Foldath, who commanded the Iriſh army (for Cathmor, after the example of Fingal, kept himſelf from battle) fights gallantly; kills Connal, chief of Dunlora, and advances to engage Gaul himſelf. Gaul, in the mean time, being wounded in the hand, by a random arrow, is covered by Fillan, the ſon of Fingal, who performs prodigies of valour. Night comes on. The horn of Fingal recalls his army. The bards meet them, with a congratulary ſong, in which the praiſes of Gaul and Fillan are particularly celebrated. The chiefs ſit down at a feaſt; Fingal miſſes Connal. The epiſode of Connal and Duthcaron is introduced; which throws further light on the ancient hiſtory of Ireland. Carril is diſpatched to raiſe the tomb of Connal.

The

ARGUMENT.

The action of this book takes up the ſecond day, from the opening of the poem.

BOOK III.

WHO is that, at blue-ſtreaming Lubar; by the bending hill of the roes? Tall, he leans on an oak torn from high, by nightly winds. Who but Comhal's ſon, brightening in the laſt of his fields? His gray hair is on the breeze: he half unſheathes the ſword of Luno. His eyes are turned to Moi-lena, to the dark rolling of foes. Doſt thou hear the voice of the king? It is like the burſting of a ſtream, in the deſart, when it comes between its echoing rocks, to the blaſted field of the ſun.

"Wide-ſkirted comes down the foe! Sons of woody Morven, ariſe. Be ye like the rocks of my land, on whoſe brown ſides are the rolling of waters. A beam of joy comes on my ſoul; I ſee them mighty before me. It is when the foe is feeble, that the ſighs of Fingal are heard; leſt death ſhould come, without renown, and darkneſs dwell on his tomb. Who ſhall lead the war, againſt the hoſt of Alnecma? It is only when danger grows, that my ſword ſhall ſhine. Such was the cuſtom, heretofore, of Trenmor the ruler of

winds

winds: and thus deſcended to battle the blue-ſhielded Trathal."

The chiefs bend towards the king: each darkly ſeems to claim the war. They tell, by halves, their mighty deeds: and turn their eyes on Erin. But far before the reſt the ſon of Morni ſtood: ſilent he ſtood, for who had not heard of the battles of Gaul? They roſe within his ſoul. His hand, in ſecret, ſeized the ſword. The ſword which he brought from Struthon, when the ſtrength of Morni failed [a].

On his ſpear ſtood the ſon of Clatho [b] in the wandering of his locks. Thrice he raiſed his eyes to Fingal: his voice thrice failed him, as he ſpoke. Fillan could not boaſt of battles; at once he ſtrode away. Bent over a diſtant ſtream he ſtood: the tear hung in his eye. He ſtruck, at times, the thiſtle's head, with his inverted ſpear.

Nor is he unſeen of Fingal. Sidelong he beheld his ſon. He beheld him, with burſting joy; and turned, amidſt his crowded ſoul. In ſilence turned the king towards Mora of woods. He hid the big tear with his locks. At length his voice is heard.

"Firſt of the ſons of Morni; thou rock that defieſt the ſtorm! Lead thou my battle, for the race of low-laid Cormac. No boy's ſtaff is thy ſpear: no

no harmleſs beam of light thy ſword. Son of Morni of ſteeds, behold the foe; deſtroy. Fillan, obſerve the chief: he is not calm in ſtrife: nor burns he, heedleſs, in battle; my ſon, obſerve the king. He is ſtrong as Lubar's ſtream, but never foams and roars. High on cloudy Mora, Fingal ſhall behold the war. Stand, Oſſian [c], near thy father, by the falling ſtream. Raiſe the voice, O bards; Morven, move beneath the ſound. It is my latter field; clothe it over with light."

As the ſudden riſing of winds; or diſtant rolling of troubled ſeas, when ſome dark ghoſt, in wrath, heaves the billows over an iſle, the ſeat of miſt, on the deep, for many dark-brown years: ſo terrible is the ſound of the hoſt, wide-moving over the field. Gaul is tall before them: the ſtreams glitter within his ſtrides. The bards raiſed the ſong by his ſide; he ſtruck his ſhield between. On the ſkirts of the blaſt, the tuneful voices roſe.

On Crona, ſaid the bards, there burſts a ſtream by night. It ſwells, in its own dark courſe, till morning's early beam. Then comes it white from the hill, with the rocks and their hundred groves. Far be my ſteps from Crona: Death is tumbling there. Be ye a ſtream from Mora, ſons of cloudy Morven."

"Who

"Who riſes, from his car, on Clutha? the hills are troubled before the king! The dark woods echo round, and lighten at his ſteel. See him, amidſt the foe, like Colgach's [d] ſportful ghoſt; when he ſcatters the clouds, and rides the eddying wings! It is Morni [e] of the bounding ſteeds! Be like thy father, Gaul!

"Selma is opened wide. Bards take the trembling harps. Ten youths carry the oak of the feaſt. A diſtant ſun-beam marks the hill. The duſky waves of the blaſt fly over the fields of graſs. Why art thou ſo ſilent, Morven? The king returns with all his fame. Did not the battle roar; yet peaceful is his brow? It roared, and Fingal overcame. Be like thy father, Fillan."

They moved beneath the ſong. High waved their arms, as ruſhy fields, beneath autumnal winds. On Mora ſtood the king in arms. Miſt flies round his buckler broad, as, aloft, it hung on a bough, on Cormul's moſſy rock. In ſilence I ſtood by Fingal, and turned my eyes on Cromla's [f] wood: leſt I ſhould behold the hoſt, and ruſh amidſt my ſwelling ſoul. My foot is forward on the heath. I glittered, tall, in ſteel: like the falling ſtream of Tromo, which nightly winds bind over with ice. The boy ſees it, on high, gleaming to

the early beam: towards it he turns his ear, and wonders why its ſo ſilent.

Nor bent over a ſtream is Cathmor, like a youth in a peaceful field: wide he drew forward the war, a dark and troubled wave. But when he beheld Fingal on Mora, his generous pride aroſe. "Shall the chief of Atha fight, and no king in the field? Foldath, lead my people forth. Thou art a beam of fire."

Forth iſſued the chief of Moma, like a cloud, the robe of ghoſts. He drew his ſword, a flame, from his ſide; and bade the battle move. The tribes, like ridgy waves, dark pour their ſtrength around. Haughty is his ſtride before them: his red eye rolls in wrath. He called the chief of Dunratho [5]; and his words were heard.

"Cormul, thou beholdeſt that path. It winds green behind the foe. Place thy people there; leſt Morven ſhould eſcape from my ſword. Bards of green-valleyed Erin, let no voice of yours ariſe. The ſons of Morven muſt fall without ſong. They are the foes of Cairbar. Hereafter ſhall the traveller meet their dark, thick miſt on Lena, where it wanders, with their ghoſts, beſide the reedy lake. Never ſhall they riſe, without ſong, to the dwelling of winds."

Cormul

Cormul darkened, as he went: behind him ruſhed his tribe. They ſunk beyond the rock: Gaul ſpoke to Fillan of Moruth; as his eye purſued the courſe of the dark-eyed king of Dunratho. "Thou beholdeſt the ſteps of Cormul; let thine arm be ſtrong. When he is low, ſon of Fingal, remember Gaul in war. Here I fall forward into battle, amidſt the ridge of ſhields."

The ſign of death aroſe: the dreadful ſound of Morni's ſhield. Gaul poured his voice between. Fingal roſe, high on Mora. He ſaw them, from wing to wing, bending in the ſtrife. Gleaming, on his own dark hill, the ſtrength of Atha ſtood. They were like two ſpirits of heaven, ſtanding each on his gloomy cloud; when they pour abroad the winds, and lift the roaring ſeas. The blue-tumbling of waves is before them, marked with the paths of whales. Themſelves are calm and bright; and the gale lifts their locks of miſt.

What beam of light hangs high in air? It is Morni's dreadful ſword. Death is ſtrewed on thy paths, O Gaul; thou foldeſt them together in thy rage. Like a young oak falls Tur-lathon [h], with his branches round him. His high-boſomed ſpouſe ſtretches her white arms, in dreams, to the returning king, as ſhe ſleeps by gurgling Moruth, in her diſordered locks. It is his ghoſt, Oichoma; the

chief is lowly laid. Hearken not to the winds for Tur-lathon's echoing ſhield. It is pierced, by his ſtreams, and its ſound is paſt away.

Not peaceful is the hand of Foldath: he winds his courſe in blood. Connal met him in fight; they mixed their clanging ſteel. Why ſhould mine eyes behold them! Connal, thy locks are gray. Thou wert the friend of ſtrangers, at the moſs-covered rock of Dunlora. When the ſkies were rolled together; then thy feaſt was ſpread. The ſtranger heard the winds without; and rejoiced at thy burning oak. Why, ſon of Duth-caron, art thou laid in blood! The blaſted tree bends above thee: thy ſhield lies broken near. Thy blood mixes with the ſtream; thou breaker of the ſhields!

I took the ſpear, in my wrath; but Gaul ruſhed forward on the foe. The feeble paſs by his ſide; his rage is turned on Moma's chief. Now they had raiſed their dreadful ſpears: unſeen an arrow came. It pierced the hand of Gaul; his ſteel fell ſounding to earth. Young Fillan came [i], with Cormul's ſhield, and ſtretched it large before the king. Foldath ſent his ſhout abroad, and kindled all the field: as a blaſt that lifts the broad-winged flame, over Lumon's [k] echoing groves.

"Son of blue-eyed Clatho," ſaid Gaul, "thou art a beam from heaven; that coming on the troubled

bled deep, binds up the tempeſt's wing. Cormul is fallen before thee. Early art thou in the fame of thy fathers. Ruſh not too far, my hero, I cannot lift the ſpear to aid. I ſtand harmleſs in battle: but my voice ſhall be poured abroad. The ſons of Morven ſhall hear, and remember my former deeds."

His terrible voice roſe on the wind, the hoſt bend forward in the fight. Often had they heard him at Strumon, when he called them to the chaſe of the hinds.—Himſelf ſtood tall, amidſt the war, as an oak in the ſkirts of a ſtorm, which now is clothed, on high, in miſt: then ſhews its broad, waving head; the muſing hunter lifts his eye from his own ruſhy field.

My ſoul purſues thee, O Fillan, through the path of thy fame. Thou rolledſt the foe before thee. Now Foldath, perhaps, would fly; but night came down with its clouds; and Cathmor's horn was heard. The ſons of Morven heard the voice of Fingal, from Mora's gathered miſt. The bards poured their ſong, like dew, on the returning war.

"Who comes from Strumon," they ſaid, "amidſt her wandering locks? She is mournful in her ſteps, and lifts her blue eyes towards Erin. Why art thou ſad, Evirchoma! ? Who is like thy chief in renown? He deſcended dreadful to battle; he

he returns, like a light from a cloud. He lifted the ſword in wrath: they ſhrunk before blue-ſhielded Gaul!

"Joy, like the ruſtling gale, comes on the ſoul of the king. He remembers the battles of old; the days, wherein his fathers fought. The days of old return on Fingal's mind, as he beholds the renown of his ſon. As the ſun rejoices, from his cloud, over the tree his beams have raiſed, as it ſhakes its lonely head on the heath; ſo joyful is the king over Fillan.

"As the rolling of thunder on hills, when Lara's fields are ſtill and dark, ſuch are the ſteps of Morven pleaſant and dreadful to the ear. They return with their ſound, like eagles to their dark-browed rock, after the prey is torn on the field, the dun ſons of the bounding hind. Your fathers rejoice from their clouds, ſons of ſtreamy Cona."

Such was the nightly voice of bards, on Mora of the hinds. A flame roſe, from an hundred oaks, which winds had torn from Cormul's ſteep. The feaſt is ſpread in the midſt: around ſat the gleaming chiefs. Fingal is there in his ſtrength; the eagle-wing [m] of his helmet ſounds: the ruſtling blaſts of the weſt, unequal ruſhed through night. Long looked the king in ſilence round: at length his words were heard.

"My

"My ſoul feels a want in our joy. I behold a breach among my friends. The head of one tree is low: the ſqually wind pours in on Selma. Where is the chief of Dun-lora! Ought he to be forgot at the feaſt? When did he forget the ſtranger, in the midſt of his echoing hall? Ye are ſilent in my preſence! Connal is then no more. Joy meet thee, O warrior, like a ſtream of light. Swift be thy courſe to thy fathers, in the folds of the mountain-winds. Oſſian, thy ſoul is fire: kindle the memory of the king. Awake the battles of Connal, when firſt he ſhone in war. The locks of Connal were gray; his days of youth [n] were mixed with mine. In one day Duth-caron firſt ſtrung our bows againſt the roes of Dunlora."

"Many," I ſaid, "are our paths to battle, in green-hilled Innis-fail. Often did our ſails ariſe, over the blue-tumbling waters; when we came, in other days, to aid the race of Conar. The ſtrife roared once in Alnecma, at the foam-covered ſtreams of Duth-ula [o]. With Cormac deſcended to battle Duth-caron from cloudy Morven. Nor deſcended Duth-caron alone, his ſon was by his ſide, the long-haired youth of Connal, lifting the firſt of his ſpears. Thou didſt command them, O Fingal, to aid the king of Erin.

"Like the burſting ſtrength of a ſtream, the ſons of Bolga ruſhed to war: Colc-ulla [p] was before

fore them, the chief of blue-ſtreaming Atha. The battle was mixed on the plain, like the meeting of two ſtormy ſeas. Cormac [q] ſhone in his own ſtrife, bright as the forms of his fathers. But, far before the reſt, Duth-caron hewed down the foe. Nor ſlept the arm of Connal, by his father's ſide. Atha prevailed on the plain: like ſcattered miſt, fled the people of Ullin [r].

"Then roſe the ſword of Duth-caron, and the ſteel of broad-ſhielded Connal. They ſhaded their flying friends, like two rocks, with their heads of pine. Night came down on Duth-ula: ſilent ſtrode the chiefs over the field. A mountain ſtream roared acroſs the path, nor could Duth-caron bound over its courſe. Why ſtands my father?" ſaid Connal, "I hear the ruſhing foe."

"Fly, Connal," he ſaid; "thy father's ſtrength begins to fail. I come wounded from battle; here let me reſt in night. "But thou ſhalt not remain alone, ſaid Connal's burſting ſigh. My ſhield is an eagle's wing to cover the king of Dun-lora." He bends dark above the chief: the mighty Duth-caron dies.

"Day roſe, and night returned. No lonely bard appeared, deep-muſing on the heath: and could Connal leave the tomb of his father, till he ſhould receive his fame? He bent the bow againſt the

the roes of Duth-ula; he ſpread the lonely feaſt. Seven nights he laid his head on the tomb, and ſaw his father in his dreams. He ſaw him rolled dark, in a blaſt, like the vapour of reedy Lego.—At length the ſteps of Colgan[3] came, the bard of high Temora. Duth-caron received his fame, and brightened, as he roſe on the wind."

"Pleaſant to the ear," ſaid Fingal, "is the praiſe of the kings of men; when their bows are ſtrong in battle; when they ſoften at the ſight of the ſad. Thus let my name be renowned, when bards ſhall lighten my riſing ſoul. Carril, ſon of Kinfena; take the bards and raiſe a tomb. To-night let Connal dwell, within his narrow houſe: let not the ſoul of the valiant wander on the winds. Faint glimmers the moon on Moi-lena, through the broad-headed groves of the hill: raiſe ſtones, beneath its beams, to all the fallen in war. Though no chiefs were they, yet their hands were ſtrong in fight. They were my rock in danger: the mountain from which I ſpread my eagle-wings. Thence am I renowned: Carril forget not the low."

Loud, at once, from the hundred bards, roſe the ſong of the tomb. Carril ſtrode before them; they are the murmur of ſtreams behind him. Silence dwells in the vales of Moi-lena, where each, with its own dark ſtream, is winding between the

hills. I heard the voice of the bards, leſſening, as they moved along. I leaned forward from my ſhield; and felt the kindling of my ſoul. Half-formed the words of my ſong, burſt forth upon the wind. So hears a tree, on the vale, the voice of ſpring around: it pours its green leaves to the ſun, and ſhakes its lonely head. The hum of the mountain bee is near it; the hunter ſees it, with joy, from the blaſted heath.

Young Fillan, at a diſtance ſtood. His helmet lay glittering on the ground: His dark hair is looſe to the blaſt: a beam of light is Clatho's ſon. He heard the words of the king with joy; and leaned ed forward on his ſpear.

"My ſon," ſaid car-borne Fingal; "I ſaw thy deeds, and my ſoul was glad. The fame of our fathers, I ſaid, burſts from its gathered cloud. Thou art brave, ſon of Clatho; but headlong in the ſtrife. So did no Fingal advance, though he never feared a foe. Let thy people be a ridge behind; they are thy ſtrength in the field. Then ſhalt thou be long renowned, and behold the tombs of thy fathers. The memory of the paſt returns, my deeds in other years: when firſt I deſcended from ocean on the green-valleyed iſle. We bend towards the voice of the king. The moon looks abroad from her cloud. The gray-ſkirted miſt is near, the dwelling of the ghoſts.

TEMORA:

AN EPIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſecond night continues. Fingal relates, at the feaſt, his own firſt expedition into Ireland, and his marriage with Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac, king of that iſland. The Iriſh chiefs convene in the preſence of Cathmor. The ſituation of the king deſcribed. The ſtory of Sul-malla, the daughter of Conmor, king of Inis-huna, who, in the diſguiſe of a young warrior, had followed Cathmor to the war. The ſullen behaviour of Foldath, who had commanded in the battle of the preceding day, renews the difference between him and Malthos; but Cathmor, interpoſing, ends it. The chiefs feaſt, and hear the ſong of Fonar the bard. Cathmor returns to reſt, at a diſtance from the army. The ghoſt of his brother Cairbar appears to him in a dream; and obſcurely foretels the iſſue of the war. The ſoliloquy of the king. He diſcovers Sul-malla. Morning comes. Her ſoliloquy cloſes the book.

BOOK IV.

"BENEATH[a] an oak," ſaid the king, "I ſat on Selma's ſtreamy rock, when Connal roſe, from the ſea, with the broken ſpear of Duth-

Duth-caron. Far-diſtant ſtood the youth, and turned away his eyes; for he remembered the ſteps of his father, on his own green hills. I darkened in my place: duſky thoughts rolled over my ſoul. The kings of Erin roſe before me. I half-unſheathed my ſword. Slowly approached the chiefs; they lifted up their ſilent eyes. Like a ridge of clouds, they wait for the burſting forth of my voice: it was to them, a wind from heaven, to roll the miſt away.

"I bade my white ſails to riſe, before the roar of Cona's wind. Three hundred youths looked, from their waves, on Fingal's boſſy ſhield. High on the maſt it hung, and marked the dark-blue ſea. But when the night came down, I ſtruck, at times, the warning boſs: I ſtruck, and looked on high, for fiery-haired Ul-erin[b]. Nor wanting was the ſtar of heaven: It travelled red between the clouds: I purſued the lovely beam, on the faint-gleaming deep. With morning, Erin roſe in miſt. We came into the bay of Moi-lena, when its blue waters tumbled, in the boſom of echoing woods. Here Cormac, in his ſecret hall, avoided the ſtrength of Col-culla. Nor he alone avoids the foe: the blue eye of Ros-crana is there: Ros-crana[c], white-handed maid, the daughter of the king.

"Gray,

"Gray, on his pointleſs ſpear, came forth the aged ſteps of Cormac. He ſmiled, from his waving locks, but grief was in his ſoul. He ſaw us few before him, and his ſigh aroſe. "I ſee the arms of Trenmor," he ſaid; "and theſe are the ſteps of the king: Fingal! thou art a beam of light to Cormac's darkened ſoul. Early is thy fame, my ſon: but ſtrong are the foes of Erin. They are like the roar of ſtreams in the land, ſon of carborne Comhal."

"Yet they may be rolled [d] away," I ſaid, in my riſing ſoul. "We are not of the race of the feeble, king of blue-ſhielded hoſts. Why ſhould fear come amongſt us, like a ghoſt of night? The ſoul of the valiant grows, as foes increaſe in the field. Roll no darkneſs, king of Erin, on the young in war."

"The burſting tears of the king came down. He ſeized my hand in ſilence." "Race of the daring Trenmor, I roll no cloud before thee. Thou burneſt in the fire of thy fathers. I behold thy fame. It marks thy courſe in battles, like a ſtream of light. But wait the coming of Cairbar [e]: my ſon muſt join thy ſword. He calls the ſons of Ullin, from all their diſtant ſtreams."

"We came to the hall of the king, when it roſe in the midſt of rocks: rocks, on whoſe dark ſides, were the marks of ſtreams of old. Broad oaks bend

bend around with their moſs: the thick birch waves its green head. Half-hid, in her ſhady grove, Ros-crana raiſed the ſong. Her white hands roſe on the harp. I beheld her blue-rolling eyes. She was like a ſpirit [f] of heaven half-folded in the ſkirt of a cloud.

"Three days we feaſted at Moi-lena; ſhe roſe bright amidſt my troubled ſoul. Cormac beheld me dark. He gave the white boſomed maid. She came with bending eye, amidſt the wandering of her heavy locks. She came. Straight the battle roared. Colc-ulla ruſhed; I ſeized my ſpear. My ſword roſe, with my people, againſt the ridgy foe. Alnecma fled. Colc-ulla fell. Fingal returned with fame.

"He is renowned, O Fillan, who fights, in the ſtrength of his people. The bard purſues his ſteps, through the land of the foe. But he who fights alone; few are his deeds to other times. He ſhines, to-day, a mighty light. To-morrow, he is low. One ſong contains his fame. His name is on one field. He is forgot, but where his tomb ſends forth the tufts of graſs."

Such were the words of Fingal, on Mora of the roes. Three bards, from the rock of Cormul, poured down the pleaſant ſong. Sleep deſcended, in the ſound, on the broad-ſkirted hoſt. Carril returned,

returned, with the bards, from the tomb of Dunlora's king. The voice of morning ſhall not come, to the duſky bed of the hero. No more ſhalt thou hear the tread of roes, around thy narrow houſe.

As roll the troubled clouds, round a meteor of night, when they brighten their ſides, with its light, along the heaving ſea: ſo gathered Erin, around the gleaming form of Atha's king. He, tall in the midſt, careleſs lifts, at times, his ſpear: as ſwells or falls the ſound of Fonar's diſtant harp. Near [g] him leaned, againſt a rock, Sul-malla [h] of blue eyes, the white-boſomed daughter of Conmor king of Inis-huna. To his aid came blue-ſhielded Cathmor, and rolled his foes away. Sul-malla beheld him ſtately in the hall of feaſts; nor careleſs rolled the eyes of Cathmor on the long-haired maid.

The third day aroſe, and Fithil [i] came from Erin of the ſtreams. He told of the lifting up of the ſhield [k] on Morven, and the danger of the red-haired Cairbar. Cathmor raiſed the ſail at Cluba; but the winds were in other lands. Three days he remained on the coaſt, and turned his eyes on Conmor's halls. He remembered the daughter of ſtrangers, and his ſigh aroſe. Now when the winds awaked the wave: from the hill came a youth in arms; to lift the ſword with Cathmor

mor in his echoing field. It was the white-armed Sul-malla: ſecret ſhe dwelt beneath her helmet. Her ſteps were in the path of the king; on him her blue eyes rolled with joy, when he lay by his roaring ſtreams. But Cathmor thought, that, on Lumon, ſhe ſtill purſued the roes: or fair on a rock, ſtretched her white hand to the wind; to feel its courſe from Inis-fail the green dwelling of her love. He had promiſed to return, with his white-boſomed ſails. The maid is near thee, king of Atha, leaning on her rock.

The tall forms of the chiefs ſtood around: all but dark-browed Foldath [l]. He ſtood beneath a diſtant tree, rolled into his haughty ſoul. His buſhy hair whiſtles in wind. At times, burſts the hum of a ſong. He ſtruck the tree, at length, in wrath; and ruſhed before the king. Calm and ſtately, to the beam of the oak, aroſe the form of young Hidalla. His hair falls round his bluſhing cheek, in wreaths of waving light. Soft was his voice in Clon-ra [m], in the valley of his fathers; when he touched the harp, in the hall, near his roaring ſtreams.

"King of Erin," ſaid the youth, "now is the time of feaſts. Bid the voice of bards ariſe, and roll the night away. The ſoul returns, from ſong, more terrible to war. Darkneſs ſettles on Inis-fail;

fail: from hill to hill bend the ſkirted clouds. Far and gray, on the heath, the dreadful ſtrides of ghoſts are ſeen: the ghoſts of thoſe who fell bend forward to their ſong. Bid thou the harps to riſe, and brighten the dead, on their wandering blaſts."

"Be all the dead forgot," ſaid Foldath's burſting wrath. "Did not I fail in the field, and ſhall I hear the ſong? Yet was not my courſe harmleſs in battle: blood was a ſtream around my ſteps. But the feeble were behind me, and the foe has eſcaped my ſword. In Clon-ra's vale touch thou the harp; let Dura anſwer to thy voice; while ſome maid looks, from the wood, on thy long, yellow locks. Fly from Lubar's echoing plain; it is the field of heroes."

"King of Temora[n]," Malthos ſaid, "it is thine to lead in war. Thou art a fire to our eyes, on the dark-brown field. Like a blaſt thou haſt paſt over hoſts, and laid them low in blood; but who has heard thy words returning from the field? The wrathful delight in death: their remembrance reſts on the wounds of their ſpear. Strife is folded in their thoughts: their words are ever heard. Thy courſe, chief of Moma, was like a troubled ſtream. The dead were rolled on thy path: but others alſo lift the ſpear. We were not feeble behind thee, but the foe was ſtrong."

The king beheld the riſing rage, and bending forward of either chief: for half-unſheathed, they held their ſwords, and rolled their ſilent eyes. Now would they have mixed in horrid fray, had not the wrath of Cathmor burned. He drew his ſword: it gleaned through night, to the high-flaming oak. "Sons of pride," ſaid the king, "allay your ſwelling ſouls. Retire in night. Why ſhould my rage ariſe? Should I contend with both in arms? It is no time for ſtrife. Retire, ye clouds at my feaſt. Awake my ſoul no more.

They ſunk from the king on either ſide; like [o] two columns of morning miſt, when the ſun riſes, between them, on his glittering rocks. Dark is their rolling on either ſide; each towards its reedy pool.

Silent ſat the chiefs at the feaſt. They looked, at times, on Atha's king, where he ſtrode, on his rock, amidſt his ſettling ſoul. The hoſt lay, at length, on the field: ſleep deſcended on Moi-lena. The voice of Fonar roſe alone, beneath his diſtant tree. It roſe in the praiſe of Cathmor ſon of Larthon [p] of Lumon. But Cathmor did not hear his praiſe. He lay at the roar of a ſtream. The ruſtling breeze of night flew over his whiſtling locks.

Cairbar came to his dreams, half-ſeen from his low-hung cloud. Joy roſe darkly in his face: he had

had heard the ſong of Carril [q]. A blaſt ſuſtained his dark-ſkirted cloud; which he ſeized in the boſom of night, as he roſe, with his ſame, towards his airy hall. Half-mixed with the noiſe of the ſtream, he poured his feeble words.

"Joy meet the ſoul of Cathmor: his voice was heard on Moi-lena. The bard gave his ſong to Cairbar: he travels on the wind. My form is in my father's hall, like the gliding of a terrible light, which winds through the deſart, in a ſtormy night. No bard ſhall be wanting at thy tomb, when thou art lowly laid. The ſons of ſong love the valiant. Cathmor, thy name is a pleaſant gale. The mournful ſounds ariſe! On Lubar's field there is a voice! Louder ſtill ye ſhadowy ghoſts! the dead were full of ſame. Shrilly ſwells the feeble ſound. The rougher blaſt alone is heard! Ah! ſoon is Cathmor low!" Rolled into himſelf he flew, wide on the boſom of his blaſt. The old oak felt his departure, and ſhook its whiſtling head. The king ſtarted from reſt, and took his deathful ſpear. He lifts his eyes around. He ſees but dark-ſkirted night.

"It [r] was the voice of the king; but now his form is gone. Unmarked is your path in the air, ye children of the night. Often, like a reflected

beam, are ye ſeen in the deſart wild; but ye retire in your blaſts before our ſteps approach. Go then, ye feeble race! knowledge with you there is none. Your joys are weak, and like the dreams of our reſt, or the light-winged thought that flies acroſs the ſoul. Shall Cathmor ſoon be low? Darkly laid in his narrow houſe? where no morning comes with her half-opened eyes. Away, thou ſhade! to fight is mine, all further thought away! I ruſh forth, on eagle wings, to ſeize my beam of fame. In the lonely vale of ſtreams, abides the little ſoul. Years roll on, ſeaſons return, but he is ſtill unknown. In a blaſt comes cloudy death, and lays his gray head low. His ghoſt is rolled on the vapour of the fenny field. Its courſe is never on hills or moſſy vales of wind. So ſhall not Cathmor depart, no boy in the field was he, who only marks the bed of roes, upon the echoing hills. My iſſuing forth was with kings, and my joy in dreadful plains: where broken hoſts are rolled away, like ſeas before the wind."

So ſpoke the king of Alnecma, brightening in his riſing ſoul: valour, like a pleaſant flame, is gleaming within his breaſt. Stately is his ſtride on the heath: the beam of eaſt is poured around. He ſaw his gray hoſt on the field, wide-ſpreading their ridges in light. He rejoiced, like a ſpirit of hea-

ven,

ven, whoſe ſteps come forth on his ſeas, when he beholds them peaceful round, and all the winds are laid. But ſoon he awakes the waves, and rolls them large to ſome echoing coaſt.

On the ruſhy bank of a ſtream, ſlept the daughter of Inis-huna. The helmet had fallen from her head. Her dreams were in the lands of her fathers. There morning was on the field: gray ſtreams leapt down from the rocks; the breezes, in ſhadowy waves, fly over the ruſhy fields. There is the ſound that prepares for the chaſe; and the moving of warriors from the hall. But tall above the reſt is the hero of ſtreamy Atha: he bends his eye of love on Sul-malla, from his ſtately ſteps. She turns, with pride, her face away, and careleſs bends the bow.

Such were the dreams of the maid when Atha's warrior came. He ſaw her fair face before him, in the midſt of her wandering locks. He knew the maid of Lumon. What ſhould Cathmor do? His ſigh aroſe: his tears came down. But ſtraight he turned away. "This is no time, king of Atha, to wake thy ſecret ſoul. The battle is rolled before thee, like a troubled ſtream."

He ſtruck that warning boſs[t], wherein dwelt the voice of war. Erin roſe around him like the ſound of eagle-wings. Sul-malla ſtarted from ſleep,

in

in her diſordered locks. She ſeized the helmet from earth, and trembled in her place. "Why ſhould they know in Erin of the daughter of Inis-huna?" for ſhe remembered the race of kings, and the pride of her ſoul aroſe. Her ſteps are behind a rock, by the blue-winding ſtream [u] of a vale: where dwelt the dark-brown hind ere yet the war aroſe. Thither came the voice of Cathmor, at times, to Sul-malla's ear. Her ſoul is darkly ſad; ſhe pours her words on wind.

"The dreams of Inis-huna departed: they are rolled away from my ſoul. I hear not the chaſe in my land. I am concealed in the ſkirts of war. I look forth from my cloud, but no beam appears to light my path. I behold my warrior low; for the broad-ſhielded king is near; he that overcomes in danger; Fingal of the ſpears. Spirit of departed Conmor, are thy ſteps on the boſom of winds? Comeſt thou, at times, to other lands, father of ſad Sul-malla! Thou doſt come, for I have heard thy voice at night; while yet I roſe on the wave to ſtreamy Inis-fail. The ghoſt of fathers, they ſay [x], can ſeize the ſouls of their race, while they behold them lonely in the midſt of woe. Call me, my father, when the king is low on earth; for then I ſhall be lonely in the midſt of woe."

TEMORA:

AN EPIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Oſſian, after a ſhort addreſs to the harp of Cona, deſcribes the arrangement of both armies on either ſide of the river Lubar. Fingal gives the command to Fillan: but, at the ſame time, orders Gaul, the ſon of Morni, who had been wounded in the hand in the preceding battle, to aſſiſt him with his counſel. The army of the Fir-bolg is commanded by Foldath. The general onſet is deſcribed The great actions of Fillan. He kills Rothmar and Culmin. But when Fillan conquers, in one wing, Foldath preſſes hard on the other. He wounds Dermid, the ſon of Duthno, and puts the whole wing to flight. Dermid deliberates with himſelf, and, at laſt, reſolves to put a ſtop to the progreſs of Foldath, by engaging him in ſingle combat. When the two chiefs were approaching towards one another, Fillan came ſuddenly to the relief of Dermid; engaged Foldath, and killed him. The behaviour of Malthos towards the fallen Foldath. Fillan puts the whole army of the Fir-bolg to flight. The book cloſes with an addreſs to Clatho, the mother of that hero.

BOOK V.

THOU dweller between the ſhields that hang on high in Oſſian's hall, deſcend from thy place

place, O harp, and let me hear thy voice. Son of Alpin, ſtrike the ſtring; thou muſt awake the ſoul of the bard. The murmur of Lora's [a] ſtream has rolled the tale away. I ſtand in the cloud of years; few are its openings towards the paſt, and when the viſion comes it is but dim and dark. I hear thee, harp of Cona; my ſoul returns, like a breeze which the ſun brings back to the vale, where dwelt the lazy miſt.

Lubar [b] is bright before me, in the windings of its vale. On either ſide, on their hills, riſe the tall forms of the kings; their people are poured around them, bending forward to their words; as if their fathers ſpoke, deſcending from their winds. But the kings were like two rocks in the midſt, each with its dark head of pines, when they are ſeen in the deſart, above low-ſailing miſt. High on their face are ſtreams, which ſpread their foam on blaſts.

Beneath the voice of Cathmor poured Erin, like the ſound of flame. Wide they came down to Lubar; before them is the ſtride of Foldath. But Cathmor retired to his hill, beneath his bending oaks. The tumbling of a ſtream is near the king: he lifts, at times, his gleaming ſpear. It was a flame to his people, in the midſt of war. Near him ſtood the daughter of Con-mor, leaning on her

her rock. She did not rejoice over the ſtrife: her ſoul delighted not in blood. A valley [c] ſpreads green behind the hill, with its three blue ſtreams. The ſun is there in ſilence; and the dun mountain-roes come down. On theſe are turned the eyes of Inis-huna's white boſomed maid.

Fingal beheld, on high, the ſon of Borbar-duthul: he ſaw the deep rolling of Erin, on the darkened plain. He ſtruck that warning boſs, which bids the people obey; when he ſends his chiefs before them, to the field of renown. Wide roſe their ſpears to the ſun; their echoing ſhields reply around. Fear, like a vapour, did not wind among the hoſt: for he, the king, was near, the ſtrength of ſtreamy Morven. Gladneſs brightened the hero, we heard his words of joy.

"Like the coming forth of winds, is the ſound of Morven's ſons! They are mountain waters determined in their courſe. Hence is Fingal renowned, and his name in other lands. He was not a lonely beam in danger; for your ſteps were always near. But never was I a dreadful form, in your preſence, darkened into wrath. My voice was no thunder to your ears: mine eyes ſent forth no death. When the haughty appeared, I beheld them not. They were forgot at my feaſts: like miſt they melted away. A young beam is before

you: few are his paths to war. They are few, but he is valiant: defend my dark-haired ſon. Bring him back with joy: Hereafter he may ſtand alone. His form is like his fathers: his ſoul is a flame of their fire. Son of car-borne Morni, move behind the ſon of Clatho: let thy voice reach his ear, from the ſkirts of war. Not unobſerved rolls battle, before thee, breaker of the ſhields."

The king ſtrode, at once, away to Cormul's lofty rock. As, ſlow, I lifted my ſteps behind; came forward the ſtrength of Gaul. His ſhield hung looſe on its thong; he ſpoke, in haſte, to Oſſian. "Bind[d], ſon of Fingal, this ſhield, bind it high on the ſide of Gaul. The foe may behold it, and think I left the ſpear. If I ſhall fall, let my tomb be hid in the field; for fall I muſt without my fame: mine arm cannot lift the ſteel. Let not Evir-choma hear it, to bluſh between her locks. Fillan the mighty behold us; let us not forget the ſtrife. Why ſhould they come, from their hills, to aid our flying field?"

He ſtrode onward, with the ſound of his ſhield. My voice purſued him, as he went. "Can the ſon of Morni fall without his fame in Erin? But the deeds of the mighty forſake their ſouls of fire. They ruſh careleſs over the fields of renown: their

words

words are never heard." I rejoiced over the ſteps of the chief: I ſtrode to the rock of the king, where he ſat in his wandering locks, amidſt the mountain-wind.

In two dark ridges bend the hoſts, towards each other, at Lubar. Here Foldath roſe a pillar of darkneſs: there brightened the youth of Fillan. Each, with his ſpear in the ſtream, ſent forth the voice of war. Gaul ſtruck the ſhield of Morven: at once they plunge in battle. Steel poured its gleam on ſteel: like the fall of ſtreams ſhone the field, when they mix their foam together, from two dark-browed rocks. Behold he comes the ſon of fame: he lays the people low! Deaths ſit on blaſts around him! Warriors ſtrew thy paths, O Fillan!

Rothmar [e], the ſhield of warriors, ſtood between two chinky rocks. Two oaks, which winds had bent from high, ſpread their branches on either ſide. He rolls his darkening eyes on Fillan, and ſilent, ſhades his friends. Fingal ſaw the approaching fight; and all his ſoul aroſe. But as the ſtone of Loda [f] falls, ſhook, at once, from rocking Druman-ard, when ſpirits heave the earth in their wrath; ſo fell blue-ſhielded Rothmar.

Near are the ſteps of Culmin; the youth came, burſting into tears. Wrathful he cut the wind,

ere yet he mixed his ſtrokes with Fillan. He had firſt bent the bow with Rothmar, at the rock of his own blue ſtreams. There they had marked the place of the roe, as the ſun-beam flew over the fern. Why, ſon of Cul-allin, doſt thou ruſh on that beam [g] of light? it is a fire that conſumes. Youth of Strutha retire. Your fathers were not equal, in the glittering ſtrife of the field.

The mother of Culmin remains in the hall; ſhe looks forth on blue-rolling Strutha. A whirlwind riſes, on the ſtream, dark-eddying round the ghoſt of her ſon. His dogs [h] are howling in their place: his ſhield is bloody in the hall. "Art thou fallen, my fair-haired ſon in Erin's diſmal war?"

As a roe, pierced in ſecret, lies panting, by her wonted ſtreams, the hunter looks over her feet of wind, and remembers her ſtately bounding before: ſo lay the ſon of Cul-allin, beneath the eye of Fillan. His hair is rolled in a little ſtream: his blood wandered on his ſhield. Still his hand held the ſword, that failed him in the day of his danger. "Thou art fallen," ſaid Fillan, "ere yet thy fame was heard. Thy father ſent thee to war: and he expects to hear thy deeds. He is gray, perhaps, at his ſtreams, turning his dim eyes towards Moi-lena. But thou ſhalt not return, with the ſpoil of the fallen foe."

Fillan

Fillan poured the flight of Erin before him, over the echoing heath. But, man on man, fell Morven before the dark-red rage of Foldath; for, far on the field, he poured the roar of half his tribes. Dermid ſtood before him in wrath: the ſons of Cona gather round. But his ſhield is cleft by Foldath, and his people poured over the heath.

Then ſaid the foe, in his pride, "They have fled, and my fame begins. Go, Malthos, and bid the king to guard the dark-rolling of ocean; that Fingal may not eſcape from my ſword. He muſt lie on earth. Beſide ſome fen ſhall his tomb be ſeen. It ſhall riſe without a ſong. His ghoſt ſhall hover in miſt over the reedy pool."

Malthos heard, with darkening doubt; he rolled his ſilent eyes. He knew the pride of Foldath, and looked up to the king on his hill; then, darkly turning, he plunged his ſword in war.

In Clono's narrow vale, were bent two trees above the ſtreams, dark in his grief ſtood Duthno's ſilent ſon. The blood poured from his thigh: his ſhield lay broken near. His ſpear leaned againſt a ſtone; why, Dermid, why ſo ſad? "I hear the roar of battle. My people are alone. My ſteps are ſlow on the heath; and no ſhield is mine. Shall he then preyail? It is then after Dermid

mid is low! I will call thee forth, O Foldath, and meet thee yet in fight."

He took his ſpear, with dreadful joy. The ſon of Morni came. "Stay, ſon of Duthno, ſtay thy ſpeed; thy ſteps are marked with blood. No boſſy ſhield is thine. Why ſhouldſt thou fall unarmed?" King of Strumon, give thou thy ſhield. It has often rolled back the war. I ſhall ſtop the chief, in his courſe. Son of Morni, doſt thou behold that ſtone? It lifts its gray head through graſs. There dwells a chief of the race of Dermid. Place me there in night."

He ſlowly roſe againſt the hill, and ſaw the troubled field. The gleaming ridges of the fight, disjoined and broken round. As diſtant fires, on heath by night, now ſeem as loſt in ſmoke, then rearing their red ſtreams on the hill, as blow or ceaſe the winds: ſo met the intermitting war the eye of broad-ſhielded Dermid. Through the hoſt are the ſtrides of Foldath, like ſome dark ſhip on wintry waves, when it iſſues from between two iſles, to ſport on echoing ſeas.

Dermid, with rage, beheld his courſe. He ſtrove to ruſh along. But he failed in the midſt of his ſteps; and the big tear came down. He ſounded his father's horn; and thrice ſtruck his boſſy ſhield. He called thrice the name of Foldath,

dath, from his roaring tribes. Foldath, with joy, beheld the chief: he lifted high his bloody ſpear. As a rock is marked with ſtreams, that fell troubled down its ſide in a ſtorm; ſo, ſtreaked with wandering blood, is the dark form of Moma. The hoſt, on either ſide, withdrew from the contending of kings. They raiſed, at once, their gleaming points. Ruſhing came Fillan of Moruth. Three paces back Foldath withdrew; dazzled with that beam of light, which came, as iſſuing from a cloud, to ſave the wounded hero. Growing in his pride, he ſtood, and called forth all his ſteel.

As meet two broad-winged eagles, in their ſounding ſtrife, on the winds: ſo ruſhed the two chiefs, on Moi-lena, into gloomy fight. By turns are the ſteps of the kings [k] forward on their rocks; for now the duſky war ſeems to deſcend on their ſwords. Cathmor feels the joy of warriors, on his moſſy hill: their joy in ſecret when dangers riſe equal to their ſouls. His eye is not turned on Lubar, but on Morven's dreadful king; for he beheld him, on Mora, riſing in his arms.

Foldath [l] fell on his ſhield; the ſpear of Fillan pierced the king. Nor looked the youth on the fallen, but onward rolled the war. The hundred voices of death aroſe. "Stay, ſon of Fingal, ſtay thy ſpeed. Beholdeſt thou not that gleaming form,

ſtorm, a dreadful ſign of death? Awaken not the king of Alnecma. Return, ſon of blue-eyed Clatho."

Malthos [m] ſaw Foldath low. He darkly ſtood above the king. Hatred was rolled from his ſoul. He ſeemed a rock in the deſart, on whoſe dark ſide are the trickling of waters, when the ſlow-ſailing miſt has left it, and its trees are blaſted with winds. He ſpoke to the dying hero, about the narrow houſe. Whether ſhall thy gray ſtone riſe in Ullin? or in Moma's [n] woody land, where the ſun looks, in ſecret, on the blue ſtreams of Da'rutho [o]? There are the ſteps of thy daughter, blue-eyed Dardu-lena.

"Remembereſt thou her," ſaid Foldath, "becauſe no ſon is mine; no youth to roll the battle before him, in revenge of me? Malthos, I am revenged. I was not peaceful in the field. Raiſe the tombs of thoſe I have ſlain, around my narrow houſe. Often ſhall I forſake the blaſt, to rejoice above their graves; when I behold them ſpread around, with their long-whiſtling graſs."

His ſoul ruſhed to the vales of Moma, and came to Dardu-lena's dreams, where ſhe ſlept, by Dalrutho's ſtream, returning from the chaſe of the hinds. Her bow is near the maid, unſtrung; the breezes fold her long hair on her breaſts. Clothed

in

in the beauty of youth, the love of heroes lay. Dark bending, from the ſkirts of the wood, her wounded father came. He appeared, at times, then ſeemed as hid in miſt. Burſting into tears ſhe roſe: ſhe knew that the chief was low. To her came a beam from his ſoul when folded in its ſtorms. Thou wert the laſt of his race, blue-eyed Dardu-lena!

Wide-ſpreading over echoing Lubar, the flight of Bolga is rolled along. Fillan hung forward on their ſteps; and ſtrewed, with dead, the heath. Fingal rejoiced over his ſon. Blue-ſhielded Cathmor roſe.

Son [P] of Alpin, bring the harp: give Fillan's praiſe to the wind: raiſe high his praiſe, in my hall, while yet he ſhines in war.

Leave, blue eyed Clatho, leave thy hall. Behold that early beam of thine. The hoſt is withered in its courſe. No further look—it is dark. Light-trembling from the harp, ſtrike, virgins, ſtrike the ſound. No hunter he deſcends, from the dewy haunt of the bounding roe. He bends not his bow on the wind; or ſends his gray arrow abroad.

Deep-folded in red war, the battle rolls againſt his ſide. Or, ſtriding midſt the ridgy ſtrife, he pours the deaths of thouſands forth. Fillan is like

a ſpirit of heaven, that deſcends from the ſkirt of his blaſt. The troubled ocean feels his ſteps, as he ſtrides from wave to wave. His path kindles behind him; iſlands ſhake their heads on the heaving ſeas.

TEMORA:

AN EPIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

This book opens with a ſpeech of Fingal, who ſees Cathmor deſcending to the aſſiſtance of his flying army. The king diſpatches Oſſian to the relief of Fillan. He himſelf retires behind the rock of Cormul, to avoid the ſight of the engagement between his ſon and Cathmor. Oſſian advances. The deſcent of Cathmor deſcribed. He rallies the army, renews the battle, and, before Oſſian could arrive, engages Fillan himſelf. Upon the approach of Oſſian, the combat between the two heroes ceaſes. Oſſian and Cathmor prepare to fight, but night coming on prevents them. Oſſian returns to the place where Cathmor and Fillan fought. He finds Fillan mortally wounded, and leaning againſt a rock. Their diſcourſe. Fillan dies: his body is laid, by Oſſian, in a neighbouring cave. The Caledonian army return to Fingal. He queſtions them about his ſon, and underſtanding that he was killed, retires, in ſilence, to the rock of Cormul. Upon the retreat of the army of Fingal, the Fir-bolg advance, Cathmor finds Bran, one of the dogs of Fingal, lying on the ſhield of Fillan, before the entrance of the cave, where the body of that hero lay. His reflections thereupon. He returns, in a melancholy mood, to his army. Malthos endeavours to comfort him, by the example of his

father Borbar-duthul. Cathmor retires to reſt. The ſong of Sul-malla concludes the book, which ends about the middle of the third night, from the opening of the poem.

BOOK VI.

"CATHMOR riſes on his echoing hill! Shall Fingal take the ſword of Luno? But what ſhall become of thy fame, ſon of white-boſomed Clatho? Turn not thine eyes from Fingal, daughter of Iniſtore. I ſhall not quench thy early beam; it ſhines along my ſoul. But riſe, O wood-ſkirted Mora, riſe between the war and me! Why ſhould Fingal behold the ſtrife, leſt his dark-haired warrior ſhould fall! Amidſt the ſong, O Carril, pour the ſound of the trembling harp: here are the voices of rocks, and bright tumbling of waters. Father of Oſcar, lift the ſpear; defend the young in arms. Conceal thy ſteps from Fillan's eyes. He muſt not know that I doubt his ſteel. No cloud of mine ſhall riſe, my ſon, upon thy ſoul of fire!"

He ſunk behind his rock, amidſt the ſound of Carril's ſong. Brightening, in my growing ſoul, I took the ſpear of Temora[a]. I ſaw, along Moilena, the wild tumbling of battle, the ſtrife of death, in gleaming rows, disjoined and broken round

round. Fillan is a beam of fire: from wing to wing is his waſteful courſe. The ridges of war melt before him. They are rolled, in ſmoke, from the fields.

Now is the coming forth of Cathmor, in the armour of kings! Dark-rolled the eagle's wing above his helmet of fire. Unconcerned are his ſteps, as if they were to the chaſe of Atha. He raiſed, at times, his dreadful voice; Erin, abaſhed, gathered round. Their ſouls returned back, like a ſtream: they wondered at the ſteps of their fear; for he aroſe, like the beam of the morning on a haunted heath: the traveller looks back, with bending eye, on the field of dreadful forms. Sudden, from the rock of Moi-lena, are Sul-malla's trembling ſteps. An oak took the ſpear from her hand; half-bent ſhe looſed the lance: but then are her eyes on the king, from amidſt her wandering locks. "No friendly ſtrife is before thee: no light contending of bows, as when the youth of Cluba [b] came forth beneath the eye of Conmor."

As the rock of Runo, which takes the paſſing clouds for its robe, ſeems growing, in gathered darkneſs, over the ſtreamy heath; ſo ſeemed the chief of Atha taller, as gathered his people round. As different blaſts fly over the ſea, each behind its dark-blue wave, ſo Cathmor's words, on every ſide, poured

poured his warriors forth. Nor ſilent on his hill is Fillan; he mixed his words with his echoing ſhield. An eagle he ſeemed, with ſounding wings, calling the wind to his rock, when he ſees the coming forth of the roes, on Lutha's [c] ruſhy field.

Now they bent forward in battle: death's hundred voices roſe; for the kings, on either ſide, were like fires on the ſouls of the people. I bounded along: high rocks and trees ruſhed tall between the war and me. But I heard the noiſe of ſteel, between my clanging arms. Riſing, gleaming, on the hill, I beheld the backward ſteps of hoſts: their backward ſteps, on either ſide, and wildly looking eyes. The chiefs were met in dreadful fight; the two blue-ſhielded kings. Tall and dark, through gleams of ſteel, are ſeen the ſtriving heroes. I ruſhed. My fears for Fillan flew, burning acroſs my ſoul.

I came; nor Cathmor fled; nor yet advanced: he ſide-long ſtalked along. An icy rock, cold, tall he ſeemed. I called forth all my ſteel. Silent awhile we ſtrode, on either ſide of a ruſhing ſtream: then, ſudden turning, all at once, we raiſed our pointed ſpears. We raiſed our ſpears, but night came down. It is dark and ſilent around; but where the diſtant ſteps of hoſts are ſounding over the heath.

I came

I came to the place where Fillan fought. Nor voice, nor ſound is there. A broken helmet lay on earth; a buckler cleft in twain. "Where, Fillan, where art thou, young chief of echoing Morven?" He heard me leaning againſt a rock, which bent its gray head over the ſtream. He heard; but ſullen, dark he ſtood. At length I ſaw the chief.

"Why ſtandeſt thou, robed in darkneſs, ſon of woody Selma? Bright is thy path, my brother, in this dark-brown field. Long has been thy ſtrife in battle. Now the horn of Fingal is heard. Aſcend to the cloud of thy father, to his hill of feaſts. In the evening miſt he ſits, and hears the voice of Carril's harp. Carry joy to the aged, young breaker of the ſhields."

"Can the vanquiſhed carry joy? Oſſian, no ſhield is mine. It lies broken on the field. The eagle-wing of my helmet is torn. It is when foes fly before them that fathers delight in their ſons. But their ſighs burſts forth, in ſecret, when their young warriors yield. No: Fillan will not behold the king. Why ſhould the hero mourn?"

"Son of blue-eyed Clatho, why doſt thou awake my ſoul? Wert thou not a burning fire before him; and ſhall he not rejoice! Such fame belonged not to Oſſian; yet was the king ſtill a ſun

to

to me. He looked on my ſteps, with joy; ſhadows never roſe on his face. Aſcend, O Fillan, to Mora: his feaſt is ſpread in the folds of miſt."

"Oſſian, give me that broken ſhield: theſe feathers that are rolled in the wind. Place them near to Fillan that leſs of his fame may fall. Oſſian, I begin to fail. Lay me in that hollow rock. Raiſe no ſtone above: leſt one ſhould aſk about my fame. I am fallen in the firſt of my fields: fallen without renown. Let thy voice alone ſend joy to my flying ſoul. Why ſhould the feeble know where dwells the loſt beam of Clatho [d]?"

"Is thy ſpirit on the eddying winds, blue-eyed king of ſhields? Joy purſue my hero, through his folded clouds. The forms of thy fathers, O Fillan, bend to receive their ſon. I behold the ſpreading of their fire on Mora? the blue rolling of their miſty wreaths. Joy meet thee, my brother. But we are dark and ſad. I behold the foe round the aged, and the waſting away of his fame. Thou art left alone in the field, gray-haired king of Selma."

I laid him in the hollow rock, at the roar of the nightly ſtream. One red ſtar looked in on the hero: winds lift, at times, his locks. I liſtened: no ſound was heard: for the warrior ſlept. As lightning

ning on a cloud, a thought came ruſhing over my ſoul. My eyes rolled in fire: my ſtride was in the clang of ſteel. "I will find thee, chief of Atha, in the gathering of thy thouſands. Why ſhould that cloud eſcape, that quenched our early beam? Kindle your meteors, my fathers, to light my daring ſteps. I will conſume in wrath [e]. Should I not return! the king is without a ſon, gray-haired amidſt his foes. His arm is not in the days of old: his fame grows dim in Erin. Let me not behold him from high, laid low in his latter field. But can I return to the king? Will he not aſk about his ſon? "Thou oughteſt to defend young Fillan." I will meet the foe. Green Inisfail, thy ſounding tread is pleaſant to my ear: I ruſh on thy ridgy hoſt, to ſhun the eyes of Fingal. I hear the voice of the king, on Mora's miſty top! He calls his two ſons; I come, my father, in my grief. I come like an eagle, which the flame of night met in the deſart, and ſpoiled of half his wings."

Diſtant, [f] round the king, on Mora, the broken ridges of Morven are rolled. They turned their eyes: each darkly bends, on his own aſhen ſpear. Silent ſtood the king in the midſt. Thought on thought rolled over his ſoul. As waves on a ſecret mountain lake, each with its back of foam. He looked; no ſon appeared, with his long-beaming

ſpear. The ſighs roſe, crowding from his ſoul; but he concealed his grief. At length I ſtood beneath an oak. No voice of mine was heard. What could I ſay to Fingal in his hour of woe? His words roſe, at length, in the midſt: the people ſhrunk backward as he ſpoke [g].

"Where is the ſon of Selma, he who led in war? I beheld not his ſteps, among my people, returning from the field. Fell the young bounding roe, who was ſo ſtately on my hills? He fell; for ye are ſilent. The ſhield of war is broke. Let his armour be near to Fingal; and the ſword of dark-brown Luno. I am waked on my hills: With morning I deſcend to war."

High [h] on Cormul's rock, an oak flamed to the wind. The gray ſkirts of miſt are rolled around; thither ſtrode the king in his wrath. Diſtant from the hoſt he always lay, when battle burnt within his ſoul. On two ſpears hung his ſhield on high; the gleaming ſign of death; that ſhield which he was wont to ſtrike, by night, before he ruſhed to war. It was then his warriors knew, when the king was to lead in ſtrife; for never was this buckler heard, till Fingal's wrath aroſe. Unequal were his ſteps on high, as he ſhone in the beam of the oak; he was dreadful as the form of the ſpirit of night, when he clothes, on hills, his wild geſtures

tures with miſt, and, iſſuing forth, on the troubled ocean, mounts the car of winds.

Nor ſettled, from the ſtorm, is Erin's ſea of war; they glittered, beneath the moon, and, low-humming, ſtill rolled on the field. Alone are the ſteps of Cathmor, before them on the heath; he hung forward, with all his arms, on Morven's flying hoſt. Now had he come to the moſſy cave, where Fillan lay in night. One tree was bent above the ſtream, which glittered over the rock. There ſhone to the moon the broken ſhield of Clatho's ſon; and near it, on graſs, lay hairy-footed Bran [1]. He had miſſed the chief on Mora, and ſearched him along the wind: He thought that the blue-eyed hunter ſlept; he lay upon his ſhield: No blaſt came over the heath, unknown to bounding Bran.

Cathmor ſaw the white-breaſted dog; he ſaw the broken ſhield. Darkneſs is blown back on his ſoul; he remembers the falling away of the people. "They come, a ſtream; are rolled away; another race ſucceeds. But ſome mark the fields, as they paſs, with their own mighty names. The heath, through dark-brown years, is theirs; ſome blue ſtream, winds to their fame. Of theſe be the chief of Atha, when he lays him down on earth. Often may the voice of future times meet Cathmor

in the air: when he ſtrides from wind to wind, or folds himſelf in the wing of a ſtorm."

Green Erin gathered round the king, to hear the voice of his power. The joyful faces bend, unequal, forward, in the light of the oak. They who were terrible were removed; Lubar [k] winds again in their hoſt. Cathmor was that beam from heaven which ſhone when his people were dark. He was honoured in the midſt. Their ſouls roſe trembling around. The king alone no gladneſs ſhewed; no ſtranger he to war!

"Why is the king ſo ſad," ſaid Malthos eagle-eyed; "Remains there a foe at Lubar? Lives there among them, who can lift the ſpear? Not ſo peaceful was thy father, Borbar-duthul [l], ſovereign of ſpears. His rage was a fire that always burned: his joy over fallen foes was great. Three days feaſted the gray-haired hero, when he heard that Calmar fell: Calmar; who aided the race of Ullin, from Lara of the ſtreams. Often did he feel, with his hands, the ſteel which, they ſaid, had pierced his foe. He felt it with his hands, for Borbar-duthul's eyes had failed. Yet was the king a ſun to his friends; a gale to lift their branches round. Joy was around him in his halls: he loved the ſons of Bolga. His name remains in Atha, like the awful memory of ghoſts, whoſe

preſence

preſence was terrible, but they blew the ſtorm away. Now let the voices [m] of Erin raiſe the ſoul of the king; he that ſhone when war was dark, and laid the mighty low. Fonar, from that gray-browed rock, pour the tale of other times: pour it on wide ſkirted Erin, as it ſettles round."

"To me," ſaid Cathmor, "no ſong ſhall riſe: nor Fonar ſit on the rock of Lubar. The mighty there are laid low. Diſturb not their ruſhing ghoſts. Far, Malthos, far remove the ſound of Erin's ſong. I rejoice not over the foe, when he ceaſes to lift the ſpear. With morning we pour our ſtrength abroad. Fingal is wakened on his echoing hill."

Like waves, blown back by ſudden winds, Erin retired, at the voice of the king. Deep-rolled into the field of night, they ſpread their humming tribes: Beneath his own tree, at intervals, each [n] bard ſat down with his harp. They raiſed the ſong, and touched the ſtring: each to the chief he loved. Before a burning oak Sul-malla touched, at times, the harp. She touched the harp and heard, between, the breezes in her hair. In darkneſs near, lay the king of Atha, beneath an aged tree. The beam of the oak was turned from him; he ſaw the maid, but was not ſeen. His

ſoul

ſoul poured forth, in ſecret, when he beheld her tearful eye. "But battle is before thee, ſon of Borbar-duthul."

Amidſt the harp, at intervals, ſhe liſtened whether the warriors ſlept. Her ſoul was up; ſhe longed, in ſecret, to pour her own ſad ſong. The field is ſilent. On their wings, the blaſts of night retire. The bards had ceaſed; and meteors came, red-winding with their ghoſts. The ſky grew dark: the forms of the dead were blended with the clouds. But heedleſs bends the daughter of Conmor, over the decaying flame. Thou wert alone in her ſoul, car-borne chief of Atha. She raiſed the voice of the ſong, and touched the harp between.

"Clun-galo [o] came; ſhe miſſed the maid. Where art thou, beam of light? Hunters, from the moſſy rock, ſaw you the blue-eyed fair? Are her ſteps on graſſy Lumon; near the bed of roes? Ah me! I behold her bow in the hall. Where art thou, beam of light?

"Ceaſe, [p] love of Conmor, ceaſe; I hear thee not on the ridgy heath. My eye is turned to the king, whoſe path is terrible in war. He for whom my ſoul is up, in the ſeaſon of my reſt. Deep-boſomed in war he ſtands, he beholds me not

not from his cloud. Why, ſun of Sul-malla, doſt thou not look forth? I dwell in darkneſs here; wide over me flies the ſhadowy miſt. Filled with dew are my locks: look thou from thy cloud, O ſun of Sul-malla's ſoul." * * * * * * *

TEMORA:

TEMORA:

AN EPIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

This book begins, about the middle of the third night from the opening of the poem. The poet deſcribes a kind of miſt, which roſe, by night, from the lake of Lego, and was the uſual reſidence of the ſouls of the dead, during the interval between their deceaſe and the funeral ſong. The appearance of the ghoſt of Fillan above the cave where his body lay. His voice comes to Fingal, on the rock of Cormul. The king ſtrikes the ſhield of Trenmor, which was an infallible ſign of his appearing in arms himſelf. The extraordinary effect of the ſound of the ſhield. Sul-malla, ſtarting from ſleep, awakes Cathmor. Their affecting diſcourſe. She inſiſts with him, to ſue for peace; he reſolves to continue the war. He directs her to retire to the neighbouring valley of Lona, which was the reſidence of an old Druid, until the battle of the next day ſhould be over. He awakes his army with the ſound of his ſhield. The ſhield deſcribed. Fonar, the bard, at the deſire of Cathmor, relates the firſt ſettlement of the Fir-bolg in Ireland, under their leader Larthon. Morning comes. Sul-malla retires to the valley of Lona. A lyric ſong concludes the book.

BOOK VII.

FROM the wood-ſkirted waters of Lego, aſcend, at times, gray-boſomed miſts, when the gates of

TEMORA.

He struck again the shield.

Biblioteca Nazionale V. E. III NAPOLI

Biblioteca Nazionale
NAPOLI

of the weſt are cloſed on the ſun's eagle-eye. Wide, over Lara's ſtream, is poured the vapour dark and deep: the moon, like a dim ſhield, is ſwimming through its folds. With this, clothe the ſpirits of old their ſudden geſtures on the wind, when they ſtride, from blaſt to blaſt, along the duſky face of the night. Often blended with the gale, to ſome warrior's grave [a] they roll the miſt, a gray dwelling to his ghoſt, until the ſongs ariſe.

A ſound came from the deſart; the ruſhing courſe of Conar in winds. He poured his deep miſt on Fillan, at blue-winding Lubar. Dark and mournful ſat the ghoſt, bending in his gray ridge of ſmoke. The blaſt, at times, rolled him together: but the lovely form returned again. It returned with ſlow-bending eyes: and dark winding of locks of miſt.

It was [b] dark. The ſleeping hoſt were ſtill, in the ſkirts of night. The flame decayed, on the hill of Fingal; the king lay lonely on his ſhield. His eyes were half cloſed in ſleep; the voice of Fillan came. "Sleeps the huſband of Clatho? Dwells the father of the fallen in reſt? Am I forgot in the folds of darkneſs; lonely in the ſeaſon of dreams?"

"Why art thou in the midſt of my dreams?" ſaid Fingal, as, ſudden, he roſe! "Can I forget

thee, my ſon, or thy path of fire in the field? Not ſuch, on the ſoul of the king, come the deeds of the mighty in arms. They are not there a beam of lightning, which is ſeen, and is then no more. I remember thee, O Fillan, and my wrath begins to riſe."

The king took his deathful ſpear, and ſtruck the deeply-ſounding ſhield: his ſhield that hung high on night, the diſmal ſign of war! Ghoſts fled on every ſide, and rolled their gathered forms on the wind. Thrice from the winding vale aroſe the voices of death. The harps [c] of the bards, untouched, ſound mournful over the hill.

He ſtruck again the ſhield: battles roſe in the dreams of his hoſt. The wide-tumbling ſtrife is gleaming over their ſouls. Blue-ſhielded kings deſcend to war. Backward-looking armies fly; and mighty deeds are half-hid, in the bright gleams of ſteel.

But when the third ſound aroſe; deer ſtarted from the clefts of their rocks. The ſcreams of fowl are heard, in the deſart, as each flew, frighted, on his blaſt. The ſons of Albion half-roſe, and half-aſſumed their ſpears. But ſilence rolled back on the hoſt: they knew the ſhield of the king. Sleep returned to their eyes: the field was dark and ſtill.

No

No ſleep was thine in darkneſs, blue-eyed daughter of Conmor! Sul-malla heard the dreadful ſhield, and roſe, amidſt the night. Her ſteps are towards the king of Atha. "Can danger ſhake his daring ſoul!" In doubt, ſhe ſtands, with bending eyes. Heaven burns with all its ſtars.

Again the ſhield reſounds! She ruſhed. She ſtopt. Her voice half-roſe. It failed. She ſaw him, amidſt his arms, that gleamed to heaven's fire. She ſaw him dim in his locks, that roſe to nightly wind. Away, for fear, ſhe turned her ſteps. "Why ſhould the king of Erin awake? Thou art not a dream to his reſt, daughter of Inis-huna."

More dreadful rung the ſhield. Sul-malla ſtarts. Her helmet falls. Loud echoed Lubar's rock, as over it rolled the ſteel. Burſting from the dreams of night, Cathmor half-roſe, beneath his tree. He ſaw the form of the maid, above him, on the rock. A red ſtar, with twinkling beam, looked down through her floating hair.

"Who comes through night to Cathmor, in the dark ſeaſon of his dreams? Bringeſt thou ought of war? Who art thou, ſon of night? Standeſt thou before me, a form of the times of old? A voice from the fold of a cloud, to warn me of Erin's danger?"

"Nor traveller of night am I, nor voice from folded cloud: but I warn thee of the danger of E-

rin. Doſt thou hear that ſound? It is not the feeble, king of Atha, that rolls his ſigns on night."

"Let the warrior roll his ſigns; to Cathmor they are the ſound of harps. My joy is great, voice of night, and burns over all my thoughts. This is the muſic of kings, on lonely hills, by night; when they light their daring ſouls, the ſons of mighty deeds! The feeble dwell alone, in the valley of the breeze; where miſts lift their morning ſkirts, from the blue-winding ſtreams."

"Not feeble, thou leader of heroes, were they, the fathers of my race. They dwelt in the darkneſs of battle: in their diſtant lands. Yet delights not my ſoul, in the ſigns of death! He[d], who never yields, comes forth: Awake the bard of peace!"

Like a rock with its trickling waters, ſtood Cathmor in his tears. Her voice came, a breeze, on his ſoul, and waked the memory of her land; where ſhe dwelt by her peaceful ſtreams, before he came to the war of Conmor.

"Daughter of ſtrangers," he ſaid; (ſhe trembling turned away) "long have I marked in her armour, the young pine of Inis-huna. But my ſoul, I ſaid, is folded in a ſtorm. Why ſhould that beam ariſe, till my ſteps return in peace? Have I been pale in thy preſence, when thou bidſt me

to fear the king? The time of danger, O maid, is the ſeaſon of my ſoul; for then it ſwells, a mighty ſtream, and rolls me on the foe.

"Beneath the moſs-covered rock of Lona, near his own winding ſtream; gray in his locks of age, dwells Clonmal[c] king of harps. Above him is his echoing oak, and the dun bounding of roes. The noiſe of our ſtrife reaches his ear, as he bends in the thoughts of years. There let thy reſt be, Sulmalla, until our battle ceaſe. Until I return, in my arms, from the ſkirts of the evening miſt that riſes, on Lona, round the dwelling of my love."

A light fell on the ſoul of the maid; it roſe kindled before the king. She turned her face to Cathmor; her locks are ſtruggling with winds. "Sooner ſhall the eagle of heaven be torn, from the ſtreams of his roaring wind, when he ſees the dun prey, before him, the young ſons of the bounding roe, than thou, O Cathmor, be turned from the ſtrife of renown. Soon may I ſee thee, warrior, from the ſkirts of the evening miſt, when it is rolled around me, on Lona of the ſtreams. While yet thou art diſtant far, ſtrike, Cathmor, ſtrike the ſhield, that joy may return to my darkened ſoul, as I lean on the moſſy rock. But if thou ſhould fall—I am in the land of ſtrangers; O ſend

thy

thy voice, from thy cloud, to the maid of Inis-huna."

"Young branch of green-headed Lumon, why doſt thou ſhake in the ſtorm? Often has Cathmor returned, from darkly-rolling wars. The darts of death are but hail to me; they have often bounded from my ſhield. I have riſen brightened from battle, like a meteor from a ſtormy cloud. Return not, fair beam, from thy vale, when the roar of battle grows. Then might the foe eſcape, as from my fathers of old.

"They told to Son-mor [f], of Clunar [g], ſlain by Cormac the giver of ſhells. Three days darkened Son-mor, over his brother's fall. His ſpouſe beheld the ſilent king, and foreſaw his ſteps to war. She prepared the bow, in ſecret, to attend her blue-ſhielded hero. To her dwelt darkneſs at Atha, when the warrior moved to his fields. From their hundred ſtreams, by night, poured down the ſons of Alnecma. They had heard the ſhield of the king, and their rage aroſe. In clanging arms, they moved along, towards Ullin the land of groves. Son-mor ſtruck his ſhield, at times, the leader of the war.

"Far behind followed Sul-allin [h], over the ſtreamy hills. She was a light on the mountain, when they croſſed the vale below. Her ſteps were ſtately

ſtately on the vale, when they roſe on the moſſy hill. She feared to approach the king, who left her in Atha of hinds. But when the roar of battle roſe; when hoſt was rolled on hoſt; when Son-mor burnt like the fire of heaven in clouds, with her ſpreading hair came Sul-allin; for ſhe trembled for her king. He ſtopt the ruſhing ſtrife to ſave the love of heroes. The foe fled by night; Clunar ſlept without his blood; the blood which ought to be poured upon the warrior's tomb.

"Nor roſe the rage of Son-mor, but his days were dark and ſlow. Sul-allin wandered, by her gray ſtreams, with her tearful eyes. Often did ſhe look, on the hero, when he was folded in his thoughts. But ſhe ſhrunk from his eyes, and turned her lone ſteps away. Battles roſe, like a tempeſt, and drove the miſt from his ſoul. He beheld with joy, her ſteps in the hall, and the white riſing of her hands on the harp."

In his arms ſtrode the chief of Atha, to where his ſhield hung, high, in night: high on a moſſy bough, over Lubar's ſtreamy roar. Seven boſſes roſe on the ſhield; the ſeven voices of the king, which his warriors received, from the wind, and marked over all their tribes.

On each boſs is placed a ſtar of night; Canmathon with beams unſhorn; Col-derna riſing from a cloud:

a cloud: Uloicho robed in miſt; and the ſoft beam of Cathlin glittering on a rock. Fair-gleaming on its own blue wave, Reldurath half-ſinks its weſtern light. The red eye of Berthin looks, through a grove, on the ſlow-moving hunter, as he returns, through ſhowery night, with the ſpoils of the bounding roe. Wide in the midſt, aroſe the cloudleſs beams of Ton-thena; Ton-thena which looked, by night, on the courſe of the ſea-toſſed Larthon: Larthon, the firſt of Bolga's race, who travelled on the winds [k]. White-boſomed ſpread the ſails of the king, towards ſtreamy Inis-fail; dun night was rolled before him, with its ſkirts of miſt. The winds were changeful in heaven, and rolled him from wave to wave. Then roſe the fiery-haired Ton-thena, and laughed from her parted cloud. Larthon [l] rejoiced at the guiding beam, as it faint-gleamed on the tumbling waters.

Beneath the ſpear of Cathmor, awaked that voice which awakes the bards. They came, dark-winding, from every ſide; each, with the ſound of his harp. Before them rejoiced the king, as the traveller, in the day of the ſun; when he hears, far-rolling around, the murmur of moſſy ſtreams; ſtreams that burſt, in the deſart, from the rock of roes.

"Why,"

" Why," ſaid Fonar, " hear we the voice of the king, in the ſeaſon of his reſt? Were the dim forms of thy fathers bending in thy dreams? Perhaps they ſtand on that cloud, and wait for Fonar's ſong; often they come to the fields where their ſons are to lift the ſpear. Or ſhall our voice ariſe for him who lifts the ſpear no more; he that conſumed the field, from Moma of the groves?"

" Not forgot is that cloud in war, bard of other times. High ſhall his tomb riſe, on Moi-lena, the dwelling of renown. But, now, roll back my ſoul to the times of my fathers: to the years when firſt they roſe, on Inis-huna's waves. Nor alone pleaſant to Cathmor is the remembrance of wood-covered Lumon. Lumon the land of ſtreams, the dwelling of white-boſomed maids."

" Lumon [m] of foamy ſtreams, thou riſeſt on Fonar's ſoul! Thy ſun is on thy ſide, on the rocks of thy bending trees. The dun roe is ſeen from thy furze; the deer lifts his branchy head; for he ſees, at times, the hound, on the half covered heath. Slow, on the vale, are the ſteps of maids; the white-armed daughters of the bow: they lift their blue eyes to the hill, from amidſt their wandering locks. Not there is the ſtride of Larthon, chief of Inis-huna. He mounts the wave on his

own dark oak, in Cluba's ridgy bay. That oak which he cut from Lumon, to bound along the ſea. The maids turn their eyes away, leſt the king ſhould be lowly laid; for never had they ſeen a ſhip, dark rider of the wave!

"Now he dares to call the winds, and to mix with the miſt of ocean. Blue Inis-fail roſe, in ſmoke; but dark-ſkirted night came down. The ſons of Bolga feared. The fiery haired Ton-thena roſe. Culbin's bay received the ſhip, in the boſom of its echoing woods. There, iſſued a ſtream, from Duthuma's horrid cave; where ſpirits gleamed, at times, with their half-finiſhed forms.

"Dreams deſcended on Larthon: he ſaw ſeven ſpirits of his fathers. He heard their half-formed words, and dimly beheld the times to come. He beheld the kings of Atha, the ſons of future days. They led their hoſts, along the field, like ridges of miſt, which winds pour, in autumn, over Atha of the groves.

"Larthon raiſed the hall of Samla[n], to the ſoft ſound of the harp. He went forth to the roes of Erin, to their wonted ſtreams. Nor did he forget green headed Lumon; he often bounded over his ſeas, to where white-handed Flathal[o] looked from the hill of roes. Lumon of the foamy ſtreams, thou riſeſt on Fonar's ſoul."

The

The beam awaked in the eaſt. The miſty heads of the mountains roſe. Valleys ſhew, on every ſide, the gray-winding of their ſtreams. His hoſt heard the ſhield of Cathmor: at once they roſe around; like a crowded ſea, when firſt it feels the wings of the wind. The waves know not whither to roll; they lift their troubled heads.

Sad and ſlow retired Sul-malla to Lona of the ſtreams. She went and often turned; her blue eyes rolled in tears. But when ſhe came to the rock, that darkly covered Lona's vale: ſhe looked, from her burſting ſoul, on the king; and ſunk, at once, behind.

Son [P] of Alpin, ſtrike the ſtring. Is there ought of joy in the harp? Pour it then, on the ſoul of Oſſian: it is folded in miſt. I hear thee, O bard, in my night. But ceaſe the lightly-trembling ſound. The joy of grief belongs to Oſſian, amidſt his dark-brown years.

Green thorn of the hill of ghoſts, that ſhakeſt thy head to nightly winds! I hear no ſound in thee; is there no ſpirit's windy ſkirt now ruſtling in thy leaves? Often are the ſteps of the dead, in the dark-eddying blaſts; when the moon, a dun ſhield, from the eaſt, is rolled along the ſky.

Ullin, Carril, and Ryno, voices of the days of old! Let me hear you, in the darkneſs of Selma,

and awake the ſoul of ſongs. I hear you not, ye children of muſic, in what hall of the clouds is your reſt? Do you touch the ſhadowy harp, robed with morning miſt, where the ſun comes ſounding forth from his green-headed waves?

TEMORA:

AN EPIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth morning, from the opening of the poem, comes on. Fingal, ſtill continuing in the place, to which he had retired on the preceding night, is ſeen, at intervals, through the miſt, which covered the rock of Cormul. The deſcent of the king is deſcribed. He orders Gaul, Dermid, and Carril the bard, to go to the valley of Cluna, and conduct, from thence, to the Caledonian army, Ferad-artho, the ſon of Cairbre, the only perſon remaining of the family of Conar, the firſt king of Ireland. The king takes the command of the army, and prepares for battle. Marching towards the enemy, he comes to the cave of Lubar, where the body of Fillan lay. Upon ſeeing his dog Bran, who lay at the entrance of the cave, his grief returns. Cathmor arranges the army of the Firbolg in order of battle. The appearance of that hero. The general conflict is deſcribed. The actions of Fingal and Cathmor. A ſtorm. The total rout of the Firbolg. The two kings engage, in a column of miſt, on the banks of Lubar. Their attitude and conference after the combat. The death of Cathmor. Fingal reſigns *the ſpear of Trenmor* to Oſſian. The ceremonies obſerved on that occaſion. The ſpirit of Cathmor appears to Sul-malla, in the valley of Lona. Her ſorrow. Evening comes on. A feaſt is prepared. The coming of Ferad-

artho

artho is announced by the ſongs of a hundred bards. The poem cloſes, with a ſpeech of Fingal.

BOOK VIII.

AS when the wintry winds have ſeized the waves of the mountain-lake, have ſeized them, in ſtormy night, and clothed them over with ice; white to the hunter's early eye, the billows ſtill ſeem to roll. He turns his ear to the ſound of each unequal ridge. But each is ſilent, gleaming, ſtrewn with boughs and tufts of graſs, which ſhake and whiſtle to the wind, over their gray ſeats of froſt. So ſilent ſhone to the morning the ridges of Morven's hoſt, as each warrior looked up from his helmet towards the hill of the king; the cloud-covered hill of Fingal, where he ſtrode, in the rolling of miſt. At times is the hero, ſeen, greatly dim in all his arms. From thought to thought rolled the war, along his mighty ſoul.

Now is the coming forth of the king. Firſt appeared the ſword of Luno; the ſpear half iſſuing from a cloud, the ſhield ſtill dim in miſt. But when the ſtride of the king came abroad, with all his gray, dewy locks in the wind; then roſe the ſhouts of his hoſt over every moving tribe. They gathered, gleaming, round with all their echoing ſhields,

ſhields. So riſe the green ſeas round a ſpirit, that comes down from the ſqually wind. The traveller hears the ſound afar, and lifts his head over the rock. He looks on the troubled bay, and thinks he dimly ſees the form. The waves ſport, unwieldy, round, with all their backs of foam.

Far-diſtant ſtood the ſon of Morni, Duthno's race, and Cona's bard. We ſtood far-diſtant; each beneath his tree. We ſhunned the eyes of the king; we had not conquered in the field. A little ſtream rolled at my feet: I touched its light wave, with my ſpear. I touched it with my ſpear; nor there was the ſoul of Oſſian. It darkly roſe, from thought to thought, and ſent abroad the ſigh.

"Son of Morni," ſaid the king, "Dermid, hunter of roes! why are ye dark, like two rocks, each with its trickling waters? No wrath gathers on the ſoul of Fingal, againſt the chiefs of men. Ye are my ſtrength in battle; the kindling of my joy in peace. My early voice was a pleaſant gale to your ears, when Fillan prepared the bow. The ſon of Fingal is not here, nor yet the chace of the bounding roes. But why ſhould the breakers of ſhields, darkened, far away?"

Tall they ſtrode towards the king; they ſaw him turned to Mora's wind. His tears came down, for

for his blue-eyed ſon, who ſlept in the cave of ſtreams. But he brightened before them, and ſpoke to the broad-ſhielded kings.

"Crommal, with woody rocks, and miſty top, the field of winds, pours forth, to the ſight, blue Lubar's ſtreamy roar. Behind it rolls clear-winding Lavath, in the vale of deer. A cave is dark in a rock; above it ſtrong-winged eagles dwell; broad-headed oaks, before it found it Cluna's wind. Within his locks of youth, is Ferad-artho [a], blue-eyed king, the ſon of broad-ſhielded Cairbar, from Ullin of the roes. He liſtens to the voice of Condan, as gray, he bends in feeble light. He liſtens, for his foes dwell in the echoing halls of Temora. He comes, at times, abroad, in the ſkirts of miſt, to pierce the bounding roes. When the ſun looks on the field, nor by the rock, nor ſtream, is he! He ſhuns the race of Bolga, who dwell in his father's hall. Tell him, that Fingal liſts the ſpear, and that his foes, perhaps, may fail.

"Lift up, O Gaul, the ſhield before him. Stretch, Dermid, Temora's ſpear. Be thy voice in his ear, O Carril, with the deeds of his fathers. Lead him to green Moi-lena, to the duſky field of ghoſts; for there I fall forward in battle, in the folds of war. Before dun night deſcends, come to high Dunmora's top. Look, from the gray rolling

ing of miſt, on Lena of the ſtreams. If there my ſtandard ſhall float on wind, over Lubar's gleaming courſe, then has not Fingal failed in the laſt of his fields."

Such were his words: nor aught replied the ſilent, ſtriding kings. They looked ſide-long, on Erin's hoſt, and darkened, as they went. Never before had they left the king, in the midſt of the ſtormy field. Behind them, touching at times his harp, the gray-haired Carril moved. He foreſaw the fall of the people, and mournful was the ſound! It was like a breeze that comes, by fits, over Lego's reedy lake; when ſleep half-deſcends on the hunter, within his moſſy cave.

"Why bends the bard of Cona," ſaid Fingal, "over his ſecret ſtream? Is this a time for ſorrow, father of low-laid Oſcar? Be the warriors [b] remembered in peace; when echoing ſhields are heard no more. Bend, then, in grief, over the flood, where blows the mountain breeze. Let them paſs on thy ſoul, the blue-eyed dwellers of Lena. But Erin rolls to war, wide-tumbling, rough, and dark. Lift, Oſſian, lift the ſhield. I am alone, my ſon!"

As comes the ſudden voice of winds to the becalmed ſhip of Inis-huna, and drives it large, along the deep, dark rider of the wave: ſo the voice of Fingal ſent Oſſian, tall, along the heath. He lift-

ed high his ſhining ſhield, in the duſky wing of war: like the broad, blank moon, in the ſkirt of a cloud, before the ſtorms ariſe.

Loud, from moſs-covered Mora, poured down, at once, the broad-winged war. Fingal led his people forth, king of Morven of ſtreams. On high ſpread the eagle's wing. His gray hair is poured on his ſhoulders broad. In thunder are his mighty ſtrides. He often ſtood, and ſaw behind, the wide-gleaming rolling of armour. A rock he ſeemed, gray over with ice, whoſe woods are high in wind. Bright ſtreams leap from its head, and ſpread their foam on blaſts.

Now he came to Lubar's cave, where Fillan darkly ſlept. Bran ſtill lay on the broken ſhield: the eagle-wing is ſtrewed on winds. Bright, from withered furze, looked forth the hero's ſpear. Then grief ſtirred the ſoul of the king, like whirlwinds blackening on a lake. He turned his ſudden ſtep, and leaned on his bending ſpear.

White-breaſted Bran came bounding with joy to the known path of Fingal. He came and looked towards the cave, where the blue-eyed hunter lay, for he was wont to ſtride, with morning to the dewy bed of the roe. It was then the tears of the king came down, and all his ſoul was dark. But as the riſing wind rolls away the ſtorm of rain, and leaves

leaves the white ſtreams to the ſun, and high hills with their heads of graſs; ſo the returning war brightened the mind of Fingal. He bounded [c], on his ſpear, over Lubar, and ſtruck his echoing ſhield. His ridgy hoſt bend forward, at once, with all their pointed ſteel.

Nor Erin heard, with fear, the ſound: wide they came rolling along. Dark Malthos, in the wing of war, looks forward from ſhaggy brows. Next roſe that beam of light Hidalla; then the ſide-long-looking gloom of Maronan. Blue-ſhielded Clonar lifts the ſpear; Cormar ſhakes his buſhy locks on the wind. Slowly, from behind a rock, roſe the bright form of Atha. Firſt appeared his two pointed ſpears, then the half of his burniſhed ſhield: like the riſing of a nightly meteor, over the vale of ghoſts. But when he ſhone all abroad: the hoſts plunged, at once, into ſtrife. The gleaming waves of ſteel are poured on either ſide.

As meet two troubled ſeas, with the rolling of all their waves, when they feel the wings of contending winds, in the rock-ſided firth of Lumon; along the echoing hills is the dim courſe of ghoſts: from the blaſt fall the torn groves on the deep, amidſt the foamy path of whales. So mixed the hoſts! Now Fingal; now Cathmor came abroad. The dark tumbling of death is before them: the

gleam of broken ſteel is rolled on their ſteps, as, loud, the high-bounding kings hewed down the ridge of ſhields.

Maronan fell, by Fingal, laid large acroſs a ſtream. The waters gathered by his ſide, and leapt gray over his boſſy ſhield. Clonar is pierced by Cathmor: nor yet lay the chief on earth. An oak ſeized his hair in his fall. His helmet rolled on the ground. By its thong, hung his broad ſhield; over it wandered his ſtreaming blood. Tlamin [d] ſhall weep, in the hall, and ſtrike her heaving breaſt. Nor did Oſſian forget the ſpear, in the wing of his war. He ſtrewed the field with dead. Young Hidalla came. Soft voice of ſtreamy Clonra! Why doſt thou lift the ſteel? O that we met, in the ſtrife of ſong, in thy own ruſhy vale! Malthos beheld him low, and darkened as he ruſhed along. On either ſide of a ſtream, we bend in the echoing ſtrife. Heaven comes rolling down: around burſt the voices of ſqually winds. Hills are clothed, at times, in fire. Thunder rolls in wreaths of miſt. In darkneſs ſhrunk the foe; Morven's warriors ſtood aghaſt. Still I bent over the ſtream, amidſt my whiſtling locks.

Then roſe the voice of Fingal, and the ſound of the flying foe. I ſaw the king, at times, in lightning, darkly ſtriding in his might. I ſtruck my echoing

echoing ſhield, and hung forward on the ſteps of Alnecma: the foe is rolled before me, like a wreath of ſmoke.

The ſun looked forth from his cloud. The hundred ſtreams of Moi-lena ſhone. Slow roſe the blue columns of miſt, againſt the glittering hill. Where are the mighty kings [e]! Nor by that ſtream, nor wood, are they! I hear the clang of arms! Their ſtrife is in the boſom of miſt. Such is the contending of ſpirits in a nightly cloud, when they ſtrive for the wintry wings of winds, and the rolling of the foam-covered waves.

I ruſhed along. The gray miſt roſe. Tall, gleaming, they ſtood at Lubar. Cathmor leaned againſt a rock. His half-fallen ſhield received the ſtream, that leapt from the moſs above. Towards him is the ſtride of Fingal; he ſaw the hero's blood. His ſword fell ſlowly to his ſide. He ſpoke, midſt his darkening joy.

"Yields the race of Borbar-duthul? Or ſtill does he lift the ſpear? Not unheard is thy name, in Selma, in the green dwelling of ſtrangers. It has come, like the breeze of his deſart, to the ear of Fingal. Come to my hill of feaſts: the mighty fail, at times. No fire am I to low-laid foes: I rejoice not over the fall of the brave. To cloſe [f] the wound is mine: I have known the herbs of the hills.

hills. I ſeized their fair heads, on high, as they waved by their ſacred ſtreams. Thou art dark and ſilent, king of Atha of ſtrangers."

"By Atha of the ſtreams," he ſaid, "there riſes a moſſy rock. On its head is the wandering of boughs, within the courſe of winds. Dark, in its face, is a cave with its own loud rill. There have I heard the tread of ſtrangers [5], when they paſſed to my hall of ſhells. Joy roſe, like a flame, on my ſoul: I bleſt the echoing rock. Here be my dwelling, in darkneſs, in my graſſy vale. From this I ſhall mount the breeze, that purſues my thiſtle's beard; or look down, on blue-winding Atha, from its wandering miſt."

"Why ſpeaks the king of the tomb? Oſſian! the warrior has failed! Joy meet thy ſoul, like a ſtream, Cathmor, friend of ſtrangers! My ſon, I hear the call of years: they take my ſpear as they paſs along. Why does not Fingal, they ſeem to ſay, reſt within his hall? Doſt thou always delight in blood? In the tears of the ſad? No: ye darkly-rolling years, Fingal delights not in blood. Tears are wintry ſtreams that waſte away my ſoul. But when I lie down to reſt, then comes the mighty voice of war. It awakes me, in my hall, and calls forth all my ſteel. It ſhall call it forth no more;

more; Oſſian, take thou thy father's ſpear. Lift it, in battle, when the proud ariſe.

" My fathers, Oſſian, trace my ſteps; my deeds are pleaſant to their eyes. Wherever I come forth to battle, on my field, are their columns of miſt. But mine arm reſcued the feeble; the haughty found my rage was fire. Never, over the fallen, did mine eye rejoice. For this [h] my fathers ſhall meet me, at the gates of their airy halls, tall, with robes of light, with mildly-kindled eyes. But, to the proud in arms, they are darkened moons in heaven, which ſend the fire of night, red-wandering over their face.

" Father of heroes, Trenmor, dweller of eddying winds! I give thy ſpear to Oſſian, let thine eye rejoice. Thee have I ſeen, at times, bright from between thy clouds; ſo appear to my ſon, when he is to lift the ſpear: then ſhall he remember thy mighty deeds, though thou art now but a blaſt."

He gave the ſpear to my hand, and raiſed, at once, a ſtone on high, to ſpeak to future times, with its gray head of moſs. Beneath he placed a ſword [i] in earth, and one bright boſs from his ſhield. Dark in thought, a-while, he bends: his words, at length, came forth.

" When

"When thou, O ſtone, ſhall moulder down, and loſe thee, in the moſs of years, then ſhall the traveller come, and whiſtling paſs away. Thou know'ſt not, feeble wanderer, that fame once ſhone on Moi-lena. Here Fingal reſigned his ſpear, after the laſt of his fields. Paſs away, thou empty ſhade; in thy voice there is no renown. Thou dwelleſt by ſome peaceful ſtream; yet a few years, and thou art gone. No one remembers thee, thou dweller of thick miſt! But Fingal ſhall be clothed with fame, a beam of light to other times; for he went forth, in echoing ſteel, to ſave the weak in arms."

Brightening in his fame, the king ſtrode to Lubar's ſounding oak, where it bent, from its rock, over the bright tumbling ſtream. Beneath it is a narrow plain, and the ſound of the fount of the rock. Here the ſtandard [k] of Morven poured its wreaths on the wind, to mark the way of Feradartho, from his ſecret vale. Bright, from his parted weſt, the ſun of heaven looked abroad. The hero ſaw his people, and heard their ſhouts of joy. In broken ridges round, they glittered to the beam. The king rejoiced, as a hunter in his own green vale, when after the ſtorm is rolled away, he ſees the gleaming ſides of the rocks. The green thorn

ſhakes

ſhakes its head in their face; from their top, look forward the roes.

Gray [l] at his moſſy cave, is bent the aged form of Clonmal. The eyes of the bard had failed. He leaned forward, on his ſtaff. Bright, in her locks, before him, Sul-malla liſtened to the tale; the tale of the kings of Atha, in the days of old. The noiſe of battle had ceaſed in his ear: he ſtopt, and raiſed the ſecret ſigh. The ſpirits of the dead, they ſaid, often lightened over his ſoul. He ſaw the king of Atha low, beneath his bending tree.

"Why art thou dark?" ſaid the maid, "The ſtriſe of arms is paſt. Soon [m] ſhall he come to thy cave, over thy winding ſtreams. The ſun looks from the rocks of the weſt. The miſts of the lake ariſe. Gray, they ſpread on that hill, the ruſhy dwelling of roes. From the miſt ſhall my king appear! Behold, he comes in his arms. Come to the cave of Clonmal, O my beſt beloved!"

It was the ſpirit of Cathmor, ſtalking, large, a gleaming form. He ſunk by the hollow ſtream, that roared between the hills. "It was but the hunter," ſhe ſaid, "who ſearches for the bed of the roe. His ſteps are not forth to war; his ſpouſe expects him with night. He ſhall, whiſtling, return, with the ſpoils of the dark-brown hinds." Her eyes are turned to the hill; again the ſtately

form came down. She róſe, in the midſt of joy. He retired in miſt. Gradual vaniſh his limbs of ſmoke, and mix with the mountain-wind. Then ſhe knew that he fell! "King of Erin art thou low!" Let Oſſian forget her grief; it waſtes the ſoul of age [a].

Evening came down on Moi-lena. Gray rolled the ſtreams of the land. Loud came forth the voice of Fingal: the beam of oaks aroſe. The people gathered round with gladneſs; with gladneſs blended with ſhades. They ſide-long-looked to the king, and beheld his unfiniſhed joy. Pleaſant, from the way of the deſart, the voice of muſic came. It ſeemed, at firſt, the noiſe of a ſtream, far-diſtant on its rocks. Slow it rolled along the hill like the ruffled wing of a breeze, when it takes the tufted beard of the rocks, in the ſtill ſeaſon of night. It was the voice of Condan, mixed with Carril's trembling harp. They came with blue-eyed Ferad-artho, to Mora of the ſtreams.

Sudden burſts the ſong from our bards, on Lena: the hoſt ſtruck their ſhields midſt the ſound. Gladneſs roſe brightening on the king, like the beam of a cloudy day when it riſes, on the green hill, before the roar of winds. He ſtruck the boſſy ſhield of kings; at once they ceaſe around.

The

The people lean forward, from their ſpears, towards the voice of their land °.

" Sons of Morven, ſpread their feaſt; ſend the night away on ſong. Ye have ſhone around me, and the dark ſtorm is paſt. My people are the windy rocks, from which I ſpread my eagle wings, when I ruſh forth to renown, and ſeize it on its field. Oſſian, thou haſt the ſpear of Fingal: it is not the ſtaff of a boy with which he ſtrews the thiſtle round, young wanderer of the field. No: it is the lance of the mighty, with which they ſtretched forth their hands to death. Look to thy fathers, my ſon; they are awful beams. With morning lead Ferad-artho forth to the echoing halls of Temora. Remind him of the kings of Erin: the ſtately forms of old. Let not the fallen be forgot, they were mighty in the field. Let Carril pour his ſong, that the kings may rejoice in their miſt. To-morrow I ſpread my ſails to Selma's ſhaded walls; where ſtreamy Duthula winds through the ſeats of roes."

NOTES ON

TEMORA:

BOOK I.

[a] Cairbar, the ſon of Borbar-duthul, was deſcended lineally from Larthon the chief of the Firbolg, the firſt colony who ſettled in the ſouth of Ireland. The Cael were in poſſeſſion of the northern coaſt of that kingdom, and the firſt monarchs of Ireland were of their race. Hence aroſe thoſe differences between the two nations, which terminated, at laſt, in the murder of Cormac, and the uſurpation of Cairbar, lord of Atha, who is mentioned in this place.

[b] Morlath, *great in the day of battle.* Hidalla, *mildly looking hero.* Cor-mar, *expert at ſea.* Malth-os, *ſlow to ſpeak.* Foldath, *generous.*

Foldath, who is here ſtrongly marked, makes a great figure in the ſequel of the poem. His fierce, uncomplying character is ſuſtained throughout. He ſeems, from a paſſage in the ſecond book, to have been Cairbar's greateſt confident, and to have had a principal hand in the conſpiracy againſt Cormac king of Ireland. His tribe was one of the moſt conſiderable race of the Fir-bolg.

[c] Mor-annal here alludes to the particular appearance of Fingal's ſpear. If a man, upon his firſt landing in a ſtrange country, kept the point of his ſpear forward, it denoted in thoſe days that he came in a hoſtile manner, and accordingly he was treated as an enemy; if he kept the point behind him, it was a token of friendſhip, and he was immediately

diately invited to the feaſt, according to the hoſpitality of the times.

[d] This was the famous ſword of Fingal, made by Luno, a ſmith of Lochlin, and after him poetically called the *ſon of Luno:* it is ſaid of this ſword, that it killed a man at every ſtroke; and that Fingal never uſed it but in times of the greateſt danger.

[e] The oppoſite characters of Foldath and Malthos are ſtrongly marked in ſubſequent parts of the poem. They appear always in oppoſition. The feuds between their families, which were the ſource of their hatred to one another, are mentioned in other poems.

[f] That is, who has heard my vaunting? He intended the expreſſion as a rebuke to the ſelf-praiſe of Foldath.

[g] Hidalla was the chief of Clonra, a ſmall diſtrict on the banks of the lake of Lego. The beauty of his perſon, his eloquence, and genius for poetry, are afterwards mentioned.

[h] Cathol the ſon of Maronnan, or Moran, was murdered by Cairbar, for his attachment to the family of Cormac. He had attended Oſcar to the *war of Innis-thona*, where they contracted a great friendſhip for one another. Oſcar immediately after the death of Cathol, had ſent a formal challenge to Cairbar, which he prudently declined, but conceived a ſecret hatred againſt Oſcar, and had beforehand contrived to kill him at the feaſt, to which he here invites him.

[i] He alludes to the battle of Oſcar againſt Caros, *king of ſhips;* who is ſuppoſed to be the ſame with Carauſius the uſurper.

[k] Cathmor, *great in battle*, the ſon of Borbar-duthul, and brother of Cairbar king of Ireland, had, before the inſurrection of the Firbolg, paſſed over into Inis-huna, ſuppoſed

travagant degree; and the bards, perhaps upon a ſelfiſh account, never failed to recommend it, in their eulogiums, *Cean-tia' na dai'*, or *the point to which all the roads of the ſtrangers lead*, was an invariable epithet given by them to the chiefs; on the contrary, they diſtinguiſhed the inhoſpitable by the title of *the cloud which the ſtrangers ſhun*. This laſt however was ſo uncommon, that in all the old poems I have ever met with, I found but one man branded with this ignominious appellation; and that, perhaps, only founded upon a private quarrel, which ſubſiſted between him and the patron of the bard, who wrote the poem.

[m] When a chief was determined to kill a perſon already in his power, it was uſual to ſignify that his death was intended by the ſound of a ſhield ſtruck with the blunt end of a ſpear; at the ſame time that a bard at a diſtance raiſed the *death-ſong*. A ceremony of another kind was long uſed in Scotland upon ſuch occaſions. Every body has heard that a bull's head was ſerved up to Lord Douglas in the caſtle of Edinburgh, as a certain ſignal of his approaching death.

[n] Cormac, the ſon of Arth, had given the ſpear, which is here the foundation of the quarrel, to Oſcar when he came to congratulate him, upon Swaran's being expelled from Ireland.

[o] Ti-mor-rath, *the houſe of good fortune*, the name of the royal palace of the ſupreme kings of Ireland.

[p] *Hundred* here is an indefinite number, and is only intended to expreſs a great many. It was probably the hyperbolical phraſes of bards, that gave the firſt hint to the Iriſh Senachies to place the origin of their monarchy in ſo remote a period as they have done.

[q] Atha,

Oſcar replied, that, the next day, he himſelf would carry into Albion the ſpoils of the five provinces of Ireland; in ſpite of the oppoſition of Cairbar.

Briathar eile an aghai' ſin
A bheirea' an t'Oſcar, og, calma
Gu'n tugadh ſe ſealg agus creach
Do dh'ALBIN an la'r na mhaireach, &c.

Oſcar, in conſequence of his threats, begun to lay waſte Ireland; but as he returned with the ſpoil into Ulſter, through the narrow paſs of Gabhra *(Caoilghlen-Ghabhra)* he was met, by Cairbar, and a battle enſued, in which both the heroes fell by mutual wounds. The bard gives a very curious liſt of the followers of Oſcar, as they marched to battle. They appear to have been five hundred in number, commanded, as the poet expreſſes it, by *five heroes of the blood of kings.* This poem mentions Fingal, as arriving from Scotland, before Oſcar died of his wounds.

[t] Bran was one of Fingal's dogs. Bran ſignifies *a mountain ſtream.*

[u] Althan, the ſon of Conachar, was the chief bard of Arth king of Ireland. After the death of Arth, Althan attended his ſon Cormac, and was preſent at his death. He had made his eſcape from Cairbar, by the means of Cathmor, and coming to Fingal, related, as here, the death of his maſter Cormac.

[x] Althan ſpeaks.

[y] Doira, *the woody ſide of a mountain;* it is here a hill in the neighbourhood of Temora.

[z] Arth or Artho, the father of Cormac king of Ireland.

[a] Cuchullin is called the king of Tura, from a caſtle of that name on the coaſt of Ulſter, where he dwelt, before he

undertook the management of the affairs of Ireland, in the minority of Cormac.

[b] The prophetic ſound, mentioned in other poems, which the harps of the bards emitted before the death of a perſon worthy and renowned. It is here an omen of the death of Cormac, which, ſoon after, followed.

[c] Slimora, a hill in Connaught, near which Cuchullin was killed.

[d] Uſnoth chief of Etha, a diſtrict on the weſtern coaſt of Scotland, had three ſons, Nathos, Althos, and Ardan, by Sliſſama the ſiſter of Cuchullin. The three brothers, when very young, were ſent over to Ireland by their father, to learn the uſe of arms under their uncle, whoſe military fame was very great in that kingdom. They had juſt arrived in Ulſter when the news of Cuchullin's death arrived. Nathos, the eldeſt of the three brothers, took the command of Cuchullin's army, and made head againſt Cairbar the chief of Atha. Cairbar having, at laſt, murdered young king Cormac, at Temora, the army of Nathos ſhifted ſides, and the brothers were obliged to return into Ulſter, in order to paſs over into Scotland. The ſequel of their mournful ſtory is related, at large, in the poem of Dar-thula.

[e] Caithbait was grandfather to Cuchullin; and his ſhield was made uſe of to alarm his poſterity to the battles of the family.

[f] That is, they ſaw a manifeſt likeneſs between the perſon of Nathos and Cuchullin.

[g] Nathos the ſon of Uſnoth.

[h] Geal-lamha, *white-handed.*

[i] From this expreſſion, we underſtand, that Cairbar had entered the palace of Temora, in the midſt of Cormac's ſpeech.

[k] Althan

[k] Althan ſpeaks.

[l] That is, himſelf and Carril, as it afterwards appears.

[m] The perſons of the bards were ſo ſacred, that even he, who had juſt murdered his ſovereign, feared to kill them.

[n] Cathmor appears the ſame diſintereſted hero upon every occaſion. His humanity and generoſity were unparalleled: in ſhort he had no fault, but too much attachment to ſo bad a brother as Cairbar. His family connection with Cairbar prevails, as he expreſſes it, over every other conſideration, and makes him engage in a war, of which he did not approve.

BOOK II.

[a] Though this book has little action, it is not the leaſt important part of Temora. The poet, in ſeveral epiſodes, runs up the cauſe of the war to the very ſource. The firſt population of Ireland, the wars between the two nations who originally poſſeſſed that iſland, its firſt race of kings, and the revolutions of its government, are important facts, and are delivered by the poet, with ſo little mixture of the fabulous, that one cannot help preferring his accounts to the improbable fictions of the Scottiſh and Iriſh hiſtorians. The Mileſian fables of thoſe gentlemen bear about them the marks of a late invention. To trace their legends to their ſource would be no difficult taſk; but a diſquiſition of this ſort would extend this note too far.

[b] We underſtand, from the preceding book, that Cathmor was near with an army. When Cairbar was killed, the tribes who attended him fell back to Cathmor; who, as it afterwards appears, had taken a reſolution to ſurpriſe Fingal by night. Fillan was diſpatched to the hill of Mora,

which was in the front of the Caledonians, to obſerve the motions of Cathmor. In this ſituation were affairs when Oſſian, upon hearing the noiſe of the approaching enemy, went to find out his brother. Their converſation naturally introduces the epiſode, concerning Conar the ſon of Trenmor, the firſt Iriſh monarch, which is ſo neceſſary to the underſtanding the foundation of the rebellion and uſurpation of Cairbar and Cathmor. Fillan was the youngeſt of the ſons of Fingal, then living. He and Boſmina, mentioned in the *battle of Lora*, were the only children of the king, by Clatho the daughter of Cathulla king of Iniſtore, whom he had taken to wife, after the death of Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac Mac-Conar king of Ireland.

c That is, two ſons in Ireland. Fergus, the ſecond ſon of Fingal, was, at that time, on an expedition, which is mentioned in one of the leſſer poems of Oſſian. He, according to ſome traditions, was the anceſtor of Fergus, the ſon of Erc or Arcath, commonly called *Fergus the ſecond* in the Scottiſh hiſtories. The beginning of the reign of Fergus, over the Scots, is placed, by the moſt approved annals of Scotland, in the fourth year of the fifth age: a full century after the death of Oſſian. The genealogy of his family is recorded thus by the Highland Senachies; *Fergus Mac-Arcath Mac-Chongeal, Mac-Fergus, Mac-Fiongael na buai': i. e.* Fergus the ſon of Arcath, the ſon of Congal, the ſon of Fergus, the ſon of Fingal *the victorious*. This ſubject is treated more at large, in the Diſſertation prefixed to the poems.

d The ſouthern parts of Ireland went, for ſome time, under the name of Bolga, from the Fir-bolg or Belgæ of Britain, who ſettled a colony there. *Bolg* ſignifies *a quiver*, from

from which proceeds *Fir-bolg*, i. e. *bow-men*, ſo called from their uſing bows, more than any of the neighbouring nations.

[e] It is remarkable, that, after this paſſage, Oſcar is not mentioned in all Temora. The ſituations of the characters who act in the poem are ſo intereſting, that others, foreign to the ſubject, could not be introduced with any luſtre. Though the epiſode, which follows, may ſeem to flow naturally enough from the converſation of the brothers, yet I have ſhewn, in a preceding note, and, more at large in the Diſſertation prefixed to this collection, that the poet had a farther deſign in view.

[f] Conar, the firſt king of Ireland, was the ſon of Trenmor, the great-grandfather of Fingal. It was on account of this family connection, that Fingal was engaged in ſo many wars in the cauſe of the race of Conar. Though few of the actions of Trenmor are mentioned in Oſſian's poems, yet, from the honourable appellations beſtowed on him, we may conclude that he was, in the days of the poet, the moſt renowned name of antiquity. The moſt probable opinion concerning him is, that he was the firſt, who united the tribes of the Caledonians, and commanded them, in chief, againſt the incurſions of the Romans. The genealogiſts of the North have traced his family far back, and given a liſt of his anceſtors to *Cuanmor nan lan*, or Conmor of the ſwords, who, according to them, was the firſt who croſſed the *great ſea*, to Caledonia, from which circumſtance his name proceeded, which ſignifies *Great ocean*. Genealogies of ſo ancient a date, however, are little to be depended upon.

[g] The chiefs of the Fir-bolg who poſſeſſed themſelves of the ſouth of Ireland, prior, perhaps, to the ſettlement of the *Cael* of Caledonia, and the Hebrides, in Ulſter. From

the

the ſequel, it appears that the Fir-bolg were, by much the moſt powerful nation; and it is probable that the Cael muſt have ſubmitted to them, had they not received ſuccours from their mother-country, under the command of Conar.

[h] Colg-er, *fiercely-looking warrior.* Sulin-corma, *blue-eyes.* Colgar was the eldeſt of the ſons of Trathal: Comhal, who was the father of Fingal, was very young when the preſent expedition to Ireland happened. It is remarkable, that, of all his anceſtors, the poet makes the leaſt mention of Comhal; which, probably, proceeded from the unfortunate life and untimely death of that hero. From ſome paſſages, concerning him, we learn, indeed, that he was brave, but he wanted conduct.

[i] The poet begins here to mark ſtrongly the character of Fillan, who is to make ſo great a figure in the ſequel of the poem. He has the impatience, the ambition, and fire which are peculiar to a young hero. Kindled with the fame of Colgar, he forgets his untimely fall. From Fillan's expreſſions in this paſſage, it would ſeem, that he was neglected by Fingal, on account of his youth.

[k] Cathmor is diſtinguiſhed, by this honourable title, on account of his generoſity to ſtrangers, which was ſo great as to be remarkable, even in thoſe days of hoſpitality.

[l] *Fonar, the man of ſong.* Before the introduction of Chriſtianity, a name was not impoſed upon any perſon, till he had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſome remarkable action, from which his name ſhould be derived.

[m] Brumo was a place of worſhip (Fing. B. VI.) in Craca, which is ſuppoſed to be one of the iſles of Shetland. It was thought, that the ſpirits of the deceaſed haunted it, by night, which adds more terror to the deſcription introduced here,

here. *The horrid circle of Bruno, where often, they ſaid, the ghoſts of the dead howled round the ſtone of fear.*

[n] From this paſſage it appears, that it was Foldath who had adviſed the night attack. The gloomy character of Foldath is properly contraſted to the generous, the open Cathmor.

[o] By this exclamation, Cathmor intimates that he intends to revenge the death of his brother Cairbar.

[p] To have no funeral elegy ſung over his tomb, was, in thoſe days, reckoned the greateſt misfortune that could befal a man; as his ſoul could not otherwiſe be admitted to the *airy hall of his fathers.*

[q] By *the ſtranger of Inis-huna*, is meant Sul-malla, the daughter of Conmor king of Inis-huna, the ancient name of that part of South-Britain, which is next to the Iriſh coaſt. She had followed Cathmor in diſguiſe. Her ſtory is related at large in the fourth book.

[r] Crothar was the anceſtor of Cathmor, and the firſt of his family, who had ſettled in Atha. It was in his time, that the firſt wars were kindled between the Fir-bolg and Cael. The propriety of the epiſode is evident; as the conteſt which originally roſe between Crothar and Conar, ſubſiſted afterwards between their poſterity, and was the foundation of the ſtory of the poem.

[s] From this circumſtance we may learn, that the art of building with ſtone was not known in Ireland ſo early as the days of Crothar. When the colony were long ſettled in the country, the arts of civil life began to increaſe among them; for we find mention made of the *towers of Atha* in the time of Cathmor, which could not well be applied to wooden buildings. In Caledonia they begun very early to build with ſtone. None of the houſes of Fingal, excepting

[t] Ti-foirmal

Ti-foirmal were of wood. Ti-foirmal was the great hall where the bards met to repeat their compoſitions annually, before they ſubmitted them to the judgment of the king in Selma.

[t] Alnecma, or Alnecmacht, was the ancient name of Connaught. Ullin is ſtill the Iriſh name of the province of Ulſter. To avoid the multiplying of notes, I ſhall here give the ſignification of the names in this epiſode. Drumardo, *high-ridge.* Cathmin, *calm in battle.* Con-lamha, *ſoft hand.* Turloch, *man of the quiver.* Cormul, *blue eye.*

[u] The delicacy of the bard, with regard to Crothar, is remarkable. As he was the anceſtor of Gathmor, to whom the epiſode is addreſſed, the bard ſoftens his defeat, by only mentioning that his *people fled.* Cathmor took the ſong of Fonar in an unfavourable light. The bards, being of the order of the Druids, who pretended to a foreknowledge of events, were ſuppoſed to have ſome ſupernatural preſcience of futurity. The king thought, that the choice of Fonar's ſong proceeded, from his foreſeeing the unfortunate iſſue of the war; and that his own fate was ſhadowed out, in that of his anceſtor Crothar. The attitude of the bard, after the reprimand of his patron, is picturesque and affecting. We admire the ſpeech of Cathmor, but lament the effect it has on the feeling ſoul of the good old poet.

[x] Borbar-duthul, *the ſurly warrior of the dark-brown eyes.* That his name ſuited well with his character, we may eaſily conceive, from the ſtory delivered concerning him, by Malthos, toward the end of the ſixth book. He was the brother of that Colculla, who is mentioned in the epiſode which begins the fourth book.

[y] The grave, often poetically called a houſe. This reply of Oſſian abounds with the moſt exalted ſentiments of a noble

a noble mind. Though, of all men living, he was the moſt injured by Cairbar, yet he laid aſide his rage as the *foe was low*. How different is this from the behaviour of the heroes of other ancient poems! *Cynthius aurem vellit.*

[z] The morning of the ſecond day, from the opening of the poem, comes on. After the death of Cuchullin, Carril, the ſon of Kinſena, his bard, retired to the cave of Tura, which was in the neighbourhood of Moi-lena, the ſcene of the poem of Temora. His caſual appearance here enables Oſſian to fulfil immediately the promiſe he had made to Cathmor, of cauſing the *funeral ſong* to be pronounced over the tomb of Cairbar. This book takes up only the ſpace of a few hours.

[a] By the *dun robe* of the ſun, is probably meant an eclipſe.

BOOK III.

[a] Strumon, *ſtream of the hill*, the name of the ſeat of the family of Gaul, in the neighbourhood of Selma. During Gaul's expedition to Tromathon, mentioned in the *poem of Oithona*, Morni his father died. Morni ordered the *ſword of Strumon*, (which had been preſerved, in the family, as a relique, from the days of Colgach the moſt renowned of his anceſtors) to be laid by his ſide, in the tomb: at the ſame time, leaving it in charge to his ſon, not to take it from thence, till he was reduced to the laſt extremity. Not long after, two of his brothers being ſlain, in battle, by Coldaronnan, chief of Clutha, Gaul went to his father's tomb to take the ſword. His addreſs to the ſpirit of the deceaſed hero, is the only part now remaining, of a poem of Oſſian, on the ſubject. I ſhall here lay it before the reader.

Gaul. "Breaker of echoing ſhields, whoſe head is deep in ſhades; hear me from the darkneſs of Clora, O ſon of Colgach, hear!

No ruſtling, like the eagle's wing, comes over the courſe of my ſtreams. Deep-boſomed in the miſt of the deſart, O king of Strumon, hear!

Dwelleſt thou in the ſhadowy breeze, that pours its dark wave over the graſs? Ceaſe to ſtrew the beard of the thiſtle; O chief of Clora, hear!

Or rideſt thou a beam, amidſt the dark trouble of clouds? Poureſt thou the loud wind on ſeas, to roll their blue waves over iſles? hear me, father of Gaul; amidſt thy terrors, hear!

The ruſtling of eagles is heard, the murmuring oaks ſhake their heads on the hills; dreadful and pleaſant is thy approach, friend of the dwelling heroes.

Morni. Who awakes me, in the midſt of my cloud, where my locks of miſt ſpread on the winds? Mixed with the noiſe of ſtreams, why riſes the voice of Gaul?

Gaul. My foes are around me, Morni: their dark ſhips deſcend from their waves. Give the ſword of Strumon, that beam which thou hideſt in thy night.

Morni. Take the ſword of reſounding Strumon; I look on thy war, my ſon; I look, a dim meteor, from my cloud: blue-ſhielded Gaul, deſtroy."

b Clatho was the daughter of Cathulla, king of Iniſtore. Fingal, in one of his expeditions to that iſland, fell in love with Clatho, and took her to wife, after the death of Roscrana, the daughter of Cormac, king of Ireland.

Clatho was the mother of Ryno, Fillan and Boſmina, mentioned in the *Battle of Lora.* Fillan is often called the

ſon

ſon of Clatho, to diſtinguiſh him from thoſe ſons which Fingal had by Ros-crana.

[c] Ullin being ſent to Morven with the body of Oſcar, Offian attends his father, in quality of chief bard.

[d] There are ſome traditions, but, I believe, of late invention, that this Colgach was the ſame with Galgacus of Tacitus. He was the anceſtor of Gaul, the ſon of Morni, and appears, from ſome, really ancient traditions, to have been king, or Vergobret, of the Caledonians; and hence proceeded the pretenſions of the family of Morni to the throne, which created a good deal of diſturbance, both to Comhal and his ſon Fingal. The firſt was killed in battle by that tribe; and it was after Fingal was grown up, that they were reduced to obedience. Colgach ſignifies *fiercely looking*; which is a very proper name for a warrior, and is probably the origin of Galgacus; though I believe it a matter of mere conjecture, that the Colgach here mentioned was the ſame with that hero. I cannot help obſerving, with how much propriety the ſong of the bards is conducted. Gaul, whoſe experience might have rendered his conduct cautious in war, has the example of his father, juſt ruſhing to battle, ſet before his eyes. Fillan, on the other hand, whoſe youth might make him impetuous and unguarded in action, is put in mind of the ſedate and ſerene behaviour of Fingal upon like occaſions.

[e] The expedition of Morni to Clutha, alluded to, is handed down in tradition.

[f] The mountain Cromla was in the neighbourhood of the ſcene of this poem; which was nearly the ſame with that of Fingal.

[g] Dun-ratho, *a hill with a plain on its top.* Cormul, *blue eye.* Foldath diſpatches, here, Cormul to lie in am-

buſh behind the army of the Caledonians. This ſpeech, ſuits well with the character of Foldath, which is, throughout, haughty and preſumptuous. Towards the latter end of his ſpeech, we find the opinion of the times, concerning the unhappineſs of the ſouls of thoſe who were buried without the funeral ſong. This doctrine, no doubt, was inculcated by the bards, to make their order reſpectable and neceſſary.

[h] Tur-lathon, *broad trunk of a tree.* Moruth, *great ſtream.* Oichaoma, *mild maid.* Dun-lora, *the hill of the noiſy ſtream.* Duth-caron, *dark brown man.*

[i] Fillan had been diſpatched by Gaul to oppoſe Cormul, who had been ſent by Foldath to lie in ambuſh behind the Caledonian army. It appears that Fillan had killed Cormul, otherwiſe he could not be ſuppoſed to have poſſeſſed himſelf of the ſhield of that chief.

[k] Lumon, *bending hill;* a mountain in Innis-huna, or that part of South-Britain which is over againſt the Iriſh coaſt.

[l] Evir-choama, *mild and ſtately maid,* the wife of Gaul. She was the daughter of Caſdu-conglas, the chief of I-dronlo, one of the Hebrides.

[m] The kings of Morven and Ireland had a plume of eagle's feathers, by way of ornament, in their helmets. It was from this diſtinguiſhed mark that Oſſian knew Cathmor, in the ſecond book.

[n] After the death of Comhal, and during the uſurpation of the tribe of Morni, Fingal was educated in private by Duth-caron. It was then he contracted that intimacy, with Connal the ſon of Duth-caron, which occaſions his regretting ſo much his fall. When Fingal was grown up, he ſoon reduced the tribe of Morni; and, as it appears from

from the ſubſequent epiſode, ſent Duth-caron and his ſon Connal to the aid of Cormac, the ſon of Conar, king of Ireland, who was driven to the laſt extremity, by the inſurrections of the Fir-bolg. This epiſode throws farther light on the conteſts between Cael and Fir-bolg; and is the more valuable upon that account.

[o] Duth-ula, a river in Connanght; it ſignifies, *dark-ruſhing water.*

[p] Colc-ulla, *firm look in readineſs;* he was the brother of Borbar-duthul, the father of Cairbar and Cathmor, who, after the death of Cormac the ſon of Artho, ſucceſſively mounted the Iriſh throne.

[q] Cormac, the ſon of Conar, the ſecond king of Ireland, of the race of the Caledonians. This inſurrection of the Fir-bolg, happened towards the latter end of the long reign of Cormac. From ſeveral epiſodes and poems, it appears, that he never poſſeſſed the Iriſh throne peaceably. The party of the family of Atha had made ſeveral attempts to overturn the ſucceſſion in the race of Conar, before they effected it, in the minority of Cormac, the ſon of Artho. Ireland, from the moſt ancient accounts concerning it, ſeems to have been always ſo diſturbed by domeſtic commotions, that it is difficult to ſay, whether it ever was, for any length of time, ſubject to one monarch. It is certain, that every province, if not every ſmall diſtrict, had its own king. One of thoſe petty princes aſſumed, at times, the title of king of Ireland, and, on account of his ſuperior force, or in caſes of public danger, was acknowledged by the reſt as ſuch; but the ſucceſſion, from father to ſon, does not appear to have been eſtabliſhed. It was the diviſions amongſt themſelves, ariſing from the bad conſtitution

of

of their government, that, at laſt, ſubjected the Iriſh to a foreign yoke.

[r] The inhabitants of Ulliŋ or Ulſter, who were of the race of the Caledonians, ſeem, alone, to have been the firm friends to the ſucceſſion in the family of Conar. The Firbolg were only ſubject to them by conſtraint, and embraced every opportunity to throw off their yoke.

[s] Colgan, the ſon of Cathmul, was the principal bard of Cormac Mac-Conar king of Ireland. Part of an old poem, on the loves of Fingal and Ros-crana, is ſtill preſerved, and goes under the name of this Colgan; but whether it is of his compoſition, or the production of a later age, I ſhall not pretend to determine. Be that as it will, it appears, from the obſolete phraſes which it contains, to be very ancient; and its poetical merit may perhaps excuſe me, for laying a tranſlation of it before the reader. What remains of the poem is a dialogue in a lyric meaſure between Fingal and Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac. She begins with a ſoliloquy, which is overheard by Fingal.

Ros-crana. "By night, came a dream to Ros-crana! I feel my beating ſoul. No viſion of the forms of the dead, came to the blue eyes of Erin. But, riſing from the waves of the north, I beheld him upright in his locks. I beheld the ſon of the king. My beating ſoul is high. I laid my head down in night; again aſcended the form. Why delayeſt thou thy coming, young rider of the ſtreamy waves!

But, there, far-diſtant, he comes; where ſeas roll their green ridges in miſt! Young dweller of my ſoul; why doſt thou delay.

Fingal. It was the ſoft voice of Moi-lena! the pleaſant breeze of the valley of roes! But why doſt thou hide thee in ſhades? Young love of heroes riſe. Are not thy ſteps covered

covered with light? In thy groves thou appeareſt, Roscrana, like the ſun in the gathering of clouds. Why doſt thou hide thee in ſhades? Young love of heroes riſe.

Ros-crana. My fluttering ſoul is high? Let me turn from the ſteps of the king. He has heard my ſecret voice, and ſhall my blue eyes roll, in his preſence! Roe of the hill of moſs, toward thy dwelling I move. Meet me, ye breezes of Mora, as I move through the valley of wind. But why ſhould he aſcend his ocean? Son of heroes, my ſoul is thine? My ſteps ſhall not move to the deſart: the light of Ros-crana is here.

Fingal. It was the light tread of a ghoſt, the fair dweller of eddying winds. Why deceiveſt thou me, with thy voice? Here let me reſt in ſhades. Shouldſt thou ſtretch thy white arm, from thy grove, thou ſun-beam of Cormac of Erin!

Ros-crana. He is gone! and my blue eyes are dim: faint rolling, in all my tears. But, there, I behold him, alone; king of Morven, my ſoul is thine. Ah me! what clanging of armour! Colc-ulla of Atha is near!"

BOOK IV.

[a] This epiſode has an immediate connection with the ſtory of Connal and Duthcaron, in the latter end of the third book. Fingal, ſitting beneath an oak, near the palace of Selma, diſcovers Connal juſt landing from Ireland. The danger which threatened Cormac king of Ireland induces him to ſail immediately to that iſland. The ſtory is introduced, by the king, as a pattern for the future behaviour of Fillan, whoſe raſhneſs in the preceding battle is reprimanded.

[b] Ul-erin,

[b] Ul-erin, *the guide to Ireland*, a ſtar known by that name in the days of Fingal, and very uſeful to thoſe who ſailed, by night, from the Hebrides, or Caledonia, to the coaſt of Ulſter.

[c] Ros-crana, *the beam of the riſing ſun*; ſhe was the mother of Oſſian. The Iriſh bards relate ſtrange fictions concerning this princeſs. Their ſtories, however, concerning Fingal, if they mean him by *Fion Mac-Comnal*, are ſo inconſiſtent and notoriouſly fabulous, that they do no deſerve to be mentioned; for they evidently bear, along with them, the marks of late invention.

[d] Cormac had ſaid that his foes were *like the roar of ſtreams*, and Fingal continues the metaphor. The ſpeech of the young hero is ſpirited, and conſiſtent with that ſedate intrepidity, which eminently diſtinguiſhes his character throughout.

[e] Cairbar, the ſon of Cormac, was afterwards king of Ireland. His reign was ſhort. He was ſucceeded by his ſon Artho, the father of that Cormac who was murdered by Cairbar the ſon of Borbar-duthul. Cairbar, the ſon of Cormac, long after his ſon Artho was grown to man's eſtate, had, by his wife Beltanno, another ſon, whoſe name was Ferard-artho. He was the only one remaining of the race of Conar the firſt king of Ireland, when Fingal's expedition againſt Cairbar the ſon of Borbar-duthul happened. See more of Ferard-artho in the eighth book.

[f] The attitude of Ros-crana is aptly illuſtrated by this ſimile; for the ideas of thoſe times, concerning the ſpirits of the deceaſed, were not ſo gloomy and diſagreeable, as thoſe of ſucceeding ages. The ſpirits of women, it was ſuppoſed, retained that beauty, which they poſſeſſed while living, and tranſported themſelves from place to place, with that gliding

ding motion, which Homer aſcribes to the gods. The deſcriptions which poets, leſs ancient than Oſſian, have left us of thoſe beautiful figures, that appeared ſometimes on the hills, are elegant and picturefque. They compare them to the *rain-bow on ſtreams:* or *the gliding of ſun-beams on the hills.*

A chief who lived three centuries ago, returning from the war, underſtood that his wife or miſtreſs was dead. The bard introduces him ſpeaking the following ſoliloquy, when he came, within ſight of the place, where he had left her, at his departure.

" My ſoul darkens in ſorrow. I behold not the ſmoke of my hall. No gray dog bounds at my ſtreams. Silence dwells in the valley of trees.

" Is that a rain-bow on Crunath? It flies: and the ſky is dark. Again, thou moveſt, bright, on the heath, thou ſun-beam, clothed in a ſhower! Ha! it is ſhe, my love: her gliding courſe on the boſom of winds!"

In ſucceeding times the beauty of Ros-crana paſſed into a proverb; and the higheſt compliment, that could be paid to a woman, was to compare her perſon with *the daughter of Cormac.*

'S tu fein an Ros-crana.
Siol Chormaec na n'ioma lan.

g In order to illuſtrate this paſſage, I ſhall give, here, the hiſtory on which it is founded, as I have gathered it from other poems. The nation of the Fir-bolg who inhabited the ſouth of Ireland, being originally deſcended from the Belgæ, who poſſeſſed the ſouth and ſouth-weſt coaſt of Britain, kept up, for many ages, an amicable correſpondence with their mother-country; and ſent aid to the Britiſh Belgæ, when they were preſſed by the Romans or other new-

coiners from the continent. Con-mor, king of Inis-huna, (that part of South-Britain which is over againſt the Iriſh coaſt) being attacked, by what enemy is not mentioned, ſent for aid to Cairbar, lord of Atha, the moſt potent chief of the Fir-bolg. Cairbar diſpatched his brother Cathmor to the aſſiſtance of Con-mor. Cathmor, after various viciſſitudes of fortune, put an end to the war, by the total defeat of the enemies of Inis-huna, and returned in triumph to the reſidence of Con-mor. There, at a feaſt, Sul-malla, the daughter of Con-mor, fell deſperately in love with Cathmor, who, before her paſſion was diſcloſed, was recalled to Ireland by his brother Cairbar, upon the news of the intended expedition of Fingal, to re-eſtabliſh the family of Conar on the Iriſh throne. The wind being contrary, Cathmor remained, for three days, in a neighbouring bay, during which time Sul-malla diſguiſed herſelf, in the habit of a young warrior, and came to offer him her ſervice, in the war. Cathmor accepted of the propoſal, ſailed for Ireland, and arrived in Ulſter a few days before the death of Cairbar.

[h] Sulmalla, *ſlowly rolling eyes.* Caon-mor, *mild and tall:* Inis-huna, *green iſland.*

[i] Fithil, *an inferior bard.* It may either be taken here for the proper name of a man, or in the literal ſenſe, as the bards were the heralds and meſſengers of thoſe times. Cathmor, it is probable, was abſent, when the rebellion of his brother Cairbar, and the aſſaſſination of Cormac, king of Ireland, happened. The traditions, which are handed down with the poem, ſay that Cathmor and his followers had only arrived, from Inis-huna, three days before the death of Cairbar, which ſufficiently clears his character from any imputation of being concerned in the conſpiracy, with his brother.

[k] The

[k] The ceremony which was uſed by Fingal, when he prepared for an expedition, is related, by Oſſian, in one of the leſſer poems. A bard, at midnight, went to the hall, where the tribes feaſted upon ſolemn occaſions, raiſed the *war-ſong*, and thrice called the ſpirits of their deceaſed anceſtors to come, *on their clouds*, to behold the actions of their children. He then fixed the *ſhield of Trenmor*, on a tree on the rock of Selma, ſtriking it, at times, with the blunt end of a ſpear, and ſinging the war ſong between. Thus he did, for three ſucceſſive nights, and in the mean time, meſſengers were diſpatched to convene the tribes; or, as Oſſian expreſſes it, *to call them from all their ſtreams*. This phraſe alludes to the ſituation of the reſidences of the clans, which were generally fixed in vallies, where the torrents of the neighbouring mountains were collected into one body, and became *large ſtreams* or rivers. *The lifting up of the ſhield*, was the phraſe for beginning a war.

[l] The ſurly attitude of Foldath is a proper preamble to his after behaviour. Chaffed with the diſappointment of the victory which he promiſed himſelf, he becomes paſſionate and over-bearing. The quarrel which ſucceeds between him and Malthos, was, no doubt, introduced by the poet, to raiſe the character of Cathmor, whoſe ſuperior worth ſhines forth, in his manly manner of ending the difference between the chiefs.

[m] Claon-rath, *winding field*. The *th* are ſeldom pronounced audibly in the Gallic language.

[n] This ſpeech of Malthos is, throughout, a ſevere reprimand to the bluſtering behaviour of Foldath.

[o] The poet could ſcarcely find, in all nature, a compariſon ſo favourable as this to the ſuperiority of Cathmor over his two chiefs. I ſhall illuſtrate this paſſage with another

from a fragment of an ancient poem, juſt now in my hands. "As the ſun is above the vapours, which his beams have raiſed; ſo is the ſoul of the king above the ſons of fear. They roll dark below him; he rejoices in the robe of his beams. But when feeble deeds wander on the ſoul of the king, he is a darkened ſon rolled along the ſky; the valley is ſad below: flowers wither beneath the drops of the night."

[p] Lear-thon, *ſea-wave*, the name of the chief of that colony of the Fir-bolg, which firſt migrated into Ireland. Lar-thon's firſt ſettlement in that country is related in the ſeventh book. He was the anceſtor of Cathmor; and is here called *Larthon of Lumon*, from a high hill of that name in Inis-huna, the ancient ſeat of the Fir-bolg. The poet preſerves the character of Cathmor throughout. He had mentioned, in the firſt book, the averſion of that chief to praiſe and we find him here lying at the ſide of a ſtream, that the noiſe of it might drown the voice of Fonar, who, according to the cuſtom of the times, ſung his eulogium in his *evening ſong*. Though other chiefs, as well as Cathmor, might be averſe to hear their own praiſe, we find it the univerſal policy of the times, to allow the bards to be as extravagant as they pleaſed in their encomiums on the leaders of armies, in the preſence of the people. The vulgar, who had no great ability to judge for themſelves, received the characters of their princes, entirely upon the faith of the bards.

[q] Carril, the ſon of Kinfena, by the orders of Oſſian, ſung the funeral elegy at the tomb of Cairbar. See the ſecond book, towards the end. In all the poems of Oſſian, the viſit of ghoſts, to their living friends, are ſhort, and their language obſcure, both which circumſtances tend to throw a ſolemn gloom on their ſupernatural ſcenes. Towards the latter

latter end of the ſpeech of the ghoſt of Cairbar, he foretels the death of Cathmor, by enumerating thoſe ſignals which, according to the opinion of the times, preceded the death of a perſon renowned. It was thought that the ghoſts of deceaſed bards ſung, for three nights preceding the death (near the place where his tomb was to be raiſed) round an unſubſtantial figure which repreſented the body of the perſon who was to die.

[r] The ſoliloquy of Cathmor abounds with that magnanimity and love of fame which conſtitute the hero. Though ſtaggered at firſt with the prediction of Cairbar's ghoſt, he ſoon comforts himſelf with the agreeable proſpect of his future renown; and like Achilles, prefers a ſhort and glorious life, to an obſcure length of years in retirement and eaſe.

[s] From this paſſage we learn in what extreme contempt an indolent and unwarlike life was held in thoſe days of heroiſm. Whatever a philoſopher may ſay, in praiſe of quiet and retirement, I am far from thinking but they weaken and debaſe the human mind. When the faculties of the ſoul are not exerted, they loſe their vigour, and low and circumſcribed notions take the place of noble and enlarged ideas. Action, on the contrary, and the viciſſitudes of fortune which attend it, call forth, by turns, all the powers of the mind, and, by exerciſing, ſtrengthen them. Hence it is that in great and opulent ſtates, when property and indolence are ſecured to individuals, we ſeldom meet with that ſtrength of mind which is ſo common in a nation, not far advanced in civilization. It is a curious, but juſt obſervation; that great kingdoms ſeldom produce great characters, which muſt be altogether attributed to that indolence and and diſſipation, which are the inſeparable companions of too much property and ſecurity. Rome, it is certain, had

more

more real great men within it, when its power was confined within the narrow bounds of Latium, than when its dominion extended over all the known world; and one petty ſtate of the Saxon heptarchy had, perhaps, as much genuine ſpirit in it, as the two Britiſh kingdoms united. As a ſtate, we are much more powerful than our anceſtors, but we would loſe by comparing individuals with them.

[t] In order to underſtand this paſſage, it is neceſſary to look to the deſcription of Cathmor's ſhield which the poet has given us in the ſeventh book. This ſhield had ſeven principal boſſes, the ſound of each of which, when ſtruck with a ſpear, conveyed a particular order from the king to his tribes. The ſound of one of them, as here, was the ſignal for the army to aſſemble.

[u] This was not the valley of Lona to which Sul-malla afterwards retired.

[x] Con-mor, the father of Sul-malla, was killed in that war, from which Cathmor delivered Inis-huna. Lormar his ſon ſucceeded Con-mor. It was the opinion of the times, when a perſon was reduced to a pitch of miſery, which could admit of no alleviation, that the ghoſts of his anceſtors *called his ſoul away.* This ſupernatural kind of death was called *the voice of the dead;* and is believed by the ſuperſtitious vulgar to this day.

There is no people in the world, perhaps, who gave more univerſal credit to apparitions, and the viſits of the ghoſts of the deceaſed to their friends, than the common highlanders. This is to be attributed as much, at leaſt, to the ſituation of the country they poſſeſs, as to that credulous diſpoſition which diſtinguiſhes an unenlightened people. As their buſineſs was feeding of cattle, in dark and extenſive deſarts, ſo their journies lay over wide and unfrequent-

ed

ed heaths, where, often, they were obliged to ſleep in the open air, amidſt the whiſtling of winds, and roar of waterfalls. The gloomineſs of the ſcenes around them was apt to beget that melancholy diſpoſition of mind, which moſt readily receives impreſſions of the extraordinary and ſupernatural kind. Falling aſleep in this gloomy mood, and their dreams being diſturbed by the noiſe of the elements around it is no matter of wonder, that they thought they heard the *voice of the dead*. This *voice of the dead*, however, was, perhaps, no more than a ſhriller whiſtle of the winds in an old tree, or in the chinks of a neighbouring rock. It is to this cauſe I aſcribe thoſe many and improbable tales of ghoſts, which we meet with in the highlands: for, in other reſpects we do not find that the highlanders are more credulous than their neighbours.

BOOK. V.

[a] Lora is often mentioned; it was a ſmall and rapid ſtream in the neighbourhood of Selma. There is no veſtige of this name now remaining; though it appears from a very old ſong, which the tranſlator has ſeen, that one of the ſmall rivers on the north-weſt coaſt was called Lora ſome centuries ago.

[b] From ſeveral paſſages in the poem, we may form a diſtinct idea of the ſcene of the action of Temora. At a ſmall diſtance from one another roſe the hills of Mora and Lona: the firſt poſſeſſed by Fingal, the ſecond by the army of Cathmor. Through the intermediate plain ran the ſmall river Lubar, on the banks of which all the battles were fought, excepting that between Cairbar and Oſcar, related in the firſt book. This laſt mentioned engagement happened, to the north of the hill of

Mora,

Mora, of which Fingal took poſſeſſion, after the army of Cairbar fell back to that of Cathmor. At ſome diſtance, but within the ſight of Mora, towards the weſt, Lubar iſſued from the mountain of Crommal, and after a ſhort courſe through the plain of Moi-lena, diſcharged itſelf into the ſea near the field of battle. Behind the mountain of Crommal ran the ſmall ſtream of Levath, on the banks of which Ferad-artho, the ſon of Cairbre, the only perſon remaining of Conar, lived concealed in a cave, during the uſurpation of Cairbar, the ſon of Borbar-duthul.

[c] It was to this valley Sul-malla retired, during the laſt and deciſive battle between Fingal and Cathmor. It is deſcribed in the ſeventh book, where it is called the vale of Lona, and the reſidence of a Druid.

[d] It is neceſſary to remember, that Gaul was wounded; which occaſions his requiring here the aſſiſtance of Oſſian to bind his ſhield on his ſide.

[e] Roth-mar, *the ſound of the ſea before a ſtorm.* Drumanard, *high ridge.* Cul-min, *ſoft-haired.* Cull-allin, *beautiful locks.* Strutha, *ſtreamy river.*

[f] By the ſtone of Loda, as I have remarked in my notes on ſome other poems of Oſſian, is meant a place of worſhip among the Scandinavians. Oſſian, in his many expeditions to Orkney and Scandinavia, became acquainted with ſome of the rites of the religion which prevailed in thoſe countries, and frequently alludes to them in his poems. There are ſome ruins, and circular pales of ſtones, remaining ſtill in Orkney, and the iſlands of Shetland, which retain, to this day, the name of *Loda* or *Loden.* They ſeem to have differed materially, in their conſtruction, from thoſe Druidical monuments which remain in Britain, and the weſtern iſles. The places of worſhip among the Scandinavians were originally

ginally rude and unadorned. In after ages, when they opened a communication with other nations, they adopted their manners, and built temples. That at Upſal, in Sweden, was amazingly rich and magnificent. Haquin, of Norway, built one, near Drontheim, little inferior to the former; and it went always under the name of Loden. *Mallet, introduction a l'hiſtoire de Dannemarc.*

g The poet, metaphorically, calls Fillan a beam of light. Culmin, mentioned here, was the ſon of Clonmar, chief of Strutha, by the beautiful Cul-allin. She was ſo remarkable for the beauty of her perſon, that ſhe is introduced, frequently, in the ſimilies and alluſions of ancient poetry. *Mar Chul-aluin Strutha nan ſian*; is a line of Oſſian in another poem; *i. e. Lovely as Cul-allin of Strutha of the ſtorms.*

h Dogs were thought to be ſenſible of the death of their maſter, let it happen at ever ſo great a diſtance. It was alſo the opinion of the times, that the arms which warriors left at home became bloody, when they themſelves fell in battle. It was from thoſe ſigns that Cul-allin is ſuppoſed to underſtand that her ſon is killed; in which ſhe is confirmed by the appearance of his ghoſt. Her ſudden and ſhort exclamation, on the occaſion, is more affecting than if ſhe had extended her complaints to a greater length. The attitude of the fallen youth, and Fillan's reflections over him, are natural and judicious, and come forcibly back on the mind when we conſider, that the ſuppoſed ſituation of the father of Culmin, was ſo ſimilar to that of Fingal, after the death of Fillan himſelf.

i This valley had its name from Clono, ſon of Lethmal of Lora, one of the anceſtors of Dermid, the ſon of Duthno. His hiſtory is thus related in an old poem. In the days

of Conar, the ſon of Trenmor, the firſt king of Ireland, Clono paſſed over into that kingdom, from Caledonia, to aid Conar againſt the Fir-bolg. Being remarkable for the beauty of his perſon, he ſoon drew the attention of Sulmin, the young wife of an Iriſh chief. She diſcloſed her paſſion, which was not properly returned by the Caledonian. The lady ſickened, through diſappointment, and her love for Clono came to the ears of her huſband. Fired with jealouſy, he vowed revenge. Clono, to avoid his rage, departed from Temora, in order to paſs over into Scotland; and being benighted in the valley mentioned here, he laid him down to ſleep. *There, Lethmal deſcended in the dreams of Clona; and told him that danger was near.*

Ghoſt of Lethmal. "Ariſe from thy bed of moſs; ſon of low-laid Lethmal, ariſe. The ſound of the coming of foes, deſcends along the wind.

Clono. Whoſe voice is that, like many ſtreams, in the ſeaſon of my reſt!

Ghoſt of Lethmal. Ariſe, thou dweller of the ſouls of the lovely; ſon of Lethmal, ariſe.

Clono How dreary is the night! The moon is darkened in the ſky; red are the paths of ghoſts, along its ſullen face! Green-ſkirted meteors ſet around. Dull is the roaring of ſtreams, from the valley of dim forms. I hear thee, ſpirit of my father, on the eddying courſe of the wind. I hear thee, but thou bendeſt not, forward, thy tall form, from the ſkirts of night."

As Clono prepared to depart, the huſband of Sulmin came up, with his numerous attendants. Clono defended himſelf, but, after a gallant reſiſtance, he was overpowered and ſlain. He was buried in the place where he was killed, and the valley was called after his name. Dermid, in his requeſt

requeſt to Gaul the ſon of Morni, which immediately follows this paragraph, alludes to the tomb of Clono, and his own connection with that unfortunate chief.

[k] Fingal and Cathmor.

[l] The fall of Foldath, if we may believe tradition, was predicted to him, before he had left his own country to join Cairbar, in his deſigns on the Iriſh throne. He went to the cave of Moma, to inquire of the ſpirits of his fathers, concerning the ſucceſs of the enterpriſe of Cairbar. The reſponſes of oracles are always attended with obſcurity, and liable to a double meaning: Foldath, therefore, put a favourable interpretation on the prediction, and purſued his adopted plan of aggrandizing himſelf with the family of Atha. I ſhall, here, tranſlate the anſwer of *the ghoſts of his anceſtors*, as it was handed down by tradition. Whether the legend is really ancient, or the invention of a late age, I ſhall not pretend to determine, though, from the phraſeology, I ſhould ſuſpect the laſt.

FOLDATH, *addreſſing the ſpirits of his fathers.*

Dark, I ſtand n your preſence; fathers of Foldath, hear,
Shall my ſteps paſs over Atha, to Ullin of the roes?

The Anſwer.

Thy ſteps ſhall paſs over Atha, to the green dwelling of kings. There ſhall thy ſtature ariſe, over the fallen, like a pillar of thunder-clouds. There, terrible in darkneſs, ſhalt thou ſtand, till the *reflected beam*, or *Clon-cath* of Moruth, come; Moruth of many ſtreams, that roars in diſtant lands."

Cloncath, or *reflected beam*, ſay my traditional authors, was the name of the ſword of Fillan; ſo that it was, in the latent ſignification of the word *Clon-cath*, that the deception lay. My principal reaſon for introducing this note, is, that if this tradition is equally ancient with the poem,

which, by the bye, is doubtful, it ſerves to ſhew, that the religion of the Fir-bolg differed from that of the Caledonians, as we never find the latter inquiring of the ſpirits of their deceaſed anceſtors.

[m] The characters of Foldath and Malthos are well ſuſtained. They were both dark and ſurly, but each in a different way. Foldath was impetuous and cruel. Malthos ſtubborn and incredulous. Their attachment to the family of Atha was equal; their bravery in battle the ſame. Foldath was vain and oſtentatious: Malthos unindulgent but generous. His behaviour here towards his enemy Foldath, ſhews, that a good heart often lies concealed under a gloomy and ſullen character.

[n] Moma was the name of a country in the ſouth of Connaught, once famous for being the reſidence of an Archdruid. The cave of Moma was thought to be inhabited by the ſpirits of the chiefs of the Fir-bolg, and their poſterity ſent to inquire there, as to an oracle, concerning the iſſue of their wars.

[o] Dal-ruath, *parched or ſandy field.* The etymology of Dardu-lena is uncertain. The daughter of Foldath was, probably, ſo called, from a place in Ulſter, where her father had defeated part of the adherents of Artho, king of Ireland. Dordu-lena; *the dark wood of Moi-lena.* As Foldath was proud and oſtentatious, it would appear, that he transferred the name of a place, where he himſelf had been victorious, to his daughter.

[p] Theſe ſudden tranſitions from the ſubject are not uncommon in the compoſitions of Oſſian. That in this place has a peculiar beauty and propriety. The ſuſpence, in which the mind of the reader is left, conveys the idea of Fillan's danger more forcibly home, than any deſcription that

that the poet could introduce. There is a ſort of eloquence in ſilence with propriety. A minute detail of the circumſtances of an important ſcene is generally cold and inſipid. The human mind, free and fond of thinking for itſelf, is diſguſted to find every thing done by the poet. It is therefore, his buſineſs only to mark the moſt ſtriking out-lines, and to allow the imaginations of his readers to finiſh the figure for themſelves.

This book ends in the afternoon of the third day, from the opening of the poem.

BOOK VI.

[a] The *ſpear of Temora* was that which Oſcar had received, in a preſent, from Cormac, the ſon of Arthio, king of Ireland. It was of it that Cairbar made the pretext for quarrelling with Oſcar, at the feaſt, in the firſt book.

[b] Clu-ba, *winding bay;* an arm of the ſea in Inis-huna, or the weſtern coaſt of South-Britain. It was in this bay that Cathmor was wind-bound when Sul-malla came, in the diſguiſe of a young warrior, to accompany him in his voyage to Ireland. Conmor, the father of Sul-malla, as we learn from her ſoliloquy, at the cloſe of the fourth book, was dead before the departure of his daughter.

[c] Lutha was the name of a valley in Morven, in the days of Oſſian. There dwelt Toſcar the ſon of Conloch, the father of Malvina, who, upon that account, is often called the *maid of Lutha.* Lutha ſignifies *ſwift ſtream.*

[d] A dialogue between Clatho the mother, and Bos-mina the ſiſter, of that hero.

Clatho. "Daughter of Fingal, ariſe: thou light between thy looks. Liſt thy fair head from reſt, ſoft-gliding ſun-beam of Selma! I beheld thy arms, on thy breaſt, white-toſſed

toſſed amidſt thy wandering locks: when the ruſtling breeze of the morning came from the deſart of ſtreams. Haſt thou ſeen thy fathers, Bos-mina, deſcending in thy dreams? Ariſe, daughter of Clatho; dwells there aught of grief in thy ſoul?

Bos-mina. A thin form paſſed before me, fading as it flew: like the darkening wave of a breeze, along a field of graſs. Deſcend, from thy wall, O harp, and call back the ſoul of Bos-mina, it has rolled away like a ſtream. I hear thy pleaſant ſound. I hear thee, O harp, and my voice ſhall riſe.

How often ſhall ye ruſh to war, ye dwellers of my ſoul? Your paths are diſtant, kings of men, in Erin of blue ſtreams. Lift thy wing, thou ſouthern breeze, from Clona's darkening heath: ſpread the ſails of Fingal towards the bays of his land.

But who is that, in his ſtrength, darkening in the preſence of war? His arm ſtretches to the foe, like the beam of the ſickly ſun; when his ſide is cruſted with darkneſs; and he rolls his diſmal courſe through the ſky. Who is it, but the father of Bos-mina? Shall he return till danger is paſt!

Fillan, thou art a beam by his ſide; beautiful, but terrible, is thy light. Thy ſword is before thee, a blue fire of night. When ſhalt thou return to thy roes; to the ſtreams of thy ruſhy fields? When ſhall I behold thee from Mora, while winds ſtrew my long locks on moſs! But ſhall a young eagle return from the field, where the heroes fall!

Clatho. Soft, as the ſong of Loda, is the voice of Selma's maid. Pleaſant to the ear of Clatho is the name of the breaker of ſhields. Behold, the king comes from ocean: the ſhield of Morven is borne by bards. The foe has fled

before

before him, like the departure of miſt. I hear not the ſounding wings of my eagle; the ruſhing forth of the ſon of Clatho. Thou art dark, O Fingal; ſhall he not return! * * * *

[e] Here the ſentence is deſignedly left unfiniſhed by the poet. The ſenſe is, that he was reſolved, like a deſtroying fire, to conſume Cathmor, who had killed his brother. In the midſt of this reſolution, the ſituation of Fingal ſuggeſts itſelf to him, in a very ſtrong light. He reſolves to return to aſſiſt the king in proſecuting the war. But then his ſhame for not defending his brother, recurs to him. He it determined again to go and find out Cathmor. We may conſider him, as in the act of advancing towards the enemy, when the horn of Fingal ſounded on Mora, and called back his people to his preſence. This ſoliloquy is natural: the reſolutions which ſo ſuddenly follow one another, are expreſſive of a mind extremely agitated with ſorrow and conſcious ſhame; yet the behaviour of Oſſian, in his execution of the commands of Fingal, is ſo irreprehenſible, that it is not eaſy to determine where he failed in his duty. The truth is, that when men fail in deſigns which they ardently wiſh to accompliſh, they naturally blame themſelves as the chief cauſe of their diſappointment.

[f] This ſcene is ſolemn. The poet always places his chief character amidſt objects which favour the ſublime. The face of the country, the night, the broken remains of a defeated army, and, above all, the attitude and ſilence of Fingal himſelf, are circumſtances calculated to impreſs an awful idea on the mind. Oſſian is moſt ſucceſsful in his night deſcriptions. Dark images ſuited the melancholy temper of his mind. His poems were all compoſed after the active part of his life was over, when he was blind, and had

had ſurvived all the companions of his youth: we therefore find a veil of melancholy thrown over the whole.

[g] The abaſhed behaviour of the army of Fingal proceeds rather from ſhame than fear. The king was not of a tyrannical diſpoſition: *He*, as he profeſſes himſelf in the fifth book, *never was a dreadful form in their preſence, darkened into wrath. His voice was no thunder to their ears: his eyes ſent forth no death.* The firſt ages of ſociety are not the times of arbitrary power. As the wants of mankind are few, they retain their independence. It is an advanced ſtate of civilization that moulds the mind to that ſubmiſſion to government, of which ambitious magiſtrates take advantage, and raiſe themſelves into abſolute power.

It is a vulgar error, that the common Highlanders lived, in abject ſlavery, under their chiefs. Their high ideas of, and attachment to, the heads of their families, probably, led the unintelligent into this miſtake. When the honour of the tribe was concerned, the commands of the chief were obeyed, without reſtriction: but, if individuals were oppreſſed, they threw themſelves into the arm of a neighbouring clan, aſſumed a new name, and were encouraged and protected. The fear of this deſertion, no doubt, made the chiefs cautious in their government. As their conſequence, in the eyes of others, was in proportion to the number of their people, they took care to avoid every thing that tended to diminiſh it.

It was but very lately that the authority of the laws extended to the Highlands. Before that time the clans were governed, in civil affairs, not by the verbal commands of the chief, but by what they called *Clechda*, or the traditional precedents of their anceſtors. When differences happened between individuals, ſome of the oldeſt men in the tribes

tribe were choſen umpires between the parties, to decide according to the *Clechda*. The chief interpoſed his authority, and, invariably, enforced the deciſion. In their wars, which were frequent, on account of family-feuds, the chief was leſs reſerved in the execution of his authority; and even then he ſeldom extended it to the taking the life of any of his tribe. No crime was capital except murder; and that was very unfrequent in the highlands. No corporal puniſhment, of any kind, was inflicted. The memory of an affront of this ſort would remain, for ages in a family, and they would ſeize every opportunity to be revenged, unleſs it came immediately from the hands of the chief himſelf; in that caſe it was taken, rather as a fatherly correction, than a legal puniſhment for offences.

[h] This rock of Cormul is often mentioned in the preceding part of the poem. It was on it Fingal and Oſſian ſtood to view the battle. The cuſtom of retiring from the army, on the night prior to their engaging in battle, was univerſal among the kings of the Caledonians. Trenmor, the moſt renowned of the anceſtors of Fingal, is mentioned as the firſt who inſtituted this cuſtom. Succeeding bards attributed it to a hero of a later period. In an old poem, which begins with *Mac Arcath nan ceud ſrol*, the cuſtom of retiring from the army, before an engagement, is numbered, among the wiſe inſtitutions of Fergus, the ſon of Arc or Arcath, the firſt king of Scots. I ſhall here tranſlate the paſſage, in ſome other note I may, probably, give all that remains of the poem. *Fergus of the hundred ſtreams, ſon of Arcath who fought of old: thou didſt firſt retire at night; when the foe rolled before thee, in echoing fields. Nor bending in reſt is the king: he gathers battle in his ſoul. Fly,*

ſon of the ſtranger; with morn he ſhall ruſh abroad. When, or by whom, this poem was writ is uncertain.

i This circumſtance, concerning Bran, the favourite dog of Fingal, is, perhaps, one of the moſt affecting paſſages in the poem. I remember to have met with an old poem, compoſed long after the time of Oſſian, wherein a ſtory of this ſort is very happily introduced. In one of the invaſions of the Danes, Ullin-clundu, a conſiderable chief, on the weſtern coaſt of Scotland, was killed in a rencounter with a flying party of the enemy, who had landed, at no great diſtance, from the place of his reſidence. The few followers who attended him were alſo ſlain. The young wife of Ullin-clundu, who had not heard of his fall, fearing the worſt, on account of his long delay, alarmed the reſt of the tribe, who went in ſearch of him along the ſhore. They did not find him; and the beautiful widow became diſconſolate. At length he was diſcovered, by means of his dog, who ſat on a rock beſide the body, for ſome days. The poem is not juſt now in my hands; otherwiſe its poetical merit might induce me to preſent the reader with a tranſlation of it. The ſtanza concerning the dog, whoſe name was Du-chos, or *Blackfoot*, is very deſcriptive.

"Dark-ſided Du-chos! feet of wind! cold is thy ſeat on rocks. He (the dog) ſees the roe; his ears are high; and half he bounds away. He looks around; but Ullin ſleeps; he droops again his head. The winds come paſt; dark Du-chos, thinks, that Ullin's voice is there. But ſtill he beholds him ſilent, laid amidſt the waving heath. Dark-ſided Du-chos, his voice no more ſhall ſend thee over the heath!"

k In order to illuſtrate this paſſage, it is proper to lay before the reader the ſcene of the two preceding battles.

Between

Between the hills of Mora and Lona lay the plain of Moilena, through which ran the river Lubar. The firſt battle, wherein Gaul, the ſon of Morni, commanded on the Caledonian ſide, was fought on the banks of Lubar. As there was little advantage obtained, on either ſide, the armies, after the battle, retained their former poſitions.

In the ſecond battle, wherein Fillan commanded, the Iriſh, after the fall of Foldath, were driven up the hill of Lona; but, upon the coming of Cathmor to their aid, they regained their former ſituation, and drove back the Caledonians, in their turn; ſo that *Lubar winded again in their hoſt.*

[1] Borbar-duthul, the father of Cathmor, was the brother of that Colc-ulla who is ſaid, in the beginning of the fourth book, to have rebelled againſt Cormac king of Ireland. Borbar-duthul ſeems to have retained all the prejudice of his family againſt the ſucceſſion of the poſterity of Conar, on the Iriſh throne. From this ſhort epiſode we learn ſome facts which tend to throw light on the hiſtory of the times. It appears, that, when Swaran invaded Ireland, he was only oppoſed by the Cael, who poſſeſſed Ulſter, and the north of that iſland. Calmar, the ſon of Matha, whoſe gallant behaviour and death are related in the third book of Fingal, was the only chief of the race of the Fir-bolg, that joined the Cael, or Iriſh Caledonians, during the invaſion of Swaran. The indecent joy, which Borbar-duthul expreſſed, upon the death of Calmar, is well ſuited with that ſpirit of revenge, which ſubſiſted, univerſally, in every country where the feudal ſyſtem was eſtabliſhed. It would appear that ſome perſon had carried to Borbar-duthul that weapon, with which, it was pretended, Calmar had been killed.

[m] *The voices of Erin*, a poetical expreſſion for the bards of Ireland.

[n] Not only the kings, but every petty chief, had their bards attending them, in the field, in the days of Oſſian; and theſe bards, in proportion to the power of the chiefs, who retained them, had a number of inferior bards in their train. Upon ſolemn occaſions, all the bards, in the army, would join in one chorus; either when they celebrated their victories, or lamented the death of a perſon, worthy and renowned, ſlain in the war. The words were of the compoſition of the arch-bard, retained by the king himſelf, who generally attained to that high office on account of his ſuperior genius for poetry. As the perſons of the bards were ſacred, and the emoluments of their office conſiderable, the order, in ſucceeding times, became very numerous and inſolent. It would appear, that after the introduction of Chriſtianity, ſome ſerved in the double capacity of bards and clergymen. It was, from this circumſtance, that they had the name of *Chlere*, which is, probably, derived from the Latin Clericus. The *Chlere*, be their name derived from what it will, became, at laſt, a public nuiſance; for, taking advantage of their ſacred character, they went about, in great bodies, and lived, at diſcretion, in the houſes of the chiefs; till another party, of the ſame order, drove them away by mere dint of ſatire. Some of the indelicate diſputes of theſe worthy poetical combatants are handed down, by tradition, and ſhew how much the bards, at laſt, abuſed the privileges, which the admiration of their countrymen had conferred on the order. It was this inſolent behaviour that induced the chiefs to retrench their number, and to take away thoſe privileges which they were no longer worthy to enjoy. Their indolence, and diſpo-

ſition

ſition to lampoon, extinguiſhed all the poetical fervour, which diſtinguiſhed their predeceſſors, and makes us the leſs regret the extinction of the order.

[o] Clun-galo, *white-knee*, the wife of Conmor, king of Inis-huna, and the mother of Sul-malla. She is here repreſented, as miſſing her daughter, after ſhe had fled with Cathmor.

[p] Sul-malla replies to the ſuppoſed queſtions of her mother. Towards the middle of this paragraph ſhe calls Cathmor *the ſon of her ſoul*, and continues the metaphor throughout. This book ends, we may ſuppoſe, about the middle of the third night, from the opening of the poem.

BOOK VII.

[a] As the miſt, which roſe from the lake of Lego, occaſioned diſeaſes and death, the bards feigned, as here, that it was the reſidence of the ghoſts of the deceaſed, during the interval between their death and the pronouncing of the funeral elegy over their tombs; for it was not allowable, without that ceremony was performed, for the ſpirits of the dead to mix with their anceſtors, *in their airy halls*. It was the buſineſs of the ſpirit of the neareſt relation to the deceaſed, to take the miſt of Lego, and pour it over the grave. We find here Conar, the ſon of Trenmor, the firſt king of Ireland, according to Oſſian, performing this office for Fillan, as it was in the cauſe of the family of Conar, that that hero was killed.

[b] The night deſcriptions of Oſſian were in high repute among ſucceeding bards. One of them delivered a ſentiment, in a diſtich, more favourable to his taſte for poetry, than to his gallantry towards the ladies. I ſhall here give a tranſlation of it.

"More

" More pleaſant to me is the night of Cona, dark-ſtreaming from Oſſian's harp; more pleaſant it is to me, than a white-boſomed dweller between my arms: than a fair-handed daughter of heroes, in the hour of reſt."

Though tradition is not very ſatisfactory concerning the hiſtory of this poet, it has taken care to inform us, that he was *very old* when he wrote the diſtich. He lived (in what age is uncertain) in one of the weſtern iſles, and his name was Turloch Clab-glas, or *Turloch of the gray locks.*

[c] It was the opinion of the times, that, on the night preceding the death of a perſon worthy and renowned, the harps of thoſe bards, who were retained by his family, emitted melancholy ſounds. This was attributed, to uſe Oſſian's expreſſion, to *the light touch of ghoſts:* who were ſuppoſed to have a fore-knowledge of events. The ſame opinion prevailed long in the north, and the particular ſound was called, *the warning voice of the dead. The voice of deaths*, mentioned in the preceding ſentence, was of a different kind. Each perſon was ſuppoſed to have an attendant ſpirit, who aſſumed his form and voice, on the night preceding his death, and appeared to ſome, in the attitude, in which the perſon was to die. The *voices of death* were the foreboding ſhrieks of thoſe ſpirits.

[d] Fingal is ſaid to have never been overcome in battle. From this proceeded that title of honour which is always beſtowed on him in tradition, *Fion-ghal na buai'*, FINGAL OF VICTORIES. In a poem, juſt now in my hands, which celebrates ſome of the great actions of Arthur the famous Britiſh hero, that appellation is often beſtowed on him. The poem, from the phraſeology, appears to be ancient; and is, perhaps, though that is not mentioned, a tranſlation from the Welſh language.

[e] Claon-

[e] Claon-mal, *crooked eye-brow.* From the retired life of this perſon, it appears, that he was of the Druids; which ſuppoſition is not, at all, invalidated by the appellation of *king of harps*, here beſtowed on him; for all agree that the bards were of the number of the Druids originally.

[f] Son-mor, *tall handſome man.* He was the father of Borbar-duthal, chief of Atha, and grandfather to Cathmor himſelf.

[g] Cluan-er, *man of the field.* This chief was killed in battle by Cormac Mac-Conar, king of Ireland, the father of Roſcrana, the firſt wife of Fingal. The ſtory is alluded to in other poems.

[h] Stil-alluin, *beautiful eye*, the wife of Son-mor.

[i] To avoid multiplying notes, I ſhall give here the ſignification of the names of the ſtars engraved on the ſhield. Cean-mathon, *head of the bear.* Col-derna, *ſtant and ſharp beam.* Ul-oicho, *ruler of night.* Cathlin, *beam of the wave.* Reu-durath, *ſtar of the twilight.* Berthin, *fire of the hill.* Tonthena, *meteor of the waves.* Theſe etymologies, excepting that of Cean-mathon, are pretty exact. Of it I am not ſo certain; for it is not very probable, that the Fir-bolg had diſtinguiſhed a conſtellation, ſo very early as the days of Larthon, by the name of the bear.

[k] *To travel on the winds*, a poetical expreſſion for ſailing.

[l] Larthon is compounded of *Lear*, ſea, and *thon*, wave. This name was given to the chief of the firſt colony of the Fir-bolg, who ſettled in Ireland, on account of his knowledge in navigation. A part of an old poem is ſtill extant, concerning this hero. The author of it, probably, took the hint from the epiſode in this book, relating to the firſt diſcovery of Ireland by Larthon. It abounds with thoſe romantic

romantic fables of giants and magicians, which diſtinguiſh the compoſitions of the leſs ancient bards. The deſcriptions, contained in it, are ingenious and proportionable to the magnitude of the perſons introduced; but, being unnatural, they are inſipid and tedious. Had the bard kept within the bounds of probability, his genius was far from being contemptible. The exordium of his poem is not deſtitute of merit; but it is the only part of it, that I think worthy of being preſented to the reader.

"Who firſt ſent the black ſhip, through the ocean, like a whale through the burſting of foam? Look, from thy darkneſs, on Cronáth, Oſſian of the harps of old! Send thy light on the blue-rolling waters, that I may behold the king. I ſee him dark in his own ſhell of oak! ſea-toſſed Larthon, thy ſoul is fire. It is careleſs as the wind of thy ſails; as the wave that rolls by thy ſide. But the ſilent green iſle is before thee, with its ſons, who are tall as woody Lumon; Lumon which ſends, from its top, a thouſand ſtreams, white-wandering down its ſides."

It may, perhaps, be for the credit of this bard, to tranſlate no more of this poem, for the continuation of his deſcription of the Iriſh giants betrays his want of judgment.

[m] Lumon, as I have remarked in a preceding note, was a hill, in Inis-huna, near the reſidence of Sul-malla. This epiſode has an immediate connection with what is ſaid of Larthon, in the deſcription of Cathmor's ſhield.

[n] Samla, *apparitions*, ſo called from the viſion of Larthon, concerning his poſterity.

[o] Flathal, *heavenly, exquiſitely beautiful*. She was the wife of Larthon.

[p] The original of this lyric ode is one of the moſt beautiful paſſages of the poem. The harmony and variety of its verſification

verſification prove, that the knowledge of muſic was conſiderably advanced in the days of Oſſian. See the ſpecimen of the original.

BOOK VIII.

[a] Ferad-artho was the ſon of Cairbar Mac-Cormac king of Ireland. He was the only one remaining of the race of Conar, the ſon of Trenmor, the firſt Iriſh monarch, according to Oſſian. In order to make this paſſage thoroughly underſtood, it may not be improper to recapitulate ſome part of what has been ſaid in preceding notes. Upon the death of Conar the ſon of Trenmor, his ſon Cormac ſucceeded on the Iriſh throne. Cormac reigned long. His children were, Cairbar, who ſucceeded him, and Ros-crano, the firſt wife of Fingal. Cairbar, long before the death of his father Cormac, had taken to wife Bos-gala, the daughter of Colgar, one of the moſt powerful chiefs in Connaught, and had, by her, Artho, afterwards king of Ireland. Soon after Artho arrived at man's eſtate, his mother Bos-gala died, and Cairbar took to wife Beltanno, the daughter of Conachar of Ullin, who brought him a ſon, whom he called Ferad-artho, i. e. *a man in the place of Arth.* The occaſion of the name was this. Artho, when his brother was born, was abſent, on an expedition in the ſouth of Ireland. A falſe report was brought to his father that he was killed. *Cairbar*, to uſe the words of the poem on the ſubject, *darkened for his fair-haired ſon. He turned to the young beam of light, the ſon of Beltanno of Conachar. Thou ſhalt be Ferad-artho, he ſaid, a fire before thy race.* Cairbar, ſoon after, died, nor did Artho long ſurvive him. Artho was ſucceeded, in the Iriſh throne, by his ſon Cormac, who, in his minority, was murdered by Cairbar, the ſon

of Borbar-duthal. Ferad-artho, ſays tradition, was very young, when the expedition of Fingal, to ſettle him on the throne of Ireland, happened. During the ſhort reign of young Cormac, Ferad-artho lived at the royal palace of Temora. Upon the murder of the king, Condan, the bard, conveyed Ferad-artho, privately, to the cave of Cluna, behind the mountain of Crommal, in Ulſter, where they both lived concealed, during the uſurpation of the family of Atha. All theſe particulars, concerning Ferad-artho, may be gathered from the compoſitions of Oſſian: A bard, leſs ancient, has delivered the whole hiſtory, in a poem juſt now in my poſſeſſion. It has little merit, if we except the ſcene between Ferad-artho, and the meſſengers of Fingal, upon their arrival, in the valley of Cluna. After hearing of the great actions of Fingal, the young prince propoſes the following queſtions concerning him, to Gaul and Dermid. "Is the king tall as the rock of my cave? Is his ſpear a fir of Cluna? Is he a rough-winged blaſt, on the mountain, which takes the green oak by the head, and tears it from his hill? Glitters Lubar within his ſtrides, when he ſends his ſtately ſteps along? Nor is he tall, ſaid Gaul, as that rock: nor glitter ſtreams within his ſtrides, but his ſoul is a mighty flood, like the ſtrength of Ullin's ſeas."

[b] It is ſuppoſed Malvina ſpeaks the following ſoliloquy. "Malvina is like the bow of the ſhower, in the ſecret valley of ſtreams; it is bright, but the drops of heaven roll on its blended light. They ſay, that I am fair within my locks, but, on my brightneſs, is the wandering of tears. Darkneſs flies over my ſoul, as the duſky wave of the breeze, along the graſs of Lutha. Yet have not the roes failed me, when I moved between the hills. Pleaſant, beneath

neath my white hand, aroſe the ſound of harps. What then, daughter of Lutha, travels over thy ſoul, like the dreary path of a ghoſt, along the nightly beam? Should the young warrior fall, in the roar of his troubled fields! Young virgins of Lutha ariſe, call back the wandering thoughts of Malvina. Awake the voice of the harp, along my echoing vale. Then ſhall my ſoul come forth, like a light from the gates of the morn when clouds are rolled around them, with their broken ſides.

"Dweller of my thoughts, by night, whoſe form aſcends in troubled fields, why doſt thou ſtir up my ſoul, thou far diſtant ſon of the king! Is that the ſhip of my love, its dark courſe through the ridges of ocean? How art thou ſo ſudden, Oſcar, from the heath of ſhields?"

The reſt of this poem, it is ſaid, conſiſted, of a dialogue between Ullin and Malvina, wherein the diſtreſs of the latter is carried to the higheſt pitch.

[c] The Iriſh compoſitions concerning Fingal invariably ſpeak of him as a giant. Of theſe Hibernian poems there are now many in my hands. From the language, and alluſions to the times in which they were writ, I ſhould fix the date of their compoſition in the fifteenth and ſixteenth centuries. In ſome paſſages, the poetry is far from wanting merit, but the fable is unnatural, and the whole conduct of the pieces injudicious. I ſhall give one inſtance of the extravagant fictions of the Iriſh bards, in a poem, which they, moſt unjuſtly, aſcribed to Oſſian. The ſtory of it is this. Ireland being threatened with an invaſion from ſome part of Scandinavia, Fingal ſent Oſſian, Oſcar, and Ca-olt, to watch the bay, in which it was expected, the enemy was to land. Oſcar, unluckily, fell aſleep, before the Scandavians appeared; and, great as he was, ſays the Iriſh bard,

he had one bad property, that no leſs could waken him, before his time, than cutting off one of his fingers, or throwing a great ſtone againſt his head; and it was dangerous to come near him, on thoſe occaſions, till he had recovered himſelf, and was fully awake. Ca-olt, who was employed by Oſſian to waken his ſon, made choice of throwing the ſtone againſt his head, as the leaſt dangerous expedient. The ſtone, rebounding from the hero's head, ſhook, as it rolled along, the hill for three miles round. Oſcar roſe in rage, fought bravely, and, ſingly, vanquiſhed a wing of the enemy's army. Thus the bard goes on till Fingal put an end to the war, by the total rout of the Scandinavians. Pueril, and even deſpicable, as theſe fictions are, yet Keating and O'Flaherty have no better authority than the poems which contain them, for all that they write concerning Fion Mac-comnal, and the pretended militia of Ireland.

[d] Tla-min, *mildly ſoft*. The loves of Clonar and Tlamin were rendered famous in the north, by a fragment of a Lyric poem, ſtill preſerved, which is aſcribed to Oſſian. It is a dialogue between Clonar and Tla-min. She begins with a ſoliloquy, which he overhears.

Tlamin. " Clonar, ſon of Conglas of I-mor, young hunter of dun-ſided roes! where art thou laid, amidſt ruſhes, beneath the paſſing wing of the breeze? I behold thee, my love, in the plain of thy own dark ſtreams! The clung thorn is rolled by the wind, and ruſtles along his ſhield. Bright in his locks he lies: the thoughts of his dreams fly, darkening, over his face. Thou thinkeſt of the battles of Oſſian, young ſon of the echoing iſle!

" Half-

"Half-hid, in the grove, I ſit down. Fly back, ye miſts of the hill. Why ſhould ye hide her love from the blue eyes of Tla-min of harps?

Clonar. "As the ſpirit, ſeen in a dream, flies off from our opening eyes, we think, we behold his bright path between the cloſing hills; ſo fled the daughter of Clun-gal, from the ſight of Clonar of ſhields. Ariſe, from the gathering of trees; blue-eyed Tlamin ariſe.

Tlamin. "I turn me away from his ſteps. Why ſhould he know of my love! My white breaſt is heaving over ſighs, as foam on the dark courſe of ſtreams. But he paſſes away, in his arms! Son of Conglas, my ſoul is ſad.

Clonar. "It was the ſhield of Fingal! the voice of kings from Selma of harps! My path is towards green Erin. Ariſe, fair light, from thy ſhades. Come to the field of my ſoul, there is the ſpreading of hoſts. Ariſe, on Clonar's troubled ſoul, young daughter of blue-ſhielding Clungal."

Clungal was the chief of I-mor, one of the Hebrides.

[e] Fingal and Cathmor. The conduct of the poet, in this paſſage, is remarkable. His numerous deſcriptions of ſingle combats had already exhauſted the ſubject. Nothing new, nor adequate to our high idea of the kings could be ſaid. Oſſian, therefore, throws a *column of miſt* over the whole, and leaves the combat to the imagination of the reader. Poets have almoſt univerſally failed in their deſcriptions of this ſort. Not all the ſtrength of Homer could ſuſtain, with dignity, the *minutiæ* of a ſingle combat. The throwing of a ſpear, and the braying of a ſhield, as ſome of our own poets moſt elegantly expreſs it, convey no grand ideas. Our imagination ſtretches beyond, and, conſequently, deſpiſes, the deſcription. It were, therefore, well, for ſome poets, in my opinion, (though it is, perhaps, ſomewhat

what ſingular) to have, ſometimes, like Oſſian, thrown *miſt* over their ſingle combats.

[f] Fingal is very much celebrated, in tradition, for his knowledge in the virtues of herbs. The Iriſh poems, concerning him, often repreſent him, curing the wounds which his chiefs received in battle. They fable concerning him, that he was in poſſeſſion of a cup, containing the eſſence of herbs, which inſtantaneouſly healed wounds. The knowledge of curing the wounded, was, till of late, univerſal among the highlanders. We hear of no other diſorder, which required the ſkill of phyſic. The wholeſomeneſs of the climate, and an active life, ſpent in hunting, excluded diſeaſes.

[g] The hoſpitable diſpoſition of Cathmor was unparalleled. He reflects, with pleaſure, even in his laſt moments, on the relief he had afforded to ſtrangers. The very tread of their feet was pleaſant in his ear. His hoſpitality was not paſſed unnoticed by ſucceeding bards; for, with them, it became a proverb, when they deſcribed the hoſpitable diſpoſition of a hero, *that he was like Cathmor of Atha, the friend of ſtrangers.* It will ſeem ſtrange, that, in all the Iriſh traditions, there is no mention made of Cathmor. This muſt be attributed to the revolutions and domeſtic confuſions which happened in that iſland, and utterly cut off all the real traditions concerning ſo ancient a period. All that we have related of the ſtate of Ireland before the fifth century is of late invention, and the work of ill informed ſenachies and injudicious bards.

[h] We ſee from this paſſage, that, even in the times of Oſſian, and, conſequently, before the introduction of Chriſtianity, they had ſome idea of rewards and puniſhments after death. Thoſe who behaved, in life, with bra-

very

very and virtue, were received, with joy, to the airy halls of their fathers: but *the dark in ſoul*, to uſe the expreſſion of the poet, were ſpurned away *from the habitation of heroes, to wander on all the winds*. Another opinion, which prevailed in thoſe times, tended not a little to make individuals emulous to excel one another in martial atchievements. It was thought, that in the *hall of clouds*, every one had a ſeat, raiſed above others, in proportion as he excelled them, in valour, when he lived.

[i] There are ſome ſtones ſtill to be ſeen in the north, which were erected, as memorials of ſome remarkable tranſactions between the ancient chiefs. There are generally found, beneath them, ſome piece of arms, and a bit of half-burnt wood. The cauſe of placing the laſt there is not mentioned in tradition.

[k] The erecting of his ſtandard on the bank of Lubar, was the ſignal, which Fingal, in the beginning of the book, promiſed to give to the chiefs, who went to conduct Feradartho to the army, ſhould he himſelf prevail in battle. This ſtandard here (and in every other part of Oſſian's poems, where it is mentioned) is called, the *ſun-beam*. The reaſon, of this appellation, is given more than once, in notes preceding.

[l] The poet changes the ſcene to the valley of Lona, whither Sul-malla had been ſent, by Cathmor, before the battle. Clonmal, an aged bard, or rather Druid, as he ſeems here to be endued with a preſcience of events, had long dwelt there, in a cave. This ſcene is awful and ſolemn, and calculated to throw a melancholy gloom over the mind.

[m] Cathmor had promiſed, in the ſeventh book, to come to the cave of Clonmal, after the battle was over.

[n] Tradition

[n] Tradition relates, that Oſſian, the next day after the deciſive battle between Fingal and Cathmor, went to find out Sul-malla, in the valley of Lona. His addreſs to her, which is ſtill preſerved, I here lay before the reader.

"Awake, thou daughter of Conmor, from the fern-ſkirted cavern of Lona. Awake, thou ſun-beam in deſarts; warriors one day muſt fail. They move forth, like terrible lights; but, often, their cloud is near. Go to the valley of ſtreams, to the wandering of herds, on Lumon; there dwells, in his lazy miſt, the man of many days. But he is unknown, Sul-malla, like the thiſtle of the rocks of roes; it ſhakes its gray beard, in the wind, and falls, unſeen of our eyes. Not ſuch are the kings of men, their departure is a meteor of fire, which pours its red courſe, from the deſart, over the boſom of night.

"He is mixed with the warriors of old, thoſe fires that have hid their heads. At times ſhall they come forth in ſong. Not forgot has the warrior failed. He has not ſeen, Sul-malla, the fall of a beam of his own: no fair-haired ſon, in his blood, young troubler of the field. I am lonely, young branch of Lumon, I may hear the voice of the feeble, when my ſtrength ſhall have failed in years, for young Oſcar has ceaſed on his field.—* * *

Sul-malla returned to her own country, and makes a conſiderable figure in the poem which immediately follows; her behaviour in that piece accounts for that partial regard with which the poet ſpeaks of her throughout Temora.

[o] Before I finiſh my notes, it may not be altogether improper to obviate an objection, which may be made to the credibility of the ſtory of Temora, as related by Oſſian. It may be aſked, whether it is probable, that Fingal could perform

perform ſuch actions as are aſcribed to him in this book, at an age when his grandſon, Oſcar, had acquired ſo much reputation in arms. To this it may be anſwered, that Fingal was but very young [Book IV.] when he took to wife Roscrana, who ſoon after became the mother of Oſſian. Oſſian was alſo extremely young when he married Ever-allin, the mother of Oſcar. Tradition relates, that Fingal was but eighteen years old at the birth of his ſon Oſſian; and that Oſſian was much about the ſame age, when Oſcar, his ſon, was born. Oſcar, perhaps, might be about twenty, when he was killed, in the battle of Gabhra, [Book I.] ſo the age of Fingal, when the deciſive battle was fought between him and Cathmor, was juſt fifty-ſix years. In thoſe times of activity and health, the natural ſtrength and vigour of a man was little abated, at ſuch an age; ſo that there is nothing improbable in the actions of Fingal, as related in this book.

CATHLIN OF CLUTHA:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

An addreſs to Malvina, the daughter of Toſcar. The poet relates the arrival of Cathlin in Selma to ſolicit aid againſt Duth-carmor of Cluba, who had killed Cathmol, for the ſake of his daughter Lanul. Fingal declining to make a choice among his heroes, who were all claiming the command of the expedition; they retired *each to his hill of ghoſts;* to be determined by dreams. The ſpirit of Trenmor appears to Oſſian and Oſcar: they ſail, from the bay of Carmona, and, on the fourth day, appear off the valley of Rath-col, in Inis-huna, where Duth-carmor had fixed his reſidence. Oſſian diſpatches a bard to Duth-carmor to demand battle. Night comes on. The diſtreſs of Cathlin of Clutha. Oſſian devolves the command on Oſcar, who, according to the cuſtom of the kings of Morven, before battle, retired to a neighbouring hill. Upon the coming on of day, the battle joins. Oſcar and Duth-carmor meet. The latter falls. Oſcar carries the mail and helmet of Duth-carmor to Cathlin, who had retired from the field. Cathlin is diſcovered to be the daughter of Cathmol, in diſguiſe, who had been carried off, by force, by, and made her eſcape from, Duth-carmor.

COME [a], thou beam thou art lonely, from watching in the night! the ſqually winds are around thee, from all their echoing hills. Red,

Red, over my hundred ſtreams, are the light-covered paths of the dead. They rejoice, on the eddying winds, in the ſtill ſeaſon of night. Dwells there no joy in ſong, white hand of the harps of Lutha? Awake the voice of the ſtring, and roll my ſoul to me. It is a ſtream that has failed. Malvina pour the ſong.

I hear thee, from thy darkneſs, in Selma, thou that watcheſt, lonely, by night! Why didſt thou with-hold the ſong, from Oſſian's failing ſoul? As the falling brook to the ear of the hunter, deſcending from his ſtorm-covered hill; a ſun-beam rolls the echoing ſtream; he hears, and ſhakes his dewy locks: ſuch is the voice of Lutha, to the friend of the ſpirits of heroes. My ſwelling boſom beats high. I look back on the days that are paſt. Come, thou beam that art lonely, from the watching of night.

In the echoing bay of Carmona[b] we ſaw, one day, the bounding ſhip. On high, hung a broken ſhield; it was marked with wandering blood. Forward came a youth, in armour, and ſtretched his pointleſs ſpear. Long, over his tearful eyes, hung looſe his diſordered locks. Fingal gave the ſhell of kings. The words of the ſtranger aroſe.

In his hall lies Cathmol of Clutha, by the winding of his own dark ſtreams. Duth-carmor ſaw

white boſomed Lanul [c], and pierced her father's ſide. In the ruſhy deſart were my ſteps. He fled in the ſeaſon of night. Give thine aid to Cathlin to revenge his father. I ſought thee not as a beam, in a land of clouds. Thou, like that ſun, art known, king of echoing Selma.

Selma's king looked around. In his preſence, we roſe in arms. But who ſhould lift the ſhield? for all had claimed the war. The night came down; we ſtrode, in ſilence; each to his hill of ghoſts: that ſpirits might deſcend, in our dreams, to mark us for the field.

We ſtruck the ſhield of the dead, and raiſed the hum of ſongs. We thrice called the ghoſts of our fathers. We laid us down in dreams. Trenmor came, before mine eyes, the tall form of other years. His blue hoſts were behind him in half-diſtinguiſhed rows. Scarce ſeen is their ſtrife in miſt, or their ſtretching forward to deaths. I liſtened; but no ſound was there. The forms were empty wind.

I ſtarted from the dream of ghoſts. On a ſudden blaſt flew my whiſtling hair. Low-ſounding, in the oak, is the departure of the dead. I took my ſhield from its bough. On-ward came the rattling of ſteel. It was Oſcar [d] of Lego. He had ſeen his fathers.

As

As ruſhes forth the blaſt, on the boſom of whitening waves; ſo careleſs ſhall my courſe be, through ocean, to the dwelling of foes. I have ſeen the dead, my father. My beating ſoul is high. My fame is bright before me, like the ſtreak of light on a cloud, when the broad ſun comes forth, red traveller of the ſky.

Grandſon of Branno, I ſaid; not Oſcar alone ſhall meet the foe. I ruſh forward, through ocean, to the woody dwelling of heroes. Let us contend, my ſon, like eagles, from one rock; when they lift their broad wings, againſt the ſtream of winds. We raiſed our ſails in Carmona. From three ſhips, they marked my ſhield on the wave, as I looked on nightly Tonthena [e], red wanderer between the clouds. Four days came the breeze abroad. Lumon came forward in miſt. In winds were its hundred groves. Sun-beams marked, at times, its brown ſide. White, leapt the foamy ſtreams from all its echoing rocks.

A green field, in the boſom of hills, winds ſilent with its own blue-ſtream. Here, midſt the waving of oaks, were the dwellings of kings of old. But ſilence, for many dark-brown years, had ſettled in graſſy Rath-col [f], for the race of heroes had failed, along the pleaſant vale. Duth-carmor was here, with his people, dark rider of the wave.

Ton-thena

Ton-thena had hid her head in the ſky. He bound his white-boſomed ſails. His courſe is on the hills of Rath-col, to the ſeats of roes.

We came. I ſent the bard, with ſongs, to call the foe to fight. Duth-carmor heard him, with joy. The king's ſoul was a beam of fire; a beam of fire, marked with ſmoke, ruſhing, varied, through the boſom of night. The deeds of Duth-carmor were dark, though his arm was ſtrong.

Night came, with the gathering of clouds. By the beam of the oak we ſat down. At a diſtance ſtood Cathlin of Clutha. I ſaw the changing ſoul of the ſtranger [g]. As ſhadows fly over the field of graſs, ſo various is Cathlin's cheek. It was fair, within locks, that roſe on Rathcol's wind. I did not ruſh, amidſt his ſoul, with my words. I bade the ſong to riſe.

Oſcar of Lego, I ſaid, be thine the ſecret hill [h], to-night. Strike the ſhield, like Morven's kings. With day, thou ſhalt lead in war. From my rock, I ſhall ſee thee, Oſcar, a dreadful form aſcending in fight, like the appearance of ghoſts, amidſt the ſtorms they ariſe. Why ſhould mine eyes return to the dim times of old, ere yet the ſong had burſted forth, like the ſudden riſing of winds. But the years, that are paſt, are marked with mighty deeds. As the nightly rider of waves looks up to Ton-the-

na of beams: ſo let us turn our eyes to Trenmor, the father of kings.

Wide, in Caracha's echoing field, Carmal had poured his tribes. They were a dark ridge of waves; the gray-haired bards were like moving foam on their face. They kindled the ſtrife around with their red-rolling eyes. Nor alone were the dwellers of rocks; a ſon of Loda was there; a voice, in his own dark land, to call the ghoſts from high. On his hill, he had dwelt, in Lochlin, in the midſt of a leafleſs grove. Five ſtones lifted, near, their heads. Loud-roared his ruſhing ſtream. He often raiſed his voice to winds, when meteors marked their nightly wings; when the dark-cruſted moon was rolled behind her hill.

Nor unheard of ghoſts was he! They came with the ſound of eagle-wings. They turned battle, in fields, before the kings of men.

But, Trenmor, they turned not from battle; he drew forward the troubled war; in its dark ſkirt was Trathal, like a riſing light. It was dark; and Loda's ſon poured forth his ſigns, on night. The feeble were not before thee, ſon of other lands!

Then roſe the ſtrife of kings, about the hill of night; but it was ſoft as two ſummer gales, ſhaking their light wings, on a lake. Trenmor yielded to his ſon; for the fame of the king was heard.

Trathal

Trathal came forth before his father, and the foes failed, in echoing Caracha. The years that are paſt, my ſon, are marked with mighty deeds [k].

* * * * * * * *

In clouds roſe the eaſtern light. The foe came forth in arms. The ſtrife is mixed at Rath-col, like the roar of ſtreams. Behold the contending of kings! They meet beſide the oak. In gleams of ſteel the dark forms are loſt; ſuch is the meeting of meteors, in a vale by night: red light is ſcattered round, and men foreſee the ſtorm. Duth-carmor is low in blood. The ſon of Oſſian overcame. Not harmleſs in battle was he, Malvina hand of harps!

Nor, in the field, are the ſteps of Cathlin. The ſtranger ſtood by a ſecret ſtream, where the foam of Rath-col ſkirted the moſſy ſtones. Above, bends the branchy birch, and ſtrews its leaves, on winds. The inverted ſpear of Cathlin touched, at times, the ſtream. Oſcar brought Duth-carmor's mail: his helmet with its eagle-wing. He placed them before the ſtranger, and his words were heard. "The foes of thy father have failed. They are laid in the field of ghoſts. Renown returns to Morven, like a riſing wind. Why art thou dark, chief of Clutha? Is there cauſe for grief?"

Son

Son of Oſſian of harps, my ſoul is darkly ſad. I behold the arms of Cathmol, which he raiſed in war. Take the mail of Cathlin, place it high in Selma's hall; that thou mayeſt remember the hapleſs in thy diſtant land.

From white breaſts deſcended the mail. It was the race of kings; the ſoft-handed daughter of Cathmol, at the ſtreams of Clutha. Duth-carmor ſaw her bright in the hall; he came, by night, to Clutha. Cathmol met him, in battle, but the warrior fell. Three days dwelt the foe, with the maid. On the fourth ſhe fled in arms. She remembered the race of kings, and felt her burſting ſoul.

Why, maid of Toſcar of Lutha, ſhould I tell how Cathlin failed? Her tomb is at ruſhy Lumon, in a diſtant land. Near it were the ſteps of Sulmalla, in the days of grief. She raiſed the ſong, for the daughter of ſtrangers, and touched the mournful harp.

Come, from the watching of night, Malvina, lonely beam!

NOTES ON

CATHLIN OF CLUTHA.

a The traditions, which accompany this poem, inform us, that both it, and the ſucceeding piece, went, of old, under the name of *Laoi-Oi-lutha;* i. e. the *hymns of the maid of Lutha.* They pretend alſo to fix the time of its compoſition to the third year after the death of Fingal; that is, during the expedition of Fergus the ſon of Fingal, to the banks of *Uiſca duthon.* In ſupport of this opinion, the Highland ſenachies have prefixed to this poem, an addreſs of Oſſian, to Congal the young ſon of Fergus, which I have rejected, as having no manner of connection with the reſt of the piece. It has poetical merit; and, probably, it was the opening of one of Oſſian's other poems, though the bards injudiciouſly transferred it to the piece now before us.

"Congal ſon of Fergus of Durath, thou light between thy lock, aſcend to the rock of Selma, to the oak of the breaker of ſhields. Look over the boſom of night, it is ſtreaked with the red paths of the dead: look on the night of ghoſts, and kindle, O Congal, thy ſoul. Be not, like the moon on a ſtream, lonely in the midſt of clouds; darkneſs cloſes around it; and the beam departs. Depart not, ſon of Fergus, ere thou marketh the field with thy ſword. Aſcend to the rock of Selma; to the oak of the breaker of ſhields."

b Car-mona, *bay of the dark brown hills,* an arm of the ſea, in the neighbourhood of Selma. In this paragraph are mentioned the ſignals preſented to Fingal, by thoſe who came

came to demand his aid. The ſuppliants held, in one hand a ſhield covered with blood, and, in the other, a broken ſpear; the firſt a ſymbol of the death of their friends, the laſt an emblem of their own helpleſs ſituation. If the king choſe to grant ſuccours, which generally was the caſe, he reached to them *the ſhell of feaſts*, as a token of his hoſpitality and friendly intentions towards them.

It may not be diſagreeable to the reader to lay here before him the ceremony of the Cran-tara, which was of a ſimilar nature, and, till very lately, uſed in the Highlands. When the news of an enemy came to the reſidence of the chief, he immediately killed a goat with his own ſword, dipped the end of an half-burnt piece of wood in the blood, and gave it to one of his ſervants, to be carried to the next hamlet. From hamlet to hamlet this *teſſera* was carried with the utmoſt expedition, and in the ſpace of a few hours, the whole clan were in arms, and convened in an appointed place; the name of which was the only word that accompanied the delivery of the *Cran-tara*. This ſymbol was the manifeſto of the chief, by which he threatened fire and ſword to thoſe of his clan, that did not immediately appear at his ſtandard.

[c] Lanul, *full-eyed*, a ſurname which, according to tradition, was beſtowed on the daughter of Cathmol, on account of her beauty; this tradition, however, may have been founded on that partiality, which the bards have ſhewn to *Cathlin of Clutha*; for, according to them, no *falſehood could dwell in the ſoul of the lovely*.

[d] Oſcar is here called *Oſcar of Lego*, from his mother being the daughter of Branno, a powerful chief, on the banks of that lake. It is remarkable that Oſſian addreſſes no poem to Malvina, in which her lover Oſcar was not one of the

principal actors. His attention to her, after the death of his ſon, ſhews that delicacy of ſentiment is not confined, as ſome fondly imagine, to our own poliſhed times.

[c] Ton-thena, *fire of the wave*, was that remarkable ſtar, which as has been mentioned in the ſeventh book of Temora, directed the courſe of Larthon to Ireland. It ſeems to have been well known to thoſe, who ſailed on that ſea, which divides Ireland from South-Britain. As the courſe of Oſſian was along the coaſt of Inis-huna, he mentions with propriety, that ſtar which directed the voyage of the colony from that country to Ireland.

[f] Rath-col, *woody field*, does not appear to have been the reſidence of Duth-carmor: he ſeems rather to have been forced thither by a ſtorm: at leaſt I ſhould think that to be the meaning of the poet, from his expreſſion, that *Ton-thena had hid her head*, and that *he bound his white-boſomed ſails*; which is as much as to ſay, that the weather was ſtormy, and that Duth-carmor put in to the bay of Rath-col for ſhelter.

[g] From this circumſtance, ſucceeding bards feigned that Cathlin, who is here in the diſguiſe of a young warrior, had fallen in love with Duth-carmor at a feaſt, to which he had been invited by her father. Her love was converted into deteſtation for him, after he had murdered her father. But *as thoſe rain-bows of heaven are changeful*, ſay my authors, ſpeaking of women, ſhe felt the return of her former paſſion, upon the approach of Duth-carmor's danger. I myſelf, who think more favourably of the ſex, muſt attribute the agitation of Cathlin's mind to her extreme ſenſibility to the injuries done her by Duth-carmor; and this opinion is favoured by the ſequel of the ſtory.

[h] This

[h] This paſſage alludes to the well known cuſtom among the ancient kings of Scotland, to retire from their army on the night preceding a battle. The ſtory which Oſſian introduces in the next paragraph, concerns the fall of the Druids, of which I have given ſome account in the Diſſertation. It is ſaid in many old poems, that the Druids, in the extremity of their affairs, had ſolicited, and obtained aid from Scandinavia. Among the auxiliaries there came many pretended magicians, which circumſtance Oſſian alludes to, in his deſcription of the *ſon of Loda*. Magic and incantation could not, however, prevail: for Trenmor, aſſiſted by the valour of his ſon Trathal, entirely broke the power of the Druids.

[i] Trenmor and Trathal. Oſſian introduced this epiſode, as an example to his ſon, from ancient times.

[k] Thoſe who deliver down this poem in tradition, lament that there is a great part of it loſt. In particular they regret the loſs of an epiſode, which was here introduced, with the ſequel of the ſtory of Carmal and his Druids. Their attachment to it was founded on the deſcriptions of magical inchantments which it contained.

SUL-MALLA:

SUL-MALLA OF LUMON:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

This poem, which, properly ſpeaking, is a continuation of the laſt, opens with an addreſs to Sul-malla, the daughter of the king of Inis-huna, whom Oſſian met, at the chaſe, as he returned from the battle of Rath-col. Sul-malla invites Oſſian and Oſcar to a feaſt, at the reſidence of her father, who was then abſent in the wars. Upon hearing their name and family, ſhe relates an expedition of Fingal into Inis-huna. She caſually mentioning Cathmor, chief of Atha, (who then aſſiſted her father againſt his enemies) Oſſian introduces the epiſode of Culgorm and Surandronio, two Scandinavian kings, in whoſe wars Oſſian himſelf and Cathmor were engaged on oppoſite ſides. The ſtory is imperfect, a part of the original being loſt. Oſſian, warned, in a dream, by the ghoſt of Trenmor, ſets ſail from Inis-huna.

WHO[2] moves ſo ſtately, on Lumon, at the roar of the foamy waters? Her hair falls upon her heaving breaſt. White is her arm behind, as ſlow ſhe bends the bow. Why doſt thou wander in deſarts, like a light through a cloudy field? The young roes are panting, by their ſecret rocks. Return, thou daughter of kings; the cloudy night is near.

It

It was the young branch of Lumon, Sul-malla of blue eyes. She ſent the bard from her rock, to bid us to her feaſt. Amidſt the ſong we ſat down, in Conmor's echoing hall. White moved the hands of Sul-malla, on the trembling ſtrings. Half-heard, amidſt the ſound, was the name of Atha's king; he that was abſent in battle for her own green land. Nor abſent from her ſoul was he; he came midſt her thoughts by night: Ton-thena looked in, from the ſky, and ſaw her toſſing arms.

The ſound of the ſhell had ceaſed. Amidſt long locks, Sul-malla roſe. She ſpoke with bending eyes, and aſked of our courſe through ſeas[b]." Not unknown, I ſaid, at his ſtreams is he, the father of our race. Fingal has been heard of at Cluba, blue-eyed daughter of kings. Nor only, at Cona's ſtream, is Oſſian and Oſcar known. Foes trembled at our voice, and ſhrunk in other lands.

Not unmarked, ſaid the maid, by Sul-malla, is the ſhield of Morven's king. It hangs high, in Conmor's hall, in memory of the paſt; when Fingal came to Cluba, in the days of other years. Loud roared the boar of Culdarnu, in the midſt of his rocks and woods. Inis-huna ſent her youths, but they failed; and virgins wept over tombs. Careleſs went the king to Culdarnu. On his ſpear rolled the ſtrength of the woods. He

was

was bright, they ſaid, in his locks, the firſt of mortal men. Nor at the feaſt were heard his words. His deeds paſſed from his ſoul of fire, like the rolling of vapours from the face of the wandering ſun. Not careleſs looked the blue eyes of Cluba on his ſtately ſteps. In white boſoms roſe the king of Selma, in midſt of their thoughts by night. But the winds bore the ſtranger to the echoing vales of his roes. Nor loſt to other lands was he, like a meteor that ſinks in a cloud. He came forth, at times, in his brightneſs, to the diſtant dwelling of foes. His fame came, like the ſound of winds, to Cluba's woody vale [c].

Darkneſs dwells in Cluba of harps: the race of kings is diſtant far; in battle is Conmor of ſpears; and Lormor [d] king of ſtreams. Nor darkening alone they; a beam, from other lands, is nigh: the friend [e] of ſtrangers in Atha, the troubler of the field. High, from their miſty hill, look forth the blue eyes of Erin, for he is far away, young dweller of their ſouls. Nor, harmleſs, white hands of Erin! is he in the ſkirts of war; he rolls ten thouſand before him, in his diſtant field.

Not unſeen by Oſſian, I ſaid, ruſhed Cathmor from his ſtreams, when he poured his ſtrength on I-thorno [f], iſle of many waves. In ſtrife met two kings in I-thorno, Culgorm and Suran-dronlo: each

each from his echoing iſle, ſtern hunters of the boar!

They met a boar, at a foamy ſtream: each pierced it with his ſteel. They ſtrovefor the fa me of the deed: and gloomy battle roſe. From iſle to iſle they ſent a ſpear, broken and ſtained with blood, to call the friends of their fathers, in their ſounding arms. Cathmor came, from Bolga, to Culgorm, red-eyed king: I aided Suran-dronlo, in his land of boars.

We ruſhed on either ſide of a ſtream, which roared through a blaſted heath. High broken rocks were round, with all their bending trees. Near are two circles of Loda, with the ſtone of power; where ſpirits deſcended, by night, in dark-red ſtreams of fire. There, mixed with the murmur of waters, roſe the voice of aged men, they called the forms of night, to aid them in their war.

Heedleſs [5] I ſtood, with my people, where fell the foamy ſtream from rocks. The moon moved red from the mountain. My ſong, at times, aroſe. Dark on the other ſide, young Cathmor heard my voice; for he lay, beneath the oak, in all his gleaming arms. Morning came; we ruſhed to fight: from wing to wing in the rolling of ſtrife. They fell, like the thiſtle head, beneath autumnal winds.

In armour came a ſtately form: I mixed my ſtrokes with the king. By turns our ſhields are pierced: loud rung our ſteely mails. His helmet fell to the ground. In brightneſs ſhone the foe. His eyes, two pleaſant flames, rolled between his wandering locks. I knew the king of Atha, and threw my ſpear on earth. Dark, we turned, and ſilent paſſed to mix with other foes.

Not ſo paſſed the ſtriving kings [h]. They mixed in echoing fray; like the meeting of ghoſts, in the dark wing of winds. Through either breaſt ruſhed the ſpears; nor yet lay the foes on earth. A rock received their fall; and half-reclined they lay in death. Each held the lock of his foe; and grimly ſeemed to roll his eyes. The ſtream of the rock leapt on their ſhields, and mixed below with blood.

The battle ceaſed in I-thorno. The ſtrangers met in peace: Cathmor from Atha of ſtreams, and Oſſian, king of harps. We placed the dead in earth. Our ſteps were by Runar's bay. With the bounding boat, afar, advanced a ridgy wave. Dark was the rider of ſeas, but a beam of light was there, like the ray of the ſun, in Stromlo's rolling ſmoke. It was the daughter [i] of Suran-dronlo, wild in brightened looks. Her eyes were wandering flames, amidſt diſordered locks. Forward is her white arm, with the ſpear; her high-heaving breaſt

is

is ſeen, white as foamy waves that riſe, by turns, amidſt rocks. They are beautiful, but they are terrible, and mariners call the winds.

Come, ye dwellers of Loda! Carchar, pale in the midſt of clouds! Sluthmor, that ſtrideſt in airy halls! Corchtur, terrible in winds! Receive from his daughters ſpear, the foes of Suran-dronlo.

No ſhadow, at his roaring ſtreams; no mildly-looking form was he! When he took up his ſpear, the hawks ſhook their ſounding wings: for blood was poured around the ſteps of dark-eyed Suran-dronlo.

He lighted me, no harmleſs beam, to glitter on his ſtreams. Like meteors, I was bright, but I blaſted the foes of Suran-dronlo——* * * * * * * * *

Nor unconcerned heard Sul-malla, the praiſe of Cathmor of ſhields. He was within her ſoul, like a fire in ſecret heath, which awakes at the voice of the blaſt, and ſends its beam abroad. Amidſt the ſong removed the daughter of kings, like the ſoft ſound of a ſummer breeze; when it lifts the heads of flowers, and curls the lakes and ſtreams.

By night came a dream to Oſſian; without form ſtood the ſhadow of Trenmor. He ſeemed to ſtrike the dim ſhield, on Selma's ſtreamy rock. I roſe, in my rattling ſteel; I knew that war was

near. Before the winds our ſails were ſpread; when Lumon ſhewed its ſtreams to the morn.

Come from the watching of night, Malvina, lonely beam!

NOTES ON

SUL-MALLA OF LUMON.

[a] The expedition of Oſſian to Inis huna, happened a ſhort time before Fingal paſſed over into Ireland, to dethrone Cairbar the ſon of Borbar-duthul. Cathmor, the brother of Cairbar, was aiding Conmor, king of Inis-huna, in the wars, at the time that Oſſian defeated Duth-carmor, in the valley of Rath-col. The poem is more intereſting, that it contains ſo many particulars concerning thoſe perſonages, who make ſo great a figure in Temora.

The exact correſpondence in the manners and cuſtoms of Inis-huna, as here deſcribed to thoſe of Caledonia, leaves no room to doubt, that the inhabitants of both were originally the ſame people. Some may alledge, that Oſſian might tranſfer, in his poetical deſcriptions, the manners of his own nation to foreigners. The objection is eaſily anſwered; for had Oſſian uſed that freedom in this paſſage, there is no reaſon why he ſhould paint the manners of the Scandinavians ſo different from thoſe of the Caledonians. We find, however, the former very different in their cuſtoms and ſuperſtitions from the nations of Britain and Ireland. The Scandinavian manners are remarkably barbarous and fierce, and ſeem to mark out a nation much leſs advanced

advanced in civil ſociety, than the inhabitants of Britain were in the times of Oſſian.

[b] Sul-malla here diſcovers the quality of Oſſian and Oſcar from their ſtature and ſtately gait. Among nations not far advanced in civilization, a ſuperior beauty and ſtatelineſs of perſon were inſeparable from nobility of blood. It was from theſe qualities, that thoſe of family were known by ſtrangers, not from tawdry trappings of ſtate injudiciouſly thrown round them. The cauſe of this diſtinguiſhing property, muſt, in ſome meaſure, be aſcribed to their unmixed blood. They had no inducement to intermarry with the vulgar: and no low notions of intereſt made them deviate from their choice, in their own ſphere. In ſtates, where luxury has been long eſtabliſhed, I am told, that beauty of perſon is, by no means, the characteriſtic of antiquity of family. This muſt be attributed to thoſe enervating vices, which are inſeparable from luxury and wealth. A great family, (to alter a little the words of the hiſtorian) it is true, like a river, becomes conſiderable from the length of its courſe, but, as it rolls on, hereditary diſtempers, as well as property flow ſucceſſively into it.

[c] Too partial to our own times, we are ready to mark our remote antiquity, as the region of ignorance and barbariſm. This, perhaps, is extending our prejudices too far. It has been long remarked, that knowledge, in a great meaſure, is founded on a free intercourſe between mankind; and that the mind is enlarged in proportion to the obſervations it has made upon the manners of different men and nations. If we look, with attention, into the hiſtory of Fingal, as delivered by Oſſian, we ſhall find that he was not altogether a poor ignorant hunter, confined to the narrow corner of an iſland. His expeditions to all parts of Scandinavia,

Scandinavia, to the north of Germany, and the different ſtates of Great Britain and Ireland, were very numerous, and performed under ſuch a character, and at ſuch times, as gave him an opportunity to mark the undiſguiſed manners of mankind. War, and an active life, as they call forth, by turns, all the powers of the ſoul, preſent to us the different characters of men; in times of peace and quiet, for want of objects to exert them, the powers of the mind lie concealed, in a great meaſure, and we ſee only artificial paſſions and manners. It is from this conſideration I conclude, that a traveller of penetration could gather more genuine knowledge from a tour of ancient Gaul, than from the minuteſt obſervation of all the artificial manners, and elegant refinements of modern France.

[d] Lormor was the ſon of Conmor, and the brother of Sul-malla. After the death of Conmor, Lormor ſucceeded him in the throne.

[e] Cathmor, the ſon of Borbar-duthul. It would appear, from the partiality with which Sul-malla ſpeaks of that hero, that ſhe had ſeen him, previous to his joining her father's army; though tradition poſitively aſſerts, that it was, after his return, that ſhe fell in love with him.

[f] I-thorno, ſays tradition, was an iſland of Scandinavia. In it, at a hunting party, met Culgorm and Surun-dronlo, the kings of two neighbouring iſles. They differed about the honour of killing a boar; and a war was kindled between them. From this epiſode we may learn, that the manners of the Scandinavians were much more ſavage and cruel, than thoſe of Britain. It is remarkable, that the names, introduced in this ſtory, are not of Galic original, which circumſtance affords room to ſuppoſe, that it had its foundation in true hiſtory.

[g] From

[g] From the circumſtance of Oſſian not being preſent at the rites deſcribed in the preceding paragraph, we may ſuppoſe that he held them in contempt. This difference of ſentiment, with regard to religion, is a ſort of argument, that the Caledonians were not originally a colony of Scandinavians, as ſome have imagined. Concerning ſo remote a period, mere conjecture muſt ſupply the place of argument and poſitive proofs.

[h] Culgorm and Suran-dronlo. The combat of the kings and their attitude in death are highly picturesque, and expreſſive of that ferocity of manners, which diſtinguiſhed the northern nations.

[i] Tradition has handed down the name of this princeſs. The bards call her Runo-forlo, which has no other ſort of title for being genuine, but its not being of Galic original; a diſtinction, which the bards had not the art to preſerve when they feigned names for foreigners. The highland ſenachies, who very often endeavoured to ſupply the deficiency, they thought they found in the tales of Oſſian, have given us the continuation of the ſtory of the daughter of Suran-dronlo. The cataſtrophe is ſo unnatural, and the circumſtances of it ſo ridiculouſly pompous, that for the ſake of the inventors, I ſhall conceal them.

The wildly beautiful appearance of Runo-forlo, made a deep impreſſion on a chief, ſome ages ago, who was himſelf no contemptible poet. The ſtory is romantic, but not incredible, if we make allowances for the lively imagination of a man of genius. Our chief ſailing, in a ſtorm, along one of the iſlands of Orkney, ſaw a woman, in a boat, near the ſhore, whom he thought, as he expreſſes it himſelf, *as beautiful as a ſudden ray of the ſun, on the dark heaving deep.* The verſes of Oſſian, on the attitude of Runo-forlo, which

which was ſo ſimilar to that of the woman in the boat, wrought ſo much on his fancy, that he fell deſperately in love. The winds, however, drove him from the coaſt, and, after a few days, he arrived at his reſidence in Scotland. There his paſſion increaſed to ſuch a degree, that two of his friends, fearing the conſequence, ſailed to the Orkneys, to carry to him the object of his deſire. Upon inquiry they ſoon found the nymph, and carried her to the enamoured chief: but mark his ſurpriſe, when, inſtead *of a ray of the ſun*, he ſaw a ſkinny fiſher woman, more than middle aged, appearing before him. Tradition here ends the ſtory: but it may be eaſily ſuppoſed that the paſſion of the chief ſoon ſubſided.

CATH-LODA:

CATH-LODA:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fingal, in one of his voyages to the Orkney iſlands, was driven, by ſtreſs of weather, into a bay of Scandinavia, near the reſidence of Starno, king of Lochlin. Starno invites Fingal to a feaſt. Fingal, doubting the faith of the king, and mindful of his former breach of hoſpitality, (Fingal, B. III.) refuſes to go. Starno gathers together his tribes; Fingal reſolves to defend himſelf. Night coming on, Duth-maruno propoſes to Fingal, to obſerve the motions of the enemy. The king himſelf undertakes the watch. Advancing towards the enemy, he, accidentally, comes to the cave of Turthor, where Starno had confined Conban-carglas, the captive daughter of a neighbouring chief. Her ſtory is imperfect, a part of the original being loſt. Fingal comes to a place of worſhip, where Starno, and his ſon Swaran, conſulted the ſpirit of Loda, concerning the iſſue of the war. The rencounter of Fingal and Swaran. The *Duan* concludes, with a deſcription of the airy hall of Cruth-loda, ſuppoſed to be the Odin of Scandinavia.

DUAN[a] FIRST.

A TALE of the times of old! Why, thou wanderer unſeen, that bendeſt the thiſtle of Lora, why, thou breeze of the valley, haſt thou

left mine ear? I hear no diſtant roar of ſtreams, no ſound of the harp, from the rocks! Come, thou huntreſs of Lutha, ſend back his ſoul to the bard.

I look forward to Lochlin of lakes, to the dark, ridgy bay of U-thorno, where Fingal deſcended from ocean, from the roar of winds. Few are the heroes of Morven, in a land unknown! Starno ſent a dweller of Loda, to bid Fingal to the feaſt: but the king remembered the paſt, and all his rage aroſe.

Nor Gormal's moſſy towers; nor Starno ſhall Fingal behold. Deaths wander, like ſhadows, over his fiery ſoul. Do I forget that beam of light, the white-handed daughter [b] of kings? Go, ſon of Loda; his words are but blaſts to Fingal: blaſts, that, to and fro, roll the thiſtle in autumnal vales.

Duth-maruno [c], arm of death! Cromma-glas, of iron ſhields! Struthmor, dweller of battle's wing! Cormar, whoſe ſhips bound on ſeas, careleſs as the courſe of a meteor, on dark ſtreaming clouds! Ariſe, around me, children of heroes, in a land unknown. Let each look on his ſhield, like Trenmor, the ruler of battles. "Come down, ſaid the king, thou dweller between the harps. Thou ſhalt roll this ſtream away, or dwell with me in earth."

Around

Around him they roſe in wrath. No words came forth: they ſeized their ſpears. Each ſoul is rolled into itſelf. At length the ſudden clang is waked, on all their echoing ſhields. Each took his hill, by night; at intervals, they darkly ſtood. Unequal burſts the hum of ſongs, between the roaring wind. Broad over them roſe the moon. In his arms, came tall Duth-maruno; he from Croma-charn of rocks, ſtern hunter of the boar. In his dark boat he roſe on waves, when Crumthormoth [d] awaked its woods. In the chaſe he ſhone, among his foes: No fear was thine, Duth-maruno.

Son of Comhal, he ſaid, my ſteps ſhall be forward through night. From this ſhield I ſhall view them, over their gleaming tribes. Starno, of lakes, is before me, and Swaran, the foe of ſtrangers. Their words are not in vain, by Loda's ſtone of power. If Duth-maruno returns not, his ſpouſe is lonely, at home, where meet two roaring ſtreams, on Crathmo-craulo's plain. Around are hills, with their woods: the ocean is rolling near. My ſon looks on ſcreaming ſea-fowl, young wanderer of the field. Give the head of a boar to Candona [e], tell him of his father's joy, when the briſtly ſtrength of I-thorno rolled on his lifted ſpear.

Not forgetting my fathers, ſaid Fingal, I have bounded over ridgy ſeas: theirs was the times of danger, in the days of old. Nor gathers darkneſs on me, before foes, though I am young, in my locks. Chief of Crathmo-craulo, the field of night is mine.

He ruſhed, in all his arms, wide-bounding over Turthor's ſtream, that ſent its ſullen roar, by night, through Gormal's miſty vale. A moon-beam glittered on a rock: in the midſt, ſtood a ſtately form; a form with floating locks, like Lochlin's white-boſomed maid. Unequal are her ſteps, and ſhort: ſhe throws a broken ſong on wind. At times ſhe toſſes her white arms: for grief is in her ſoul.

Torcul-torno [f], of aged locks! where now are thy ſteps, by Lulan? thou haſt failed, at thine own dark ſtreams, father of Conban-carglas! But I behold thee, chief of Lulan. Sporting by Loda's hall, when the dark-ſkirted night is poured along the ſky.

Thou, ſometimes, hideſt the moon, with thy ſhield. I have ſeen her dim, in heaven. Thou kindleſt thy hair into meteors, and faileſt along the night. Why am I forgot in my cave, king of ſhaggy boars? Look from the hall of Loda, on lonely Conban-carglas.

"Who art thou, ſaid Fingal, voice of night?" She trembling, turned away. "Who art thou, in thy

thy darkneſs?" She ſhrunk into the cave. The king looſed the thong from her hands; he aſked about her fathers.

Torcul-torno, ſhe ſaid, once dwelt at Lulan's foamy ſtream: he dwelt—but, now, in Loda's hall, he ſhakes the ſounding ſhell. He met Starno of Lochlin, in battle; long fought the dark-eyed kings. My father fell, at length, blue-ſhielded Torcul-torno.

By a rock, at Lulan's ſtream, I had pierced the bounding roe. My white hand gathered my hair, from off the ſtream of winds. I heard a noiſe. Mine eyes were up. My ſoft breaſt roſe on high. My ſtep was forward, at Lulan, to meet thee, Torcul-torno!

It was Starno, dreadful king! His red eyes rolled on Conban-carglas. Dark waved his ſhaggy brow, above his gathered ſmile. Where is my father, I ſaid, he that was mighty in war? Thou art left alone among foes, daughter of Torcul-torno!

He took my hand. He raiſed the ſail. In this cave he placed me dark. At times, he comes, a gathered miſt. He lifts before me, my father's ſhield. Often paſſes a beam [g] of youth, far-diſtant from my cave. He dwells lonely in the ſoul of the daughter of Torcul-torno.

Daughter

Daughter of Lulan, ſaid Fingal, white-handed Conban-carglas; a cloud, marked with ſtreaks of fire, is rolled along thy ſoul. Look not to that dark-robed moon; nor yet to thoſe meteors of heaven; my gleaming ſteel is around thee, daughter of Torcul-torno.

It is not the ſteel of the feeble, nor of the dark in ſoul. The maids are not ſhut in our [b] caves of ſtreams; nor toſſing their white arms alone. They bend, fair within their locks, above the harps of Selma. Their voice is not in the deſart wild, young light of Torcul-torno.

* * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

Fingal again, advanced his ſteps, wide through the boſom of night, to where the trees of Loda ſhook amidſt ſqually winds. Three ſtones, with heads of moſs, are there; a ſtream, with foaming courſe; and dreadful, rolled around them, is the dark-red cloud of Loda. From its top looked forward a ghoſt, half-formed of the ſhadowy ſmoke. He poured his voice, at times, amidſt the roaring ſtream. Near, bending beneath a blaſted tree, two heroes received his words: Swaran of the lakes, and Starno foe of ſtrangers. On their dun ſhields, they darkly leaned: their ſpears are forward in night.

night. Shrill ſounds the blaſt of darkneſs, in Starno's floating beard.

They heard the tread of Fingal. The warriors roſe in arms. "Swaran, lay that wanderer low, ſaid Starno, in his pride. Take the ſhield of thy father; it is a rock in war." Swaran threw his gleaming ſpear; it ſtood fixed in Loda's tree. Then came the foes forward, with ſwords. They mixed their rattling ſteel. Through the thongs of Swaran's ſhield ruſhed the blade of Luno. The ſhield fell rolling on earth. Cleft the helmet fell down. Fingal ſtopt the lifted ſteel. Wrathful ſtood Swaran unarmed. He rolled his ſilent eyes, and threw his ſword on earth. Then, ſlowly ſtalking over the ſtream, he whiſtled as he went.

Nor unſeen of his father is Swaran. Starno turned away in wrath. His ſhaggy brows waved dark, above his gathered rage. He ſtruck Loda's tree, with his ſpear; he raiſed the hum of ſongs. They came to the hoſt of Lochlin, each in his own dark path; like two foam-covered ſtreams, from two rainy vales.

To Turthor's plain Fingal returned. Fair roſe the beam of the eaſt. It ſhone on the ſpoils of Lochlin in the hand of the king. From her cave came forth, in her beauty, the daughter of Toreul-torno. She gathered her hair from wind; and wildly

wildly raiſed her ſong. The ſong of Lulan of ſhells where once her father dwelt.

She ſaw Starno's bloody ſhield. Gladneſs roſe, a light, on her face. She ſaw the cleft helmet of Swaran!; ſhe ſhrunk, darkened, from the king. "Art thou fallen, by thy hundred ſtreams, O love of Conban-carglas!"

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

U-thorno, that riſeſt in waters; on whoſe ſide are the meteors of night! I behold the dark moon deſcending behind thy echoing woods. On thy top dwells the miſty Loda, the houſe of the ſpirits of men. In the end of his cloudy hall bends forward Cruth-loda of ſwords. His form is dimly ſeen, amidſt his wavy miſt. His right-hand is on his ſhield: in his left is the half-viewleſs ſhell. The roof of his dreadful hall is marked with nightly fires.

The race of Cruth-loda advance, a ridge of formleſs ſhades. He reaches the ſounding ſhell, to thoſe who ſhone in war; but, between him and the feeble, his ſhield riſes, a cruſt of darkneſs. He is a ſetting meteor to the weak in arms. Bright, as a rainbow on ſtreams, came white-armed Conban-carglas.

* * * * * * * *

NOTES

NOTES ON

CATH-LODA.

DUAN FIRST.

[a] The bards diſtinguiſhed thoſe compoſitions, in which the narration is often interrupted, by epiſodes and apoſtrophes, by the name of *Duan*. Since the extinction of the order of the bards, it has been a general name for all ancient compoſitions in verſe. The abrupt manner in which the ſtory of this poem begins, may render it obſcure to ſome readers; it may not therefore be improper, to give here the traditional preface, which is generally prefixed to it. Two years after he took to wife Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac, king of Ireland, Fingal undertook an expedition into Orkney, to viſit his friend Cathulla, king of Iniſtore. After ſtaying a few days at Carric-thura, the reſidence of Cathulla, the king ſet ſail, to return to Scotland; but a violent ſtorm ariſing, his ſhips were driven into a bay of Scandinavia, near Gormal, the ſeat of Starno, king of Lochlin, his avowed enemy. Starno, upon the appearance of ſtrangers on his coaſt, ſummoned together the neighbouring tribes, and advanced, in a hoſtile manner, towards the bay of Uthorno, where Fingal had taken ſhelter. Upon diſcovering who the ſtrangers were, and fearing the valour of Fingal, which he had, more than once, experienced before, he reſolved to accompliſh by treachery, what he was afraid he ſhould fail in by open force. He invited, therefore, Fingal to a feaſt, at which he intended to aſſaſſinate him. The king prudently declined to go, and Starno betook himſelf

to arms. The ſequel of the ſtory may be learned from the poem itſelf.

b Agandecca, the daughter of Starno, whom her father killed, on account of her diſcovering to Fingal, a plot laid againſt his life. Her ſtory is related at large, in the third book of Fingal.

c Duth-maruno is a name very famous in tradition. Many of his great actions are handed down, but the poems which contained the detail of them, are long ſince loſt. He lived, it is ſuppoſed, in that part of the north of Scotland, which is over againſt Orkney. Duth-maruno, Cromma-glas Strouthmor, and Cormar, are mentioned, as attending Comhal, in his laſt battle againſt the tribe of Morni, in a poem, which is ſtill preſerved. It is not the work of Oſſian; the phraſeology betrays it to be a modern compoſition. It is ſomething like thoſe trivial compoſitions, which the Iriſh bards forged, under the name of Oſſian, in the fifteenth and ſixteenth centuries. Duth-maruno ſignifies, *black and ſteady;* Cromma-glas, *bending and ſwarthy;* Struthmor, *roaring ſtream;* Cormar, *expert at ſea.*

d Crumthormoth, one of the Orkney or Shetland iſlands. The name is not of Galic original. It was ſubject to its own petty king, who is mentioned in one of Oſſian's poems.

e Cean-daona, *head of the people*, the ſon of Duth-maruno. He became afterwards famous, in the expeditions of Oſſian, after the death of Fingal. The traditional tales concerning him are very numerous, and, from the epithet, in them, beſtowed on him *(Candona of boars)* it would appear, that he applied himſelf to that kind of hunting, which his father, in this paragraph, is ſo anxious to recommend to him. As I have mentioned the traditional tales of the Highlands, it may not be improper here, to give ſome account

account of them. After the expulſion of the bards from the houſes of the chiefs, they being an indolent race of men, owed all their ſubſiſtence to the generoſity of the vulgar, whom they diverted with repeating the compoſitions of their predeceſſors, and running up the genealogies of their entertainers to the family of their chiefs. As this ſubject was, however, ſoon exhauſted, they were obliged to have recourſe to invention, and form ſtories having no foundation in fact, which were ſwallowed, with great credulity, by an ignorant multitude. By frequent repeating, the fables grew upon their hands, and, as each threw in whatever circumſtance he thought conducive to raiſe the admiration of his hearers, the ſtory became, at laſt, ſo devoid of all probability, that even the vulgar themſelves did not believe it. They, however, liked the tales ſo well, that the bards found their advantage in turning profeſſed tale-makers. They then launched out into the wildeſt regions of fiction and romance. I firmly believe there are more ſtories of giants, inchanted caſtles, dwarfs, and palfreys, in the Highlands, than in any country in Europe. Theſe tales, it is certain, like other romantic compoſitions, have many things in them unnatural, and, conſequently, diſguſtful to true taſte; but, I know not how it happens, they command attention more than any other fictions I ever met with. The extreme length of theſe pieces is very ſurpriſing, ſome of them requiring many days to repeat them, but ſuch hold they take of the memory, that few circumſtances are ever omitted by thoſe who have received them only from oral tradition: What is more amazing, the very language of the bards is ſtill preſerved. It is curious to ſee, that the deſcriptions of magnificence, introduced in theſe tales, is even ſuperior to all the pompous oriental fictions of the kind.

f Torcul-torno, according to tradition, was king of Crathlun, a diſtrict in Sweden. The river Lulan ran near the reſidence of Torcul-torno. There is a river in Sweden ſtill called Lula, which is probably the ſame with Lulan. The war between Starno and Torcul-torno, which terminated in the death of the latter, had its riſe, at a hunting party. Starno being invited, in a friendly manner, by Torcul-torno, both kings, with their followers, went to the mountains of Stivamor, to hunt. A boar ruſhed from the wood before the kings, and Torcul-torno killed it. Starno thought this behaviour a breach upon the privilege of gueſts who were always *honoured*, as tradition expreſſes it, *with the danger of the chaſe*. A quarrel aroſe, the kings came to battle, with all their attendants, and the party of Torcul-torno were totally defeated, and he himſelf ſlain. Starno purſued his victory, laid waſte the diſtrict of Crathlun, and coming to the reſidence of Torcul-torno, carried off, by force, Conban-carglas, the beautiful daughter of his enemy. Her he confined in a cave, near the palace of Gormal, where, on account of her cruel treatment, ſhe became diſtracted.

The paragraph juſt now before us, is the ſong of Conban-carglas, at the time ſhe was diſcovered by Fingal. It is in Lyric meaſure, and ſet to muſic, which is wild and ſimple, and ſo inimitably ſuited to the ſituation of the unhappy lady, that few can hear it without tears.

g By *the beam of youth*, it afterwards appears, that Conban-carglas means Swaran, the ſon of Starno, with whom, during her confinement, ſhe had fallen in love.

h From this contraſt, which Fingal draws, between his own nation, and the inhabitants of Scandinavia, we may learn, that the former were much leſs barbarous than the latter.

latter. This diſtinction is ſo much obſerved throughout the poems of Oſſian, that there can be no doubt, that he followed the real manners of both nations in his own time. At the cloſe of the ſpeech of Fingal, there is a great part of the original loſt.

[i] The ſword of Fingal, ſo called from its maker, Luno of Lochlin.

[k] The helmet of Swaran. The behaviour of Fingal is always conſiſtent with that generoſity of ſpirit which belongs to a hero. He takes no advantage of a foe diſarmed.

[l] Conban-carglas, from ſeeing the helmet of Swaran bloody in the hands of Fingal, conjectured, that the hero was killed. A part of the original is loſt. It appears, however, from the ſequel of the poem, that the daughter of Torcul-torno did not long ſurvive her ſurpriſe, occaſioned by the ſuppoſed death of her lover. The deſcription of the airy hall of Loda (which is ſuppoſed to be the ſame with that of Odin, the deity of Scandinavia) is more picturеſque and deſcriptive, than any in the Edda, or other works of the northern Scalders.

CATH-LODA:

CATH-LODA:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fingal returning, with day, devolves the command of the army on Duth-maruno, who engages the enemy, and drives them over the ſtream of Turthor. Fingal, after recalling his people, congratulates Duth-maruno on his ſucceſs, but diſcovers that the hero was mortally wounded in the engagement. Duth-maruno dies. Ullin, the bard, in honour of the dead, introduces the epiſode of Colgorm and Strina-dona, with which the *Duan* concludes.

DUAN SECOND.

WHERE art thou, ſon of the king, ſaid dark-haired Duth-maruno? Where haſt thou failed, young beam of Selma? He returns not from the boſom of night! Morning is ſpread on U-thorno: in his miſt is the ſun, on his hill. Warriors, lift the ſhields, in my preſence. He muſt not fall, like a fire from heaven, whoſe place is not marked on the ground. He comes like an eagle, from the ſkirt of his ſqually wind! In his hand are the ſpoils of foes. King of Selma, our ſouls were ſad.

Near

Near us are the foes, Duth-maruno. They come forward, like waves in miſt, when their foamy tops are ſeen, at times, above the low-ſailing vapour. The traveller ſhrinks on his journey, and knows not whether to fly. No trembling travellers are we! Sons of heroes, call forth the ſteel. Shall the ſword of Fingal ariſe, or ſhall a warrior lead?

The [2] deeds of old, ſaid Duth-maruno, are like paths to our eyes, O Fingal. Broad-ſhielded Trenmor is ſtill ſeen, amidſt his own dim years. Nor feeble was the ſoul of the king. There, no dark deed wandered in ſecret. From their hundred ſtreams came the tribes, to graſſy Colglan-crona. Their chiefs were before them. Each ſtrove to lead the war. Their ſwords were often half unſheathed. Red rolled their eyes of rage. Separate they ſtood, and hummed their ſurly ſongs. "Why ſhould they yield to each other? their fathers were equal in war."

Trenmor was there, with his people, ſtately in youthful locks. He ſaw the advancing foe. The grief of his ſoul aroſe. He bade the chiefs to lead, by turns: they led, but they were rolled away. From his own moſſy hill, blue-ſhielded Trenmor came down. He led wide-ſkirted battle, and the ſtrangers failed. Around him the dark-browed warriors

warriors came: they ſtruck the ſhield of joy. Like a pleaſant gale, the words of power ruſhed forth from Selma of kings. But the chiefs led, by turns, in war, till mighty danger roſe: then was the hour of the king to conquer in the field.

"Not unknown, ſaid Cromma-glas [b] of ſhields, are the deeds of our fathers. But who ſhall now lead the war, before the race of kings? Miſt ſettles on theſe four dark hills: within it let each warrior ſtrike his ſhield. Spirits may deſcend in darkneſs, and mark us for the war." They went, each to his hill of miſt. Bards marked the ſounds of the ſhields. Loudeſt rung thy boſs, Duth-maruno. Thou muſt lead in war.

Like the murmur of waters, the race of U-thorno came down. Starno led the battle, and Swaran of ſtormy iſles. They looked forward from iron ſhields, like Cruth-loda fiery-eyed, when he looks from behind the darkened moon, and ſtrews his ſigns on night.

The foes met by Turthor's ſtream. They heaved like ridgy waves. Their echoing ſtrokes are mixed. Shadowy death flies over the hoſts. They were clouds of hail, with ſqually winds in their ſkirts. Their ſhowers are roaring together. Below them ſwells the dark-rolling deep.

Strife

Strife of gloomy U-thorno, why ſhould I mark thy wounds? Thou art with the years that are gone: thou fadeſt on my ſoul. Starno brought forward his ſkirt of war, and Swaran his own dark wing. Nor a harmleſs fire is Duth-maruno's ſword. Lochlin is rolled over her ſtreams. The wrathful kings are folded in thoughts. They roll their ſilent eyes, over the flight of their land. The horn of Fingal was heard; the ſons of woody Albion returned. But many lay, by Turthor's ſtream, ſilent in their blood.

Chief of Crom-charn, ſaid the king, Duth-maruno, hunter of boars! not harmleſs returns my eagle, from the field of foes. For this white-boſomed Lanul ſhall brighten at her ſtreams; Candona ſhall rejoice, at rocky Crathmo-craulo.

Colgorm[c], replied the chief, was the firſt of my race in Albion; Colgorm, the rider of ocean, through its watry vales. He ſlew his brother in I-thorno: he left the land of his fathers. He choſe his place, in ſilence, by rocky Crathmo-craulo. His race came forth, in their years; they came forth to war, but they always fell. The wound of my fathers is mine, king of echoing iſles!

He drew an arrow from his ſide. He fell pale, in a land unknown. His ſoul came forth to his fathers, to their ſtormy iſle. There they purſued

boars of miſt, along the ſkirts of winds. The chiefs ſtood ſilent around, as the ſtones of Loda, on their hill. The traveller ſees them through the twilight, from his lonely path. He thinks them the ghoſts of the aged, forming future wars.

Night came down on U-thorno. Still ſtood the chiefs in their grief. The blaſt hiſſed, by turns, through every warrior's hair. Fingal, at length, burſted forth from the thoughts of his ſoul. He called Ullin of harps, and bade the ſong to riſe. No falling fire, that is only ſeen, and then retires in night; no departing meteor was Crathmo-craulo's chief. He was like the ſtrong-beaming ſun, long rejoicing on his hill. Call the names of his fathers, from their dwellings of old.

I-thorno[d], ſaid the bard, that riſeſt midſt ridgy ſeas! Why is thy head ſo gloomy, in the ocean's miſt? From thy vales came forth a race fearleſs as thy ſtrong winged eagles; the race of Colgorm of iron ſhields, dwellers of Loda's hall.

In Tormoth's reſounding iſle, aroſe Lurthan, ſtreamy hill. It bent its woody head above a ſilent vale. There, at foamy Cruruth's ſource, dwelt Rurmar, hunter of boars. His daughter was fair as a ſun-beam, white-boſomed Strinadona!

Many a king of heroes, and hero of iron ſhields; many a youth of heavy locks came to Rurmar's

echoing

echoing hall. They came to woo the maid, the ſtately huntreſs of Tormoth wild. But thou look-eſt careleſs from thy ſteps, high-boſomed Strina-dono!

If on the heath ſhe moved, her breaſt was whiter than the down of Cana [c]; if on the ſea-beat ſhore, than the foam of the rolling ocean. Her eyes were two ſtars of light; her face was heaven's bow in ſhowers; her dark hair flowed round it, like the ſtreaming clouds. Thou wert the dweller of ſouls, white-handed Strina-dona!

Colgorm came, in his ſhip, and Corcul-Suran, king of ſhells. The brothers came, from I-thorno, to woo the ſun-beam of Tormoth's iſle. She ſaw them in their echoing ſteel. Her ſoul was fix-ed on blue-eyed Colgorm. Ul-lochlin's [f] nightly eye looked in, and ſaw the toſſing arms of Strina-dona.

Wrathful the brothers frowned. Their flaming eyes, in ſilence, met. They turned away. They ſtruck their ſhields. Their hands were trembling on their ſwords. They ruſhed into the ſtrife of heroes, for long-haired Strinadona.

Corcul-Suran fell in blood. On his iſle, raged the ſtrength of his father. He turned Colgorm, from I-thorno, to wander on all the winds. In Crathmo-craulo's rocky field, he dwelt by a foreign

ſtream. Nor darkened the king alone, that beam of light was near, the daughter of echoing Tormoth, white-armed Strina-dona. [g]

NOTES ON

CATH-LODA.

DUAN SECOND.

[a] In this ſhort epiſode we have a very probable account given us, of the origin of monarchy in Caledonia. The *Cael*, or Gauls, who poſſeſſed the countries to the north of the Firth of Edinburgh, were, originally, a number of diſtinct tribes, or clans, each ſubject to its own chief, who was free and independent of any other power. When the Romans invaded them, the common danger might, perhaps, have induced thoſe *reguli* to join together, but, as they were unwilling to yield to the command of one of their own number, their battles were ill-conducted, and, conſequently, unſucceſsful. Trenmor was the firſt who repreſented to the chiefs, the bad conſequences of carrying on their wars in this irregular manner, and adviſed, that they themſelves ſhould alternately lead in battle. They did ſo, but they were unſucceſsful. When it came to Trenmor's turn, he totally defeated the enemy, by his ſuperior valour and conduct, which gained him ſuch an intereſt among the tribes, that he, and his family after him, were regarded as kings; or, to uſe the poets expreſſion, *the words of power ruſhed forth from Selmo of kings.* The regal

gal authority, however, except in time of war, was but inconſiderable; for every chief, within his own diſtrict, was abſolute and independent. From the ſcene of the battle in this epiſode (which was in the valley of Crona, a little to the north of Agricola's wall) I ſhould ſuppoſe that the enemies of the Caledonians were the Romans, or provincial Britons.

[b] In tradition, this Cromma-glas makes a great figure in that battle which Comhal loſt, together with his life, to the tribe of Morni. I have juſt now, in my hands, an Iriſh compoſition, of a very modern date, as appears from the language, in which all the traditions, concerning that deciſive engagement, are jumbled together. In juſtice to the merit of the poem, I ſhould have here preſented to the reader a tranſlation of it, did not the bard mention ſome circumſtances very ridiculous, and others altogether indecent. Morna, the wife of Comhal, had a principal hand in all the tranſactions, previous to the defeat and death of her huſband; ſhe, to uſe the words of the bard, *who was the guiding ſtar of the women of Erin.* The bard, it is to be hoped, miſrepreſented the ladies of his country, for Morna's behaviour was, according to him, ſo void of all decency, and virtue, that it cannot be ſuppoſed, they had choſen her for their *guiding ſtar.* The poem conſiſts of many ſtanzas. The language is figurative, and the numbers harmonious; but the piece is ſo full of anachoniſms, and ſo unequal in its compoſition, that the author, moſt undoubtedly, was either mad, or drunk, when he wrote it. It is worthy of being remarked, that Comhal is, in this poem, very often called, *Combal na b' Albin*, or *Combal of Albion.* Which ſufficiently demonſtrates, that the allegations of Keating and O'Flaherty, concerning *Fion Mac-Connal*, are but of late invention.

[c] The

[c] The family of Duth-maruuo, it appears, came originally from Scandinavia, or, at leaſt, from ſome of the northern iſles, ſubject in chief, to the kings of Lochlin. The Highland ſenachies, who never miſſed to make their comments on, and additions to, the works of Oſſian, have given us a long liſt of the anceſtors of Duth-maruno, and a particular account of their actions, many of which are of the marvellous kind. One of the tale-makers of the north has choſen for his hero, Starnmor, the father of Duth-maruno, and, conſidering the adventures through which he has led him, the piece is neither diſagreeable, nor abounding with that kind of fiction, which ſhocks credibility.

[d] This epiſode is, in the original, extremely beautiful. It is ſet to that wild kind of muſic, which ſome of the Highlanders diſtinguiſh, by the title of *Fon Oio-Marra*, or, the *Song of Mermaids*. Some part of the air is abſolutely infernal, but there are many returns in the meaſure, which are inexpreſſibly wild and beautiful. From the genius of the muſic, I ſhould think it came originally from Scandinavia, for the fictions delivered down concerning the *Oi-marra*, (who are reputed the authors of the muſic) exactly correſpond with the notions of the northern nations, concerning their *diræ*, or *goddeſſes of death*. Of all the names in this epiſode, there is none of a Galic original, except Strina-dona, which ſignifies, the *ſtrife of heroes*.

[e] The *Cana* is a certain kind of graſs, which grows plentifully in the heathy moraſſes of the north. Its ſtalk is of the reedy kind, and it carries a tuft of down, very much reſembling cotton. It is exceſſively white, and, conſequently, often introduced by the bards, in their ſimilies concerning the beauty of women.

[f] Ul-

f Ul-lochlin, *the guide to Lochlin;* the name of a ſtar.

g The continuation of this epiſode is juſt now in my hands: but the language is ſo different from, and the ideas ſo unworthy of, Oſſian, that I have rejected it, as an interpolation by a modern bard.

CATH-LODA:

CATH-LODA:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Oſſian, after ſome general reflections, deſcribes the ſituation of Fingal, and the poſition of the army of Lochlin. The converſation of Starno and Swaran. The epiſode of Cormar-trunar and Foinar-bragal. Starno, from his own example, recommends to Swaran, to ſurpriſe Fingal, who had retired alone to a neighbouring hill. Upon Swaran's refuſal, Starno undertakes the enterpriſe himſelf, is overcome, and taken priſoner, by Fingal. He is diſmiſſed, after a ſevere reprimand for his cruelty.

DUAN THIRD.

WHENCE is the ſtream of years? Whither do thy roll along? Where have they hid, in miſt, their many-coloured ſides? I look into the times of old, but they ſeem dim to Oſſian's eyes, like reflected moon beams, on a diſtant lake. Here riſe the red beams of war! There, ſilent, dwells a feeble race! They mark no years with their deeds, as ſlow they paſs along. Dweller between the ſhields; thou that awakeſt the failing ſoul, deſcend from thy wall, harp of Cona, with thy voices three!

Come

Come with that which kindles the paſt: rear the forms of old, on their own dark-brown years!

U-thorno [a], hill of ſtorms, I behold my race on thy ſide. Fingal is bending, in night, over Duthmaruno's tomb. Near him are the ſteps of his heroes, hunters of the boar. By Turthor's ſtream the hoſt of Lochlin is deep in ſhades. The wrathful kings ſtood on two hills; they looked forward from their boſſy ſhields. They looked forward on the ſtars of night, red-wandering in the weſt. Cruthloda bends from high, like a formleſs meteor in the clouds. He ſends abroad the winds, and marks them, with his ſigns. Starno foreſaw, that Morven's king was never to yield in war.

He twice ſtruck the tree in wrath. He ruſhed before his ſon. He hummed a ſurly ſong; and heard his hair in wind. Turned [b] from one another, they ſtood, like two oaks, which different winds had bent; each hangs over its own loud rill, and ſhakes its boughs in the courſe of blaſts.

Annir, ſaid Starno of lakes, was a fire that conſumed of old. He poured death from his eyes, along the ſtriving fields. His joy was in the fall of men. Blood to him, was a ſummer ſtream, that brings joy to withered vales, from its own moſſy rock. He came forth to the lake Luth-cormo, to

meet the tall Corman-trunar, he from Urlor of ſtreams, dweller of battle's wing.

The chief of Urlor had come to Gormal, with his dark-boſomed ſhips; he ſaw the daughter of Annir, white-armed Foinar-bragal. He ſaw her: nor careleſs rolled her eyes, on the rider of ſtormy waves. She fled to his ſhip in darkneſs, like a moon-beam through a nightly vale. Annir purſued along the deep; he called the winds of heaven. Nor alone was the king; Starno was by his ſide. Like U-thorno's young eagle, I turned my eyes on my father.

We came to roaring Urlor. With his people came tall Corman-trunar. We fought; but the foe prevailed. In his wrath ſtood Annir of lakes. He lopped the young trees, with his ſword. His eyes rolled red in his rage. I marked the ſoul of the king, and I retired in night. From the field I took a broken helmet: a ſhield that was pierced with ſteel: pointleſs was the ſpear in my hand. I went to find the foe.

On a rock ſat tall Corman-trunar, beſide his burning oak; and near him, beneath a tree, ſat deep-boſomed Foinar-bragal. I threw my broken ſhield before her; and ſpoke the words of peace. Beſide his rolling ſea, lies Annir of many lakes. The king was pierced in battle; and Starno is to raiſe

raiſe his tomb. Me, a ſon of Loda, he ſends to white-handed Foinar-bragal, to bid her ſend a lock from her hair, to reſt with her father, in earth. And thou king of roaring Urlor, let the battle ceaſe, till Annir receive the ſhell, from fiery-eyed Cruth-loda.

Burſting [c] into tears, ſhe roſe, and tore a lock from her hair; a lock, which wandered, in the blaſt, along her heaving breaſt. Corman-trunar gave the ſhell; and bade me to rejoice before him. I reſted in the ſhade of night; and hide my face in my helmet deep. Sleep deſcended on the foe.

roſe, like a ſtalking ghoſt. I pierced the ſide of Corman-trunar. Nor did Foinar-bragal eſcape. She rolled her white boſom in blood. Why then, daughter of heroes, didſt thou wake my rage? Morning roſe. The foe were fled, like the departure of miſt. Annir ſtruck his boſſy ſhield. He called his dark-haired ſon. I came, ſtreaked with wandering blood: thrice roſe the ſhout of the king, like the burſting forth of a ſquall of wind, from a cloud, by night. We rejoiced, three days, above the dead, and called the hawks of heaven. They came, from all their winds, to feaſt on Annir's foes. Swaran! Fingal is alone [d], on his hill of night. Let thy ſpear pierce the king in ſecret; like Annir, my ſoul ſhall rejoice.

Son of Annir of Gormal, Swaran ſhall not ſlay in ſhades. I move forth in light: the hawks ruſh from all their winds. They are wont to trace my courſe: it is not harmleſs through war.

Burning roſe the rage of the king. He thrice raiſed his gleaming ſpear. But ſtarting, he ſpared his ſon; and ruſhed into the night. By Turthor's ſtream a cave is dark, the dwelling of Conban-carglas. There he laid the helmet of kings, and called the maid of Lulan, but ſhe was diſtant far, in Loda's reſounding hall.

Swelling with rage, he ſtrode, to where Fingal lay alone. The king was laid on his ſhield, on his own ſecret hill. Stern hunter of ſhaggy boars, no feeble maid is laid before thee: no boy, on his ferny bed, by Turthmor's murmuring ſtream. Here is ſpread the couch of the mighty, from which they riſe to deeds of death. Hunter of ſhaggy boars awaken not the terrible.

Starno came murmuring on. Fingal aroſe in arms. "Who art thou, ſon of night?" Silent he threw the ſpear. They mixed their gloomy ſtrife. The ſhield of Starno fell, cleft in twain. He is bound to an oak. The early beam aroſe. Then Fingal beheld the king of Gormal. He rolled awhile his ſilent eyes. He thought of other days, when white-boſomed Agandecca moved like the muſic

muſic of ſongs. He looſed the thong from his hands. Son of Annir, he ſaid, retire. Retire to Gormal of ſhells: a beam that was ſet returns. I remember thy white-boſomed daughter; dreadful king away! Go to thy troubled dwelling, cloudy foe of the lovely! Let the ſtranger ſhun thee, thou gloomy in the hall!

A TALE of the times of old!

NOTES ON CATH-LODA.

DUAN THIRD.

[2] The bards, who were always ready to ſupply what they thought deficient in the poems of Oſſian, have inſerted a great many incidents between the ſecond and third *Duan* of Cath-loda. Their interpolations are ſo eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the genuine remains of Oſſian, that it took me very little time to mark them out, and totally to reject them. If the modern Scots and Iriſh bards have ſhewn any judgement, it is in aſcribing their own compoſitions to names of antiquity, for, by that means, they themſelves have eſcaped that contempt, which the authors of ſuch futile performances muſt, neceſſarily, have met with, from people of true taſte. I was led into this obſervation, by an Iriſh poem, juſt now before me. It concerns a deſcent made by Swaran, king of Lochlin, on Ireland, and is the work, ſays the traditional

traditional preface prefixed to it, of *Oſſian Mac-Fion*. It however appears, from ſeveral pious ejaculations, that it was rather the compoſition of ſome good prieſt, in the fifteenth or ſixteenth century, for he ſpeaks, with great devotion, of pilgrimage, and more particularly, of the *blue-eyed daughters of the convent*. Religious, however, as this poet was, he was not altogether decent, in the ſcenes he introduces between Swaran and the wife of *Congcullion*, both of whom he repreſents as giants. It happening unfortunately that *Congcullion* was only of a moderate ſtature, his wife, without heſitation, preferred Swaran, as a more adequate match for her own gigantic ſize. From this fatal preference proceeded ſo much miſchief, that the good poet altogether loſt ſight of his principal action, and he ends the piece, with an advice to men, in the choice of their wives, which, however good it may be, I ſhall leave concealed in the obſcurity of the original.

[b] The ſurly attitude of Starno and Swaran is well adapted to their fierce and uncomplying diſpoſition. Their characters, at firſt ſight, ſeem little different; but, upon examination, we find that the poet has dexterouſly diſtinguiſhed between them. They were both dark, ſtubborn, haughty, and reſerved; but Starno was cunning, revengeful, and cruel, to the higheſt degree; the diſpoſition of Swaran, though ſavage, was leſs bloody, and ſomewhat tinctured with generoſity. It is doing injuſtice to Oſſian, to ſay, that he has not a great variety of characters.

[c] Oſſian is very partial to the fair ſex. Even the daughter of cruel Annir, the ſiſter of the revengeful and bloody Starno, partakes not of thoſe diſagreeable characters ſo peculiar to her family. She is altogether tender and delicate. Homer, of all ancient poets, uſes the ſex with leaſt ceremo-

ny.

ny. His cold contempt is even worſe, than the downright abuſe of the moderns; for to draw abuſe implies the poſſeſſion of ſome merit.

[d] Fingal, according to the cuſtom of the Caledonian kings, had retired to a hill alone, as he himſelf was to reſume the command of the army the next day. Starno might have ſome intelligence of the king's retiring, which occaſions his requeſt to Swaran, to ſtab him; as he foreſaw by his art of divination, that he could not overcome him in open battle.

OINA-MORUL:

OINA-MORUL:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

After an addreſs to Malvina, the daughter of Toſcar, Oſſian proceeds to relate his own expedition to Fuarfed, an iſland of Scandinavia. Mal-orchol, king of Fuarfed, being hard preſſed in war, by Tonthormod, chief of Sardronlo, (who had demanded, in vain, the daughter of Mal-orchol in marriage) Fingal ſent Oſſian to his aid. Oſſian, on the day after his arrival, came to battle with Ton-thormod, and took him priſoner. Mal-orchol offers his daughter Oina-morul to Oſſian; but he, diſcovering her paſſion for Ton-thormod, generouſly ſurrenders her to her lover, and brings about a reconciliation between the two kings.

AS flies the unconſtant ſun, over Larmon's graſſy hill; ſo paſs the tales of old, along my ſoul, by night. When bards are removed to their place; when harps are hung in Selma's hall; then comes a voice to Oſſian, and awakes his ſoul. It is the voice of years that are gone: they roll before me, with all their deeds. I ſeize the tales, as they paſs, and pour them forth in ſong. Nor a troubled ſtream is the ſong of the king, it is like the riſing

——— I gave the long haired maid

Bibliothèque Municipale

Biblioteca
Nazionale
NAPOLI

riſing of muſic from Lutha of the ſtrings. Lutha, of many ſtrings, not ſilent are thy ſtreamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina move upon the harp. Light of the ſhadowy thoughts, that fly acroſs my ſoul, daughter of Toſcar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the ſong! We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away.

It was in the days of the king [a], while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin [b], on high, from ocean's nightly wave. My courſe was towards the iſle of Fuarfed, woody dweller of ſeas. Fingal had ſent me to the aid of Mal-orchol, king of Fuarfed wild: for war was around him, and our fathers had met, at the feaſt.

In Col-coiled, I bound my ſails, and ſent my ſword to Mal-orchol of ſhells. He knew the ſignal of Albion, and the joy aroſe. He came from his own high hall, and ſeized my hand in grief. "Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many ſpears is the chief of wavy Sar-dronlo. He ſaw and loved my daughter white-boſomed Oina-morul. He ſought; I denied the maid; for our fathers had been foes. He came, with battle, to Fuarfed. My people are rolled away. Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king?"

I come not, I ſaid, to look, like a boy, on the ſtrife. Fingal remembers Mal-orchol, and his hall for ſtrangers. From his waves, the warrior deſcended, on thy woody iſle. Thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feaſt was ſpread with ſongs. For this my ſword ſhall riſe; and thy foes perhaps may fail. Our friends are not forgot in their danger, though diſtant is our land.

Son of the daring Trenmor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-loda, when he ſpeaks, from his parting cloud, ſtrong dweller of the ſky! Many have rejoiced at my feaſt; but they all have forgot Mal-orchol. I have looked towards all the winds, but no white ſails were ſeen. But ſteel [c] reſounds in my hall; and not the joyful ſhells. Come to my dwelling, race of heroes; dark-ſkirted night is near. Hear the voice of ſongs, from the maid of Fuarfed wild.

We went. On the harp aroſe the white hands of Oina-morul. She waked her own ſad tale, from every trembling ſtring. I ſtood in ſilence; for bright in her locks was the daughter of many iſles. Her eyes were like two ſtars, looking forward through a ruſhing ſhower. The mariner marks them on high, and bleſſes the lovely beams. With morning we ruſhed to battle, to Tormul's reſounding ſtream: the foe moved to the ſound

of

of Tonthormod's boſſy ſhield. From wing to wing the ſtrife was mixed. I met the chief of Sardronlo. Wide flew his broken ſteel. I ſeized the king in fight. I gave his hand, bound faſt with thongs, to Mal-orchol, the giver of ſhells. Joy roſe at the feaſt of Fuarfed, for the foe had failed. Ton-thormod turned his face away, from Oina-morul of iſles.

Son of Fingal, begun Mal-orchol, not forgot ſhalt thou paſs from me. A light ſhall dwell in thy ſhip. Oina-morul of ſlow-rolling eyes. She ſhall kindle gladneſs, along thy mighty ſoul. Nor unheeded ſhall the maid move in Selma, through the dwelling of kings.

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half-cloſed in ſleep. Soft muſic came to mine ear: it was like the riſing breeze, that whirls, at firſt, the thiſtle's beard; then flies, dark-ſhadowy, over the graſs. It was the maid of Fuarfed wild: ſhe raiſed the nightly ſong; for ſhe knew that my ſoul was a ſtream, that flowed at pleaſant ſounds.

Who looks, ſhe ſaid, from his rock, on ocean's cloſing miſt? His long locks, like the raven's wing, are wandering on the blaſt. Stately are his ſteps in grief. The tears are in his eyes. His manly breaſt is heaving over his burſting ſoul. Retire, I am diſtant far; a wanderer in lands un-

known. Though the race of kings are around me, yet my ſoul is dark. Why have our fathers been foes, Ton-thormod love of maids!

Soft voice of the ſtreamy iſle, why doſt thou mourn by night: the race of daring Trenmor are not the dark in ſoul. Thou ſhalt not wander, by ſtreams unknown, blue eyed Oina-morul. Within this boſom is a voice; it comes not to other ears; it bids Oſſian hear the hapleſs, in their hour of woe. Retire, ſoft ſinger by night; Ton-thormod ſhall not mourn on his rock.

With morning I looſed the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orchol heard my words, in the midſt of his echoing halls. "King of Fuarfed, wild, why ſhould Ton-thormod mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghoſts rejoice in death. They ſtretch their arms of miſt to the ſame ſhell in Loda. Forget their rage, ye warriors, it was the cloud of other years."

Such were the deeds of Oſſian, while yet his locks were young: though lovelineſs, with a robe of beams, clothed the daughter of many iſles. We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away.

NOTES

NOTES ON

OINA-MORUL.

[a] Fingal.

[b] Con-cathlin, *mild beam of the wave.* What ſtar was ſo called of old is not eaſily aſcertained. Some now diſtinguiſh the pole-ſtar by that name. A ſong, which is ſtill in repute, among the ſea-faring part of the Highlanders, alludes to this paſſage of Oſſian. The author commends the knowledge of Oſſian in ſea affairs, a merit, which, perhaps, few of us moderns will allow him, or any in the age in which he lived. One thing is certain, that the Caledonians often made their way through the dangerous and tempeſtuous ſeas of Scandinavia; which is more, perhaps, than the more poliſhed nations, ſubſiſting in thoſe times, dared to venture. In eſtimating the degree of knowledge of arts among the ancients, we ought not to bring it into compariſon with the improvements of modern times. Our advantages over them proceed more from accident, than any merit of ours.

[c] There is a ſevere ſatire couched in this expreſſion, againſt the gueſts of Mal-orchol. Had his feaſt been ſtill ſpread, had joy continued in his hall, his former parafites would not have failed to reſort to him. But as the time of feſtivity was paſt, their attendance alſo ceaſed. The ſentiments of a certain old bard are agreeable to this obſervation. He, poetically, compares a great man to a fire kindled in a deſart place. "Thoſe that pay court to him, ſays he, are rolling large around him, like the ſmoke about the fire. This ſmoke gives the fire a great appearance at a diſtance,

but

but it is but an empty vapour itſelf, and varying its form at every breeze. When the trunk, which fed the fire, is conſumed, the ſmoke departs on all the winds. So the flatterers forſake their chief, when his power declines." I have choſen to give a paraphraſe, rather than a tranſlation, of this paſſage, as the original is verboſe and frothy, notwithſtanding the ſentimental merit of the author. He was one of the leſs ancient bards, and their compoſitions are not nervous enough to bear a literal tranſlation.

COLNA-DONA:

COLNA-DONA:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fingal diſpatches Oſſian and Toſcar to raiſe a ſtone, on the banks of the ſtream of Crona, to perpetuate the memory of a victory, which he had obtained in that place. When they were employed in that work, Car-ul, a neighbouring chief, invited them to a feaſt. They went: and Toſcar fell deſperately in love with Colna-dona, the daughter of Car-ul. Colna-dona became no leſs enamoured of Toſcar. An incident, at a hunting-party, brings their loves to a happy iſſue.

COL-AMON[a] of troubled ſtreams, dark wanderer of diſtant vales, I behold thy courſe, between trees, near Car-ul's echoing halls. There dwelt bright Colna-dona, the daughter of the king. Her eyes were rolling ſtars; her arms were white as the foam of ſtreams. Her breaſt roſe ſlowly to ſight, like ocean's heaving wave. Her ſoul was a ſtream of light. Who, among the maids, was like the love of heroes?

Beneath the voice of the king, we moved to Crona[b] of the ſtreams, Toſcar of graſſy Lutha, and Oſſian, young in fields. Three bards attend-

ed

ed with ſongs. Three boſſy ſhields were borne before us: for we were to rear the ſtone, in memory of the paſt. By Crona's moſſy courſe, Fingal had ſcattered his foes: he had rolled away the ſtrangers, like a troubled ſea. We came to the place of renown: from the mountains deſcended night. I tore an oak from its hill, and raiſed a flame on high. I bade my fathers to look down, from the clouds of their hall; for, at the fame of their race, they brighten in the wind.

I took a ſtone from the ſtream, amidſt the ſong of bards. The blood of Fingal's foes hung curdled in its ooze. Beneath, I placed, at intervals, three boſſes from the ſhields of foes, as roſe or fell the ſound of Ullin's nightly ſong. Toſcar laid a dagger in earth, a mail of ſounding ſteel. We raiſed the mould around the ſtone, and bade it ſpeak to other years.

Oozy daughter of ſtreams, that now art reared on high, ſpeak to the feeble, O ſtone, after Selma's race have failed! Prone, from the ſtormy night, the traveller ſhall lay him, by thy ſide: thy whiſtling moſs ſhall ſound in his dreams; the years that were paſt ſhall return. Battles riſe before him, blue-ſhielded kings deſcend to war: the darkened moon looks from heaven, on the troubled field. He ſhall burſt, with morning, from dreams,

dreams, and ſee the tombs of warriors round. He ſhall aſk about the ſtone, and the aged will reply, "This gray ſtone was raiſed by Oſſian, a chief of other years!"

From [c] Col-amon came a bard, from Car-ul, the friend of ſtrangers. He bade us to the feaſt of kings, to the dwelling of bright Colna-dona. We went to the hall of harps. There Car-ul brightened between his aged locks, when he beheld the ſons of his friends, like two young trees with their leaves.

Sons of the mighty, he ſaid, ye bring back the days of old, when firſt I deſcended from waves, on Selma's ſtreamy vale. I purſued Duth-mocarglos, dweller of ocean's wind. Our fathers had been foes, we met by Clutha's winding waters. He fled, along the ſea, and my ſails were ſpread behind him. Night deceived me, on the deep. I came to the dwelling of kings, to Selma of high-boſomed maids. Fingal came forth with his bards, and Conloch, arm of death. I feaſted three days in the hall, and ſaw the blue eyes of Erin, Ros-crana, daughter of heroes, light of Cormac's race. Nor forgot did my ſteps depart: the kings gave their ſhields to Car-ul: they hang, on high, in Col-amon, in memory of the paſt. Sons of the daring kings, ye bring back the days of old.

Car-ul placed the oak of feaſts. He took two boſſes from our ſhields. He laid them in earth, beneath a ſtone, to ſpeak to the hero's race. "When battle, ſaid the king, ſhall roar, and our ſons are to meet in wrath; my race ſhall look, perhaps, on this ſtone, when they prepare the ſpear. Have not our fathers met in peace, they will ſay and lay aſide the ſhield?"

Night came down. In her long locks moved the daughter of Car-ul. Mixed with the harp aroſe the voice of white-armed Colna-dona. Toſcar darkened in his place, before the love of heroes. She came on his troubled ſoul, like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean: when it burſts from a cloud, and brightens the foamy ſide of a wave [d].

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

With morning we awaked the woods; and hung forward on the path of the roes. They fell by their wonted ſtreams. We returned through Crona's vale. From the wood a youth came forward, with a ſhield and pointleſs ſpear. "Whence, ſaid Toſcar of Lutha, is the flying beam? Dwells there peace at Col-amon, round bright Colna-dona of harps?"

By

By Col-amon of ſtreams, ſaid the youth, bright Colna-dona dwelt. She dwelt; but her courſe is now in deſarts, with the ſon of the king; he that ſeized her ſoul as it wandered through the hall.

Stranger of tales, ſaid Toſcar, haſt thou marked the warrior's courſe? He muſt fall; give thou that boſſy ſhield! In wrath he took the ſhield. Fair behind it heaved the breaſts of a maid, white as the boſom of a ſwan, riſing on ſwift-rolling waves. It was Colna-dona of harps, the daughter of the king. Her blue eyes had rolled on Toſcar, and her love aroſe.

NOTES ON

COLNA-DONA.

[a] Colna-dona ſignifies *the love of heroes*. Col-amon, *narrow river*. Car-ul, *dark eyed*. Col-amon, the reſidence of Car-ul, was in the neighbourhood of Agricola's wall, towards the ſouth. Car-ul ſeems to have been of the race of thoſe Britons, who are diſtinguiſhed by the name of Maiatæ, by the writers of Rome. Maiatæ is derived from two Galic words, MOI, *a plain*, and AITICH, *inhabitants*; ſo that the ſignification of Maiatæ is, *the inhabitants of the plain country*; a name given to the Britons, who were ſettled in the Low-lands, in contradiſtinction to the Caledonians, (i. e. CAEL-DON, *the Gauls of the hills*) who were poſſeſſed of the more mountainous diviſion of North-Britain.

[b] Crona, *murmuring*, was the name of a ſmall ſtream, which diſcharged itſelf in the river Carron. It is often mentioned by Oſſian, and the ſcenes of many of his poems are on its banks. The enemies, whom Fingal defeated here, are not mentioned. They were, probably, the provincial Britons. That tract of country between the Firths of Forth and Clyde has been, through all antiquity, famous for battles and rencounters, between the different nations, who were poſſeſſed of North and South Britain. Stirling, a town ſituated there, derives its name from that very circumſtance. It is a corruption of the Gallic name, STRILA, i. e. *the hill, or rock of contention.*

[c] The manners of the Britons and Caledonians were ſo ſimilar, in the days of Oſſian, that there can be no doubt, that they were originally the ſame people, and deſcended from thoſe Gauls who firſt poſſeſſed themſelves of South-Britain, and gradually migrated to the north. This hypotheſis is more rational than the idle fables of ill informed ſenachies, who bring the Caledonians from diſtant countries. The bare opinion of Tacitus, (which, by-the-bye, was only founded on a ſimilarity of the perſonal figure of the Caledonians to the Germans of his own time) though it has ſtaggered ſome learned men, is not ſufficient to make us believe, that the ancient inhabitants of North-Britain were a German colony. A diſcuſſion of a point like this might be curious, but could never be ſatisfactory. Periods ſo diſtant are ſo involved in obſcurity, that nothing certain can be now advanced concerning them. The light which the Roman writers hold forth is too feeble to guide us to the truth, through the darkneſs which has ſurrounded it.

[d] Here an epiſode is entirely loſt; or at leaſt, handed down ſo imperfectly, that it does not deſerve a place in the poem.

THE

THE DEATH OF OSCAR:

A POEM.

INTRODUCTION.

One of the Fragments of Ancient Poetry lately publiſhed, gives a different account of the death of Oſcar, the ſon of Oſſian. The tranſlator, though he well knew the more probable tradition concerning that hero, was unwilling to reject a poem, which, if not really of Oſſian's compoſition, has much of his manner, and conciſe turn of expreſſion. A more correct copy of that fragment, which has ſince come to the tranſlator's hands, has enabled him to correct the miſtake, into which a ſimilarity of names had led thoſe who handed down the poem by tradition. The heroes of the piece are Oſcar the ſon of Caruth, and Dermid the ſon of Diaran. Oſſian, or perhaps his imitator, opens the poem with a lamentation for Oſcar, and afterwards, by an eaſy tranſition, relates the ſtory of Oſcar the ſon of Caruth, who ſeems to have bore the ſame character, as well as name, with Oſcar the ſon of Oſſian. Though the tranſlator thinks he has good reaſon to reject the fragment as the compoſition of Oſſian, yet as it is, after all, ſtill ſomewhat doubtful whether it is or not, he has here ſubjoined it.

WHY openeſt thou afreſh the ſpring of my grief, O ſon of Alpin, inquiring how Oſcar fell? My eyes are blind with tears; but memo-

ry

ry beams on my heart. How can I relate the mournful death of the head of the people! Chief of the warriors, Oſcar, my ſon, ſhall I ſee thee no more!

He fell as the moon in a ſtorm; as the ſun from the midſt of his courſe, when clouds riſe from the waſte of the waves, when the blackneſs of the ſtorm inwraps the rocks of Ardannider. I, like an ancient oak on Morven, I moulder alone in my place. The blaſt hath lopped my branches away; and I tremble at the wings of the north. Chief of the warriors, Oſcar, my ſon! ſhall I ſee thee no more!

But, ſon of Alpin, the hero fell not harmleſs as the graſs of the field; the blood of the mighty was on his ſword, and he travelled with death through the ranks of their pride. But Oſcar, thou ſon of Caruth, thou haſt fallen low! No enemy fell by thy hand. Thy ſpear was ſtained with the blood of thy friend.

Dermid and Oſcar were one: They reaped the battle together. Their friendſhip was ſtrong as their ſteel; and death walked between them to the field. They came on the foe like two rocks falling from the brows of Ardven. Their ſwords were ſtained with the blood of the valiant: warriors fainted at their names. Who was equal to Oſcar, but Dermid? and who to Dermid, but Oſcar!

They

They killed mighty Dargo in the field; Dargo who never fled in war. His daughter was fair as the morn; mild as the beam of night. Her eyes, like two ſtars in a ſhower; her breath, the gale of ſpring: her breaſts, as the new fallen ſnow floating on the moving heath. The warriors ſaw her, and loved; their ſouls were fixed on the maid. Each loved her as his fame; each muſt poſſeſs her, or die. But her ſoul was fixed on Oſcar; the ſon of Caruth was the youth of her love. She forgot the blood of her father; and loved the hand that ſlew him.

Son of Caruth, ſaid Dermid, I love; O Oſcar, I love this maid. But her ſoul cleaveth unto thee; and nothing can heal Dermid. Here, pierce this boſom, Oſcar; relieve me, my friend, with thy ſword.

My ſword, ſon of Diaran, ſhall never be ſtained with the blood of Dermid.

Who then is worthy to ſlay me, O Oſcar ſon of Caruth? Let not my life paſs away unknown. Let none but Oſcar ſlay me. Send me with honour to the grave, and let my death be renowned.

Dermid, make uſe of thy ſword; ſon of Diaran, wield thy ſteel. Would that I fell with thee! that my death came from the hand of Dermid!

They

They fought by the brook of the mountain, by the ſtreams of Branno. Blood tinged the running water, and curdled round the moſſy ſtones. The ſtately Dermid fell; he fell, and ſmiled in death.

And falleſt thou, ſon of Diaran, falleſt thou by Oſcar's hand! Dermid who never yielded in war, thus do I ſee thee fall! He went, and returned to the maid of his love; he returned, but ſhe perceived his grief.

Why that gloom, ſon of Caruth? what ſhades thy mighty ſoul?

Though once renowned for the bow, O maid, I have loſt my fame. Fixed on a tree by the brook of the hill, is the ſhield of the valiant Gormur, whom I ſlew in battle. I have waſted the day in vain, nor could my arrow pierce it.

Let me try, ſon of Caruth, the ſkill of Dargo's daughter. My hands were taught the bow: my father delighted in my ſkill.

She went. He ſtood behind the ſhield. Her arrow flew, and pierced his breaſt.

Bleſſed be that hand of ſnow; and bleſſed that bow of yew! Who but the daughter of Dargo was worthy to ſlay the ſon of Caruth? Lay me in the earth, my fair one; lay me by the ſide of Dermid.

Oſcar! the maid replied, I have the ſoul of the mighty Dargo. Well pleaſed I can meet death.

My

My ſorrow I can end. She pierced her white boſom with the ſteel. She fell; ſhe trembled; and died.

By the brook of the hill their graves are laid; a birch's unequal ſhade covers their tomb. Often on their green earthen tombs the branchy ſons of the mountain feed, when mid-day is all in flames, and ſilence over all the hills.

A DISSERTATION

CONCERNING THE

POEMS OF OSSIAN.

THE hiſtory of thoſe nations which originally poſſeſſed the north of Europe, is little known. Deſtitute of the uſe of letters, they themſelves had not the means of tranſmitting their great actions to remote poſterity. Foreign writers ſaw them only at a diſtance, and therefore their accounts are partial and indiſtinct. The vanity of the Romans induced them to conſider the nations beyond the pale of their empire as barbarians; and conſequently their hiſtory unworthy of being inveſtigated. Some men, otherwiſe of great merit among ourſelves, give into this confined opinion. Having early imbibed their idea of exalted manners from the Greek and Roman writers, they ſcarcely ever afterwards had the fortitude to allow any dignity of character to any other ancient people.

Without derogating from the fame of Greece and Rome, we may conſider antiquity beyond the pale of their empire worthy of ſome attention. The nobler paſſions of the mind never ſhoot forth more free and unreſtrained than in theſe times we call barbarous. That irregular manner of life, and thoſe manly purſuits from which barbarity takes its name, are highly favourable to a ſtrength of mind unknown in poliſhed times. In advanced ſociety the characters of men are more uniform and diſguiſed. The human paſſions lie in ſome degree concealed behind forms, and artificial manners;

manners; and the powers of the ſoul, without an opportunity of exerting them, loſe their vigour. The times of regular government, and poliſhed manners, are therefore to be wiſhed for by the feeble and weak in mind. An unſettled ſtate, and thoſe convulſions which attend it, is the proper field for an exalted character, and the exertion of great parts. Merit there riſes always ſuperior; no fortuitous event can raiſe the timid and mean into power. To thoſe who look upon antiquity in this light, it is an agreeable proſpect; and they alone can have real pleaſure in tracing nations to their ſource.

The eſtabliſhment of the Celtic ſtates, in the north of Europe, is beyond the reach of their written annals. The traditions and ſongs to which they truſted their hiſtory, were loſt, or altogether corrupted in their revolutions and migrations, which were ſo frequent and univerſal, that no kingdom in Europe is now poſſeſſed by its original inhabitants. Societies were formed, and kingdoms erected, from a mixture of nations, who, in proceſs of time, loſt all knowledge of their own origin.

If tradition could be depended upon, it is only among a people, from all time free of intermixture with foreigners. We are to look for theſe among the mountains and inacceſſible parts of a country: places, on account of their barrenneſs, uninviting to an enemy, or whoſe natural ſtrength enabled the natives to repel invaſions. Such are the inhabitants of the mountains of Scotland. We, accordingly, find, that they differ materially from thoſe who poſſeſs the low and more fertile part of the kingdom. Their language is pure and original, and their manners are thoſe of an ancient and unmixed race of men. Conſcious of their own antiquity, they long deſpiſed others, as a new and mixed people. As they lived in a country only fit for paſture, they were

free of that toil and buſineſs, which engroſs the attention of a commercial people. Their amuſement conſiſted in hearing or repeating their ſongs and traditions, and theſe intirely turned on the antiquity of their nation, and the exploits of their forefathers. It is no wonder, therefore, that there are more remains of antiquity among them, than among any other people in Europe. Traditions, however, concerning remote periods, are only to be regarded, in ſo far as they co-incide with cotemporary writers of undoubted credit and veracity.

No writers began their accounts from a more early period, than the hiſtorians of the Scots nation. Without records, or even tradition itſelf, they give a long liſt of ancient kings, and a detail of their tranſactions, with a ſcrupulous exactneſs. One might naturally ſuppoſe, that, when they had no authentic annals, they ſhould, at leaſt, have recourſe to the traditions of their country, and have reduced them into a regular ſyſtem of hiſtory. Of both they ſeem to have been equally deſtitute. Born in the low country, and ſtrangers to the ancient language of their nation, they contented themſelves with copying from one another, and retailing the ſame fictions, in a new colour and dreſs.

John Fordun was the firſt who collected thoſe fragments of the Scots hiſtory, which had eſcaped the brutal policy of Edward I. and reduced them into order. His accounts, in ſo far as they concerned recent tranſactions, deſerved credit: beyond a certain period, they were fabulous and unſatisfactory. Some time before Fordun wrote, the king of England, in a letter to the Pope, had run up the antiquity of his nation to a very remote æra. Fordun, poſſeſſed of all the national prejudice of the age, was unwilling that his country ſhould yield, in point of antiquity, to a people, then its rivals and enemies. Deſtitute of annals in Scotland,

he

he had recourſe to Ireland, which, according to the vulgar errors of the times, was reckoned the firſt habitation of the Scots. He found, there, that the Iriſh bards had carried their pretenſions to antiquity as high, if not beyond any nation in Europe. It was from them he took thoſe improbable fictions, which form the firſt part of his hiſtory.

The writers that ſucceeded Fordun implicitly followed his ſyſtem, though they ſometimes varied from him in their relations of particular tranſactions, and the order of ſucceſſion of their kings. As they had no new lights, and were, equally with him, unacquainted with the traditions of their country, their hiſtories contain little information concerning the origin of the Scots. Even Buchanan himſelf, except the elegance and vigour of his ſtyle, has very little to recommend him. Blended with political prejudices, he ſeemed more anxious to turn the fictions of his predeceſſors to his own purpoſes, than to detect their miſrepreſentations, or inveſtigate truth amidſt the darkneſs which they had thrown round it. It therefore appears, that little can be collected from their own hiſtorians, concerning the firſt migration of the Scots into Britain.

That this iſland was peopled from Gaul admits of no doubt. Whether colonies came afterwards from the north of Europe is a matter of mere ſpeculation. When South-Britain yielded to the power of the Romans, the unconquered nations to the north of the province were diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Caledonians*. From their very name, it appears, that they were of thoſe *Gauls*, who poſſeſſed themſelves originally of Britain. It is compounded of two *Celtic* words, *Cael* ſignifying *Celts*, or *Gauls*, and *Dun*, or *Don a hill*; ſo that *Cael-don*, or Caledonians, is as much as to ſay, the *Celts of the hill country*. The Highlanders to this day, call themſelves, *Cael*, their language *Gaelic* or *Galic*, and

and their country *Caeldoch*, which the Romans ſoftened into *Caledonia*. This, of itſelf, is ſufficient to demonſtrate, that they are the genuine deſcendents of the ancient Caledonians, and not a pretended colony of *Scots*, who ſettled firſt in the north, in the third or fourth century.

From the double meaning of the word *Cael*, which ſignifies *ſtrangers*, as well as *Gauls*, or *Celts* ſome have imagined, that the anceſtors of the Caledonians were of a different race from the reſt of the Britons, and that they received their name upon that account. This opinion, ſay they, is ſupported by Tacitus, who, from ſeveral circumſtances, concludes that the Caledonians were of German extraction. A diſcuſſion of a point ſo intricate, at this diſtance of time, could neither be ſatisfactory nor important.

Towards the latter end of the third, and beginning of the fourth century, we meet with the *Scots* in the north. Porphyrius * makes the firſt mention of them about that time. As the *Scots* were not heard of before that period, moſt writers ſuppoſed them to have been a colony, newly come to Britain, and that the *Picts* were the only genuine deſcendents of the ancient Caledonians. This miſtake is eaſily removed. The Caledonians, in proceſs of time, became naturally divided into two diſtinct nations, as poſſeſſing parts of the country, entirely different in their nature and ſoil. The weſtern coaſt of Scotland is hilly and barren; towards the eaſt the country is plain, and fit for tillage. The inhabitants of the mountains, a roving and uncontrouled race of men, lived by feeding of cattle, and what they killed in hunting. Their employment did not fix them to one place. They removed from one heath to another, as ſuited beſt with their convenience or inclination. They were not, therefore, improperly called, by their neighbours

* St Hierom, ad Cteſiphon.

neighbours SCUITE or the *wandering nation*; which is evidently the origin of the Roman name of *Scoti*.

On the other hand, the Caledonians, who poſſeſſed the eaſt coaſt of Scotland, as the diviſion of the country was plain and fertile, applied themſelves to agriculture and raiſing of corn. It was from this, that the Galic name of the *Picts* proceeded; for they are called, in that language, *Cruithnich*, i. e. *the wheat or corn-eaters*. As the Picts lived in a country ſo different in its nature from that poſſeſſed by the Scots, ſo their national character ſuffered a material change. Unobſtructed by mountains, or lakes, their communication with one another was free and frequent. Society, therefore, became ſooner eſtabliſhed among them, than among the Scots, and, conſequently, they were much ſooner governed by civil magiſtrates and laws. This, at laſt, produced ſo great a difference in the manners of the two nations, that they began to forget their common origin, and almoſt continual quarrels and animoſities ſubſiſted between them. Theſe animoſities, after ſome ages, ended in the ſubverſion of the Pictiſh kingdom, but not in the total extirpation of the nation, according to moſt of the Scots writers, who ſeemed to think it more for the honour of their countrymen to annihilate, than reduce a rival people under their obedience. It is certain, however, that the very name of the Picts was loſt, and thoſe that remained were ſo completely incorporated with their conquerors, that they ſoon loſt all memory of their own origin.

The end of the Pictiſh government is placed ſo near that period, to which authentic annals reach, that it is matter of wonder, that we have no monuments of their language or hiſtory remaining. This favours the ſyſtem I have laid down. Had they originally been of a different race from the Scots, their language of courſe would be different.

The

Iriſh antiquities allow it; but they place the colony from Britain in an improbable and remote æra. I ſhall eaſily admit, that the colony of the *Firbolg*, confeſſedly the *Belgæ* of Britain, ſettled in the ſouth of Ireland, before the *Cael*, or Caledonians, diſcovered the north: but it is not at all likely, that the migration of the Firbolg to Ireland happened many centuries before the Chriſtian æra.

Oſſian, in the poem of Temora, [Book II.] throws conſiderable light on this ſubject. His accounts agree ſo well with what the ancients have delivered, concerning the firſt population and inhabitants of Ireland, that every unbiaſſed perſon will confeſs them more probable, than the legends handed down, by tradition, in that country. From him, it appears, that, in the days of Trathal, grandfather to Fingal, Ireland was poſſeſſed by two nations; the *Firbolg* or *Belgæ* of Britain, who inhabited the ſouth, and the *Cael*, who paſſed over from Caledonia and the Hebrides to Ulſter. The two nations, as is uſual among an unpoliſhed and lately ſettled people, were divided into ſmall dynaſties, ſubject to petty kings, or chiefs, independent of one another. In this ſituation, it is probable, they continued long, without any material revolution in the ſtate of the iſland, until Crothar, Lord of Atha, a country in Connaught, the moſt potent chief of the *Firbolg*, carried away Conlama, the daughter of Cathmin, a chief of the *Cael*, who poſſeſſed Ulſter.

Conlama had been betrothed, ſome time before, to Turloch, a chief of their own nation. Turloch reſented the affront offered him by Crothar, made an irruption into Connaught, and killed Cormul, the brother of Crothar, who came to oppoſe his progreſs. Crothar himſelf then took arms, and either killed or expelled Turloch. The war, upon this, became general, between the two nations: and the Cael were reduced to the laſt extremity. In this

ſituation, they applied, for aid, to Trathal king of Morven, who ſent his brother Conar, already famous for his great exploits, to their relief. Conar, upon his arrival in Ulſter, was choſen king, by the unanimous conſent of the Caledonian tribes, who poſſeſſed that country. The war was renewed with great vigour and ſucceſs; but the *Firbolg* appear to have been rather repelled than ſubdued. In ſucceeding reigns, we learn from epiſodes in the ſame poem, that the chiefs of Atha made ſeveral efforts to become monarchs of Ireland, and to expel the race of Conar.

To Conar ſucceeded his ſon Cormac, [Book III.] who appears to have reigned long. In his latter days he ſeems to have been driven to the laſt extremity, by an inſurrection of the *Firbolg*, who ſupported the pretenſions of the chiefs of Atha to the Iriſh throne. Fingal, who then was very young, came to the aid of Cormac, totally defeated Colculla, chief of Atha, and re-eſtabliſhed Cormac in the ſole poſſeſſion of all Ireland. [Book IV.] It was then he fell in love with, and took to wife, Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac, who was the mother of Oſſian.

Cormac was ſucceeded in the Iriſh throne by his ſon, Cairbre; Cairbre by Artho, his ſon, who was the father of that Cormac, in whoſe minority the invaſion of Swaran happened, which is the ſubject of the poem of *Fingal*. The family of Atha who had not relinquiſhed their pretenſions to the Iriſh throne, rebelled in the minority of Cormac, defeated his adherents, and murdered him in the palace of Temora. [Book I.] Cairbar, lord of Atha, upon this, mounted the throne. His uſurpation ſoon ended with his life; for Fingal made an expedition into Ireland, and reſtored, after various viciſſitudes of fortune, the family of Conar to the poſſeſſion of the kingdom. This war is the ſubject of Temora; the events, though certainly heighten-

ed,

ed, and embelliſhed by poetry, ſeem, notwithſtanding, to have their foundation in true hiſtory.

Oſſian has not only preſerved the hiſtory of the firſt migration of the Caledonians into Ireland, but has alſo delivered ſome important facts, concerning the firſt ſettlement of the *Firbolg*, or *Belgæ of Britain*, in that kingdom, under their leader Larthon, who was anceſtor to Cairbar and Cathmor, who ſucceſſively mounted the Iriſh throne, after the death of Cormac, the ſon of Artho. I forbear to tranſcribe the paſſage, on account of its length. [Book VII.] It is the ſong of Fonar, the bard; towards the latter end of the ſeventh book of Temora. As the generations from Larthon to Cathmor, to whom the epiſode is addreſſed, are not marked, as are thoſe of the family of Conar, the firſt king of Ireland, we can form no judgment of the time of the ſettlement of the Firbolg. It is, however, probable, it was ſome time before the *Cael*, or Caledonians, ſettled in Ulſter. One important fact may be gathered from this hiſtory of Oſſian, that the Iriſh had no king before the latter end of the firſt century. Fingal lived, it is certain, in the third century; ſo Conar, the firſt monarch of the Iriſh, who was his grand-uncle, cannot be placed farther back than at the cloſe of the firſt. The eſtabliſhing of this fact, lays, at once, aſide the pretended antiquities of the Scots and Iriſh, and cuts off the long liſt of kings which the latter give us for a millennium before.

Of the affairs of Scotland, it is certain, nothing can be depended upon, prior to the reign of Fergus, the ſon of Erc, who lived in the fifth century. The true hiſtory of Ireland begins ſomewhat later than that period. Sir James Ware,* who was indefatigable in his reſearches after the antiquities of his country, rejects, as mere fiction and idle

* War. de antiq. Hybern. præ. p. 1.

romance, all that is related of the ancient Iriſh, before the time of St Patrick, and the reign of Leogaire. It is from this conſideration, that he begins his hiſtory at the introduction of Chriſtianity, remarking, that all that is delivered down, concerning the times of Paganiſm, were tales of late invention, ſtrangely mixed with anachroniſms and inconſiſtencies. Such being the opinion of Ware, who had collected with uncommon induſtry and zeal, all the real and pretendedly ancient manuſcripts, concerning the hiſtory of his country, we may, on his authority, reject the improbable and ſelf-condemned tales of Keating and O'Flaherty. Credulous and puerile to the laſt degree, they have diſgraced the antiquities they meant to eſtabliſh. It is to be wiſhed, that ſome able Iriſhman, who underſtands the language and records of his country, may redeem, ere it is too late, the genuine antiquities of Ireland, from the hands of theſe idle fabuliſts.

By comparing the hiſtory preſerved by Oſſian with the legends of the Scots and Iriſh writers, and, by afterwards examining both by the teſt of the Roman authors, it is eaſy to diſcover which is the moſt probable. Probability is all that can be eſtabliſhed on the authority of tradition, ever dubious and uncertain. But when it favours the hypotheſis laid down by cotemporary writers of undoubted veracity, and, as it were, finiſhes the figure of which they only drew the out-lines, it ought, in the judgment of ſober reaſon, to be preferred to accounts framed in dark and diſtant periods, with little judgment, and upon no authority.

Concerning the period of more than a century, which intervenes between Fingal and the reign of Fergus, the ſon of Erc or Arcath, tradition is dark and contradictory. Some trace up the family of Fergus to a ſon of Fingal of that name, who makes a conſiderable figure in Oſſian's poems.

The

The three elder ſons of Fingal, Oſſian, Fillan, and Ryno, dying without iſſue, the ſucceſſion, of courſe, devolved upon Fergus, the fourth ſon and his poſterity. This Fergus, ſay ſome traditions, was the father of Congal, whoſe ſon was Arcath, the father of Fergus, properly called the firſt king of Scots, as it was in his time the *Cael*, who poſſeſſed the weſtern coaſt of Scotland, began to be diſtinguiſhed by foreigners, by the name of *Scots*. From thence forward, the Scots and Picts as diſtinct nations, became objects of attention to the hiſtorians of other countries. The internal ſtate of the two Caledonian kingdoms has always continued, and ever muſt remain, in obſcurity and fable.

It is in this epoch we muſt fix the beginning of the decay of that ſpecies of heroiſm, which ſubſiſted in the days of Oſſian. There are three ſtages in human ſociety. The firſt is the reſult of conſanguinity, and the natural affection of the members of a family to one another. The ſecond begins when property is eſtabliſhed, and men enter into aſſociations for mutual defence, againſt the invaſions and injuſtice of neighbours. Mankind ſubmit, in the third, to certain laws and ſubordinations of government, to which they truſt the ſafety of their perſons and property. As the firſt is formed on nature, ſo, of courſe, it is the moſt diſintereſted and noble. Men, in the laſt, have leiſure to cultivate the mind, and to reſtore it, with reflection, to a primæval dignity of ſentiment. The middle ſtate is the region of complete barbariſm and ignorance. About the beginning of the fifth century, the Scots and Picts were advanced into the ſecond ſtage, and, conſequently, into thoſe circumſcribed ſentiments, which always diſtinguiſh barbarity. The events which ſoon after happened did not at all contribute to enlarge their ideas, or mend their national character.

About

About the year 426, the Romans, on account of domeſtic commotions, entirely forſook Britain, finding it impoſſible to defend ſo diſtant a frontier. The Picts and Scots, ſeizing this favourable opportunity, made incurſions into the deſerted province. The Britons, enervated by the ſlavery of ſeveral centuries, and thoſe vices, which are inſeparable from an advanced ſtate of civility, were not able to withſtand the impetuous, though irregular attacks of a barbarous enemy. In the utmoſt diſtreſs, they applied to their old maſters, the Romans, and (after the unfortunate ſtate of the empire could not ſpare aid) to the Saxons, a nation equally barbarous and brave, with the enemies of whom they were ſo much afraid. Though the bravery of the Saxons repelled the Caledonian nations for a time, yet the latter found means to extend themſelves, conſiderably, towards the ſouth. It is, in this period, we muſt place the origin of the arts of civil life among the Scots. The ſeat of government was removed from the mountains to the plain and more fertile provinces of the ſouth, to be near the common enemy, in caſe of ſudden incurſions.

Inſtead of roving through unfrequented wilds, in ſearch of ſubſiſtence, by means of hunting, men applied to agriculture, and raiſing of corn. This manner of life was the firſt means of changing the national character. The next thing which contributed to it was their mixture with ſtrangers.

In the countries which the Scots had conquered from the Britons, it is probable the moſt of the old inhabitants remained. Theſe incorporating with the conquerors, taught them agriculture, and other arts, which they themſelves had received from the Romans. The Scots, however, in number as well as power, being the moſt predominant, retained ſtill their language, and as many of the cuſtoms of their anceſtors,

ceſtors, as ſuited with the nature of the country they poſſeſſed. Even the union of the two Caledonian kingdoms did not much affect the national character. Being originally deſcended from the ſame ſtock, the manners of the Picts and Scots were as ſimilar as the different natures of the countries they poſſeſſed permitted.

What brought about a total change in the genius of the Scots nation, was their wars, and other tranſactions with the Saxons. Several counties in the ſouth of Scotland were alternately poſſeſſed by the two nations. They were ceded in the ninth age, to the Scots, and, it is probable, that moſt of the Saxons remained in poſſeſſion of their lands. During the ſeveral conqueſts and revolutions in England, many fled, for refuge, into Scotland, to avoid the oppreſſion of foreigners, or the tyranny of domeſtic uſurpers; in ſo much, that the Saxon race formed perhaps near one half of the Scottiſh kingdom. The Saxon manners and language daily gained ground, on the tongue and cuſtoms of the ancient Caledonians, till, at laſt, the latter were entirely relegated to inhabitants of the mountains, who were ſtill unmixed with ſtrangers.

It was after the acceſſion of territory which the Scots received, upon the retreat of the Romans from Britain, that the inhabitants of the Highlands were divided into clans. The king, when he kept his court in the mountains, was conſidered, by the whole nation, as the chief of their blood. Their ſmall number, as well the preſence of their prince, prevented thoſe diviſions, which, afterwards ſprung forth into ſo many ſeparate tribes. When the ſeat of government was removed to the ſouth, thoſe who remained in the Highlands were, of courſe, neglected. They naturally formed themſelves into ſmall ſocieties, independent of one another. Each ſociety had its own *regulus*, who either was, or in the ſucceſſion

ſucceſſion of a few generations, was regarded as chief of their blood. The nature of the country favoured an inſtitution of this ſort. A few vallies, divided from one another by extenſive heaths and impaſſible mountains, form the face of the Highlands. In theſe vallies the chiefs fixed their reſidence. Round them, and almoſt within ſight of their dwellings, were the habitations of their relations and dependents.

The ſeats of the Highland chiefs were neither diſagreeable nor inconvenient. Surrounded with mountains and hanging woods, they were covered from the inclemency of the weather. Near them generally ran a pretty large river, which diſcharging itſelf not far off, into an arm of the ſea, or extenſive lake, ſwarmed with variety of fiſh. The woods were ſtocked with wild-fowl; and the heaths and mountains behind them were the natural ſeat of the red-deer and roe. If we may make allowance for the backward ſtate of agriculture, the vallies were not unfertile; affording, if not all the conveniencies, at leaſt the neceſſaries of life. Here the chief lived, the ſupreme judge and law-giver of his own people; but his ſway was neither ſevere nor unjuſt. As the populace regarded him as the chief of their blood, ſo he, in return, conſidered them as members of his family. His commands, therefore, though abſolute and deciſive, partook more of the authority of a father, than of the rigour of a judge. Though the whole territory of the tribe was conſidered as the property of the chief, yet his vaſſals made him no other conſideration for their lands than ſervices, neither burdenſome nor frequent. As he ſeldom went from home, he was at no expence. His table was ſupplied by his own herds, and what his numerous attendants killed in hunting.

In this rural kind of magnificence, the Highland chiefs lived, for many ages. At a diſtance from the ſeat of government,

vernment, and ſecured, by the inacceſſibleneſs of their country, they were free and independent. As they had little communication with ſtrangers, the cuſtoms of their anceſtors remained among them, and their language retained its original purity. Naturally fond of military fame, and remarkably attached to the memory of their anceſtors, they delighted in traditions and ſongs, concerning the exploits of their nation, and eſpecially of their own particular families. A ſucceſſion of bards was retained in every clan, to hand down the memorable actions of their forefathers. As the æra of Fingal, on account of Oſſian's poems, was the moſt remarkable, and his chiefs the moſt renowned names in tradition, the bards took care to place one of them in the genealogy of every great family. The part of the poems, which concerned the hero who was regarded as anceſtor, was preſerved, as an authentic record of the antiquity of the family, and was delivered down, from race to race, with wonderful exactneſs.

The bards themſelves, in the mean time, were not idle. They erected their immediate patrons into heroes, and celebrated them in their ſongs. As the circle of their knowledge was narrow, their ideas were confined in proportion. A few happy expreſſions, and the manners they repreſent, may pleaſe thoſe who underſtand the language; their obſcurity and inaccuracy would diſguſt in a tranſlation. It was chiefly for this reaſon, that I kept wholly to the compoſitions of Oſſian, in my former and preſent publication. As he acted in a more extenſive ſphere, his ideas are more noble and univerſal; neither has he ſo many of thoſe peculiarities, which are only underſtood in a certain period or country. The other bards have their beauties, but not in that ſpecies of compoſition in which Oſſian excels. Their rhymes, only calculated to kindle a martial ſpirit among

the vulgar, afford very little pleaſure to genuine taſte. This obſervation only regards their poems of the heroic kind; in every other ſpecies of poetry they are more ſucceſsful. They expreſs the tender melancholy of deſponding love, with irreſiſtible ſimplicity and nature. So well adapted are the ſounds of the words to the ſentiments, that, even without any knowledge of the language, they pierce and diſſolve the heart. Succeſsful love is expreſſed with peculiar tenderneſs and elegance. In all their compoſitions, except the heroic, which was ſolely calculated to animate the vulgar, they give us the genuine language of the heart, without any of thoſe affected ornaments of phraſeology, which, though intended to beautify ſentiments, diveſt them of their natural force. The ideas, it is confeſſed, are too local, to be admired, in another language; to thoſe who are acquainted with the manners they repreſent, and the ſcenes they deſcribe, they muſt afford the higheſt pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

It was the locality of his deſcription and ſentiment, that, probably kept Oſſian ſo long in the obſcurity of an almoſt loſt language. His ideas, though remarkably proper for the times in which he lived, are ſo contrary to the preſent advanced ſtate of ſociety, that more than a common mediocrity of taſte is required, to reliſh his poems as they deſerve. Thoſe who alone were capable to make a tranſlation were, no doubt, conſcious of this, and choſe rather to admire their poet in ſecret, than ſee him received, with coldneſs, in an Engliſh dreſs.

Theſe were long my own ſentiments, and accordingly, my firſt tranſlations, from the Galic, were merely accidental. The publication, which ſoon after followed, was ſo well received, that I was obliged to promiſe to my friends a larger collection. In a journey through the Highlands

and

and iſles, and, by the aſſiſtance of correſpondents, ſince I left that country, all the genuine remains of the works of Oſſian have come to my hands. In the preceding volume complete poems were only given. Unfiniſhed and imperfect poems were purpoſely omitted; even ſome pieces were rejected on account of their length, and others, that they might not break in upon that thread of connection, which ſubſiſts in the leſſer compoſitions, ſubjoined to *Fingal*. That the comparative merit of pieces was not regarded, in the ſelection, will readily appear to thoſe who ſhall read, attentively, the preſent collection. It is animated with the ſame ſpirit of poetry, and the ſame ſtrength of ſentiment is ſuſtained throughout.

The opening of the poem of Temora made its appearance in the firſt collection of Oſſian's works. The ſecond book, and ſeveral other epiſodes, have only fallen into my hands lately. The ſtory of the poem, with which I had been long acquainted, enabled me to reduce the broken members of the piece into the order in which they now appear. For the eaſe of the reader, I have divided myſelf into books, as I had done before with the poem of *Fingal*. As to the merit of the poem I ſhall not anticipate the judgment of the public. My impartiality might be ſuſpected, in my accounts of a work, which, in ſome meaſure, is become my own. If the poem of Fingal met with the applauſe of perſons of genuine taſte, I ſhould alſo hope, that Temora will not diſpleaſe them.

But what renders Temora infinitely more valuable than Fingal, is the light it throws on the hiſtory of the times. The firſt population of Ireland, its firſt kings, and ſeveral circumſtances, which regard its connection of old with the ſouth and north of Britain, are preſented to us, in ſeveral epiſodes. The ſubject and cataſtrophe of the poem are

founded upon facts, which regarded the firſt peopling of that country, and the conteſts between the two Britiſh nations, which originally inhabited it. In a preceding part of this Diſſertation, I have ſhewn how ſuperior the probability of Oſſian's traditions is to the undigeſted fictions of the Iriſh bards, and the more recent and regular legends of both Iriſh and Scottiſh hiſtorians. I mean not to give offence to the abetters of the high antiquities of the two nations, though I have all along expreſſed my doubts, concerning the veracity and abilities of thoſe who deliver down their ancient hiſtory. For my own part, I prefer the national fame, ariſing from a few certain facts, to the legendary and uncertain annals of ages of remote and obſcure antiquity. No kingdom now eſtabliſhed in Europe, can pretend to equal antiquity with that of the Scots, even according to my ſyſtem, ſo that it is altogether needleſs to fix their origin a fictitious millennium before.

Since the publication of the poems contained in the firſt volume, many inſinuations have been made, and doubts ariſen, concerning their authenticity. I ſhall, probably, hear more of the ſame kind after the preſent poems ſhall make their appearance. Whether theſe ſuſpicions are ſuggeſted by prejudice, or are only the effects of ignorance of facts, I ſhall not pretend to determine. To me they give no concern, as I have it always in my power to remove them. An incredulity of this kind is natural to perſons, who confine all merit to their own age and country. Theſe are generally the weakeſt, as well as the moſt ignorant, of the people. Indolently confined to a place, their ideas are narrow and circumſcribed. It is ridiculous enough to ſee ſuch people as theſe are, branding their anceſtors, with the deſpicable appellation of barbarians. Sober rea-

ſon

ſon can eaſily diſcern, where the title ought to be fixed with more propriety.

As prejudice is always the effect of ignorance, the knowing, the men of true taſte, deſpiſe and diſmiſs it. If the poetry is good, and the characters natural and ſtriking, to them it is a matter of indifference, whether the heroes were born in the little village of Angles in Jutland, or natives of the barren heaths of Caledonia. That honour which nations derive from anceſtors, worthy, or renowned, is merely ideal. It may buoy up the minds of individuals, but it contributes very little to their importance in the eyes of others. But of all thoſe prejudices which are incident to narrow minds, that which meaſures the merit of performances by the vulgar opinion, concerning the country which produced them, is certainly the moſt ridiculous. Ridiculous, however, as it is, few have the courage to reject it; and I am thoroughly convinced, that a few quaint lines of a Roman or Greek epigrammatiſt, if dug out of the ruins of the Herculaneum would meet with more cordial and univerſal applauſe, than all the moſt beautiful and natural rhapſodies of all the Celtic bards and Scandinavian ſcalders that ever exiſted.

While ſome doubt the authenticity of the compoſitions of Oſſian, others ſtrenuouſly endeavour to appropriate them to the Iriſh nation. Though the whole tenor of the poems ſufficiently contradict ſo abſurd an opinion, it may not be improper, for the ſatisfaction of ſome, to examine the narrow foundation, on which this extraordinary claim is built.

Of all the nations deſcended from the ancient *Celtæ*, the Scots and Iriſh are the moſt ſimilar in language, cuſtoms, and manners. This argues a more intimate connection between them, than a remote deſcent from the great Celtic ſtock. It is evident, in ſhort, that, at ſome one period or other,

other, they formed one ſociety, were ſubject to the ſame government, and were, in all reſpects, one and the ſame people. How they became divided, which the colony, or which the mother nation, does not fall now to be diſcuſſed. The firſt circumſtance that induced me to diſregard the vulgarly-received opinion of the Hibernian extraction of the Scottiſh nation, was my obſervations on their ancient language. That dialect of the Celtic tongue, ſpoken in the north of Scotland, is much more pure, more agreeable to its mother language, and more abounding with primitives, than that now ſpoken, or even that which has been writ for ſome centuries back, amongſt the moſt unmixed part of the Iriſh nation. A Scotſman, tolerably converſant in his own language, underſtands an Iriſh compoſition, from that derivative analogy which it has to the *Galic* of North Britain. An Iriſhman, on the other hand, without the aid of ſtudy, can never underſtand a compoſition in the *Galic* tongue. This affords a proof, that the *Scots Galic* is the moſt original, and, conſequently the language of a more ancient and unmixed people. The Iriſh, however backward they may be to allow any thing to the prejudice of their antiquity, ſeem inadvertently to acknowledge it, by the very appellation they give to the dialect they ſpeak. They call their own language *Caelic Eirinach*, i. e. *Caledonian Iriſh*, when, on the contrary, they call the dialect of North-Britain *a Chaelic* or the *Caledonian tongue*, emphatically. A circumſtance of this nature tends more to decide which is the moſt ancient nation, than the united teſtimonies of a whole legion of ignorant bards and ſenachies, who, perhaps never dreamed of bringing the Scots from Spain to Ireland, till ſome one of them, more learned than the reſt, diſcovered, that the Romans called the firſt *Iberia*, and the latter *Hibernia*.

bernia. On ſuch a ſlight foundation were probably built thoſe romantic fictions, concerning the Mileſians of Ireland.

From internal proofs it ſufficiently appears, that the poems publiſhed under the name of Oſſian, are not of Iriſh compoſition. The favourite chimæra, that Ireland is the mother-country, of the Scots, is totally ſubverted and ruined. The fictions concerning the antiquities of that country, which were forming for ages, and growing as they came down, on the hands of ſucceſſive *ſenachies* and *ſileas*, are found, at laſt, to be the ſpurious brood of modern and ignorant ages. To thoſe who know how tenacious the Iriſh are, of their pretended *Iberian* deſcent, this alone is proof ſufficient, that poems, ſo ſubverſive of their ſyſtem, could never be produced by an Hibernian bard. But when we look to the language, it is ſo different from the Iriſh dialect, that it would be as ridiculous to think, that Milton's Paradiſe Loſt could be wrote by a Scottiſh peaſant, as to ſuppoſe, that the poems aſcribed to Oſſian were writ in Ireland.

The pretenſions of Ireland to Oſſian proceed from another quarter. There are handed down, in that country, traditional poems, concerning the *Fiona*, or the heroes of *Fion Mac Comnal*. This *Fion*, ſay the Iriſh annaliſts, was general of the militia of Ireland, in the reign of Cormac, in the third century. Where Keating and O'Flaherty learned that Ireland had an *embodied* militia ſo early, is not eaſy for me to determine. Their information certainly did not come from the Iriſh poems, concerning *Fion*. I have juſt now, in my hands, all that remain, of thoſe compoſitions; but, unluckily for the antiquities of Ireland, they appear to be the work of a very modern period. Every ſtanza, nay almoſt every line, affords ſtriking proofs, that they cannot be three centuries old. Their alluſions to the manners and cuſtoms of the fifteenth century, are ſo many, that it is

matter

matter of wonder to me, how any one could dream of their antiquity. They are entirely writ in that romantic taſte, which prevailed two ages ago. Giants, inchanted caſtles, dwarfs, palfreys, witches and magicians form the whole circle of the poet's invention. The celebrated *Fion* could ſcarcely move from one hillock to another, without encountering a giant, or being entangled in the circles of a magician. Witches, on broom-ſticks were continually hovering round him, like crows; and he had freed inchanted virgins in every valley in Ireland. In ſhort, *Fion*, great as he was, paſſed a diſagreeable life. Not only had he to engage all the miſchiefs in his own country, foreign armies invaded him, aſſiſted by magicians and witches, and headed by kings as tall as the main-maſt of a firſt rate. It muſt be owned, however, that *Fion* was not inferior to them in height.

A chos air *Cromleach*, druim-ard,
Chos eile air Crom-meal dubh,
Thoga *Fion* le lamh mhoir
An d'uiſgeò *Lubhair* na fruth.
With one foot on *Cromleach* his brow,
The other on *Crommal* the dark,
Fion took up with his large hand
The water from *Lubar* of the ſtreams.

Cromleach and *Crommal* were two mountains in the neighbourhood of one another, in Ulſter, and the river *Lubar* ran through the intermediate valley. The property of ſuch a monſter as this *Fion*, I ſhould never have diſputed with any nation. But the bard himſelf, in the poem, from which the above quotation is taken, cedes him to Scotland.

FION O ALBIN, fiol nan laoich.
FION *from* ALBION, *race of heroes!*

Were it allowable to contradict the authority of a bard, at this diſtance of time, I ſhould have given as my opinion, that

that this enormous *Fion* was of the race of the Hibernian giants, of Ruanus, or ſome other celebrated name, rather than a native of Caledonia, whoſe inhabitants, now at leaſt, are not remarkable for their ſtature.

If *Fion* was ſo remarkable for his ſtature, his heroes had alſo other extraordinary properties. *In weight all the ſons of ſtrangers* yielded to the celebrated Ton-ioſal; and for hardneſs of ſkull, and, perhaps, for thickneſs too, the valiant Oſcar ſtood *unrivalled and alone.* Offian himſelf had many ſingular and leſs delicate qualifications, than playing on the harp; and the brave Cuchullin was of ſo diminutive a ſize, as to be taken for a child of two years of age, by the gigantic Swaran. To illuſtrate this ſubject, I ſhall here lay before the reader, the hiſtory of ſome of the Iriſh poems, concerning *Fion Mac Comnal.* A tranſlation of theſe pieces, if well executed, might afford ſatisfaction to the public. But this ought to be the work of a native of Ireland. To draw forth, from obſcurity, the poems of my own country, has afforded ample employment to me; beſides, I am two diffident of my own abilities to undertake ſuch a work. A gentleman in Dublin accuſed me to the public of committing blunders and abſurdities, in tranſlating the language of my own country, and that before any tranſlation of mine appeared *. How the gentleman came to

* In Faulkner's Dublin Journal, of the 1ſt of December, 1761, appeared the following Advertiſement:

"Speedily will be publiſhed, by a gentleman of this kingdom, who hath been, for ſome time paſt, employed in tranſlating and writing Hiſtorical Notes to

FINGAL: A POEM.

Originally wrote in the Iriſh or Erſe language. In the preface

ſee my blunders before I committed them, is not eaſy to determine; if it did not conclude, that, as a Scotſman, and, of courſe deſcended of the Mileſian race, I might have committed ſome of thoſe overſights, which perhaps very unjuſtly, are ſaid to be peculiar to them.

From the whole tenor of the Iriſh poems, concerning the *Fiona*, it appears, that *Fion Mac Comnal* flouriſhed in the reign of Cormac, which is placed by the univerſal conſent of the ſenachies, in the third century. They even fix the death of Fingal in the year 286, yet his ſon Oſſian is made cotemporary with St Patrick, who preached the goſpel in Ireland about the middle of the fifth age. Oſſian, though, at that time, he muſt have been two hundred and fifty years of age, had a daughter young enough to become wife to the ſaint. On account of this family connection, *Patrick of the Pſalms*, for ſo the apoſtle of Ireland is emphatically called in the poems; took great delight in the company of Oſſian, and in hearing the great actions of his family. The ſaint ſometimes threw off the auſterity of his profeſſion, drunk freely, and had his ſoul properly warmed with wine, in order to hear, with becoming enthuſiaſm, the poems of his father-in-law. One of the poems begins with this piece of uſeful information.

Lo

face to which, the tranſlator, who is a perfect maſter of the Iriſh tongue, will give an account of the manners and cuſtoms of the ancient Iriſh or Scots: and, therefore, moſt humbly entreats the public, to wait for his edition, which will appear in a ſhort time, as he will ſet forth all the blunders and abſurdities in the edition now printing in London, and ſhew the ignorance of the Engliſh tranſlator, in his knowledge of Iriſh grammar, not underſtanding any part of that accidence."

Lo don rabh PADRIC na mhur,
Gun *Sailm* air uidh, ach a gol,
Ghluais e thigh *Oſſian* mhic *Fhion*,
O ſan leis bu bhinn a ghloir.

The title of this poem is *Teantach mor na Fiona*. It appears to have been founded on the ſame ſtory with the *battle of Lora*, one of the poems of the genuine Oſſian. The circumſtances and cataſtrophe in both are much the ſame; but the *Iriſh Oſſian* diſcovers the age in which he lived, by an unlucky anachroniſm. After deſcribing the total route of Erragon, he very gravely concludes with this remarkable anecdote, "that none of the foe eſcaped, but a few, who were allowed to go on a pilgrimage to the *Holy Land*." This circumſtance fixes the date of the compoſition of the piece ſome centuries after the famous croiſade; for, it is evident, that the poet thought the time of the croiſade ſo ancient, that he confounds it with the age of Fingal. Erragon, in the courſe of this poem, is often called,

Roigh *Lochlin* an do ſhloigh,
King of Denmark of two nations,

which alludes to the union of the kingdoms of Norway and Denmark, a circumſtance which brings down the date of the piece to an æra, not far remote. Modern, however, as this pretended Oſſian was, it is certain, he lived before the Iriſh had dreamed of appropriating *Fion* or *Fingal*, to themſelves. He concludes the poem, with this reflection.

Na fagha ſe comhthrom nan n' arm,
Erragon Mac Annir nan lann glas
'San n'ALBIN ni n' abairtair Triath
Agus ghlaoite an n' *Fhiona* as.

"Had Erragon, ſon of Annir of gleaming ſwords, avoided the equal conteſt of arms, (ſingle combat) no chief ſhould

have afterwards been numbered in ALBION, and the heroes of Fion ſhould no more be named."

The next poem that falls under our obſervation is *Cath-cabhra*, or, *The Death of Oſcar*. This piece is founded on the ſame ſtory which we have in the firſt book of Temora. So little thought the author of *Cath-cabhra* of making Oſcar his countryman, that, in the courſe of two hundred lines, of which the poems conſiſts, he put the following expreſſion thrice in the mouth of the hero:

ALBION an ſa d' roina m'arch.—
ALBION *where I was born and bred.*

The poem contains almoſt all the incidents in the firſt book of Temora. In one circumſtance the bard differs materially from Oſſian. Oſcar, after he was mortally wounded by Cairbar, was carried by his people to a neighbouring hill, which commanded a proſpect of the ſea. A fleet appeared at a diſtance, and the hero exclaims with joy,

Loingeas mo ſhean-athair at' an
'S iad a tiachd le cabhair chugain,
O ALBIN na n' ioma ſtuagh.

"It is the fleet of my grandfather, coming with aid to our field, from ALBION of many waves!" The teſtimony of this bard is ſufficient to confute the idle fictions of Keating and O'Flaherty; for, though he is far from being ancient, it is probable, he flouriſhed a full century before theſe hiſtorians. He appears, however, to have been a much better Chriſtian than chronologer; for *Fion*, though he is placed two centuries before St Patrick, very devoutly recommends the ſoul of his grandſon to his Redeemer.

Duan a Gharibh Mac-Starn is another Iriſh poem in high repute. The grandeur of its images, and its propriety of ſentiment, might have induced me to give a tranſlation of it, had not I ſome expectations of ſeeing it in the collection

of

of the Iriſh Oſſian's poems, promiſed more than a year ſince, to the public. The author deſcends ſometimes from the region of the ſublime to low and indecent deſcription; the laſt of which, the Iriſh tranſlator, no doubt, will chooſe to leave in the obſcurity of the original. In this piece Cuchullin is uſed with very little ceremony, for he is oft called the *Dog of Tara*, in the county of Meath. This ſevere title of the *redoubtable Cuchullin*, the moſt renowned of Iriſh champions, proceeded from the poet's ignorance of etymology. Cu, *voice*, or commander, ſignifies alſo a *dog*. The poet choſe the laſt, as the moſt noble appellation for his hero.

The ſubject of the poem is the ſame with that of the epic poem of Fingal. *Garibh Mac-Starn* is the ſame with Oſſian's Swaran, the ſon of Starno. His ſingle combats with, and his victory over all the heroes of Ireland, excepting the *celebrated dog of Tara*, i. e. Cuchullin, afford matter for two hundred lines of tolerable poetry. *Garibh's* progreſs in ſearch of Cuchullin, and his intrigue with the gigantic Emir-bragal, that hero's wife, enables the poet to extend his piece to four hundred lines. This author, it is true, makes Cuchullin a native of Ireland; the gigantic Emir-bragal he calls *the guiding ſtar of the women of Ireland*. The property of this enormous lady I ſhall not diſpute with him, or any other. But as he ſpeaks with great tenderneſs of the *daughters of the convent*, and throws out ſome hints againſt the Engliſh nation, it is probable he lived in too modern a period to be intimately acquainted with the genealogy of Cuchullin.

Another Iriſh Oſſian, for there were many, as appears from their difference in language and ſentiment, ſpeaks very dogmatically of *Fion Mac Comnal*, as an Iriſhman. Little can be ſaid for the judgment of this poet, and leſs for his delicacy of ſentiment. The hiſtory of one of his epi-

ſodes,

ſodes may, at once, ſtand as a ſpecimen of his want of both. Ireland, in the days of *Fion*, happened to be threatened with an invaſion, by three great potentates, the kings of Lochlin, Sweden, and France. It is needleſs to inſiſt upon the impropriety of a French invaſion of Ireland; it is ſufficient for me to be faithful in the language of my author. *Fion*, upon receiving intelligence of the intended invaſion, ſent Ca-olt, Oſſian, and Oſcar, to watch the bay, in which, it was apprehended, the enemy was to land. Oſcar was the worſt choice of a ſcout that could be made, for, brave as he was, he had the bad property of falling very oft aſleep on his poſt, nor was it poſſible to awake him, without cutting off one of his fingers, or daſhing a large ſtone againſt his head. When the enemy appeared, Oſcar, very unfortunately, was aſleep. Oſſian and Ca-olt conſulted about the method of wakening him, and they, at laſt, fixed on the ſtone, as the leſs dangerous expedient.

Gun thog Caoilte a chlach, nach gan,
Agus a n' aighai' chean gun bhuail;
Tri mil an tulloch gun chri', &c.

"Ca-olt took up a heavy ſtone, and ſtruck it againſt the hero's head. The hill ſhook for three miles, as the ſtone rebounded and rolled away." Oſcar roſe in wrath, and his father gravely deſired him to ſpend his rage on his enemies, which he did to ſo good purpoſe, that he ſingly routed a whole wing of their army. The confederate kings advanced, notwithſtanding, till they came to a narrow paſs, poſſeſſed by the celebrated Ton-ioſal. This name is very ſignificant of the ſingular property of the hero who bore it. Ton-ioſal, though brave, was ſo heavy and unweildy, that, when he ſat down, it took the whole force of an hundred men to ſet him upright on his feet again. Luckily for the preſervation of Ireland, the hero happened to be ſtanding

when

when the enemy appeared, and he gave ſo good an account of them, that *Fion*, upon his arrival, found little to do, but to divide the ſpoil among his ſoldiers.

All theſe extraordinary heroes, Fion, Oſſian, Oſcar, and Ca-olt, ſays the poet, were

Siol ERIN na gorm lann.

The ſons of ERIN *of blue ſteel.*

Neither ſhall I much diſpute the matter with him: He has my conſent alſo to appropriate to Ireland the celebrated Ton-ioſal. I ſhall only ſay, that they are different perſons from thoſe of the ſame name, in the Scots poems; and that, though the ſtupenduous valour of the firſt is ſo remarkable, they have not been equally lucky with the latter, in their poet. It is extraordinary, that *Fion*, who lived ſome ages before St Patrick, ſwears like a very good Chriſtian.

Air an Dia do chum gach *caſe*.

By God, who ſhaped every caſe.

It is worthy of being remarked, that, in the line quoted, Oſſian, who lived in St Patrick's days, ſeems to have underſtood ſomething of the Engliſh, a language not then ſubſiſting. A perſon, more ſanguine for the honour of his country than I am, might argue, from this circumſtance, that this pretendedly Iriſh Oſſian was a native of Scotland; for my countrymen are univerſally allowed to have an excluſive right to the ſecond-ſight.

From the inſtances given, the reader may form a complete idea of the Iriſh compoſitions concerning the *Fiona*. The greateſt part of them make the heroes of *Fion*.

Siol ALBIN a n'nioma caoile.

The race of ALBION *of many firths.*

The reſt make them natives of Ireland. But, the truth is, that their authority is of little conſequence on either ſide. From the inſtances I have given, they appear to have been

the

the work of a very modern period. The pious ejaculations they contain, their alluſions to the manners of the times, fix them to the fifteenth century. Had even the authors of theſe pieces avoided all alluſions to their own times, it is impoſſible that the poems could paſs for ancient, in the eyes of any perſon tolerably converſant with the Iriſh tongue. The idiom is ſo corrupted and ſo many words borrowed from the Engliſh, that that language muſt have made conſiderable progreſs in Ireland before the poems were written.

It remains now to ſhew, how the Iriſh bards began to appropriate Oſſian and his heroes to their own country. After the Engliſh conqueſt, many of the natives of Ireland, averſe to a foreign yoke, either actually were in a ſtate of hoſtility with the conquerors, or at leaſt, paid little regard to their government. The Scots, in thoſe ages, were often in open war, and never in cordial friendſhip with the Engliſh. The ſimilarity of manners and language, the traditions concerning their common origin, and above all, their having to do with the ſame enemy, created a free and friendly intercourſe between the Scottiſh and Iriſh nations. As the cuſtom of retaining bards and ſenachies was common to both; ſo each, no doubt, had formed a ſyſtem of hiſtory, it matters not how much ſoever fabulous, concerning their reſpective origin. It was the natural policy of the times, to reconcile the traditions of both nations together, and, if poſſible, to deduce them from the ſame original ſtock.

The Saxon manners and language had, at that time, made great progreſs in the ſouth of Scotland. The ancient language, and the traditional hiſtory of the nation, became confined entirely to the inhabitants of the Highlands, then fallen, from ſeveral concurring circumſtances, into the laſt degree of ignorance and barbariſm. The Iriſh, who, for ſome ages before the conqueſt, had poſſeſſed a competent

ſhare

ſhare of that kind of learning, which then prevailed in Europe, found it no difficult matter to impoſe their own fictions on the ignorant Highland ſenachies, by flattering the vanity of the Highlanders, with their long liſt of Heremonian kings and heroes, they, without contradiction, aſſumed to themſelves the character of being the mother-nation of the Scots of Britain. At this time, certainly, was eſtabliſhed that Hibernian ſyſtem of the original of the Scots, which afterwards, for want of any other, was univerſally received. The Scots of the low-country, who, by loſing the language of their anceſtors, loſt, together with it, their national traditions, received, implicitly, the hiſtory of their country, from Iriſh refugees, or from Highland ſenachies, perſuaded over into the Hibernian ſyſtem.

Theſe circumſtances, are far from being ideal. We have remaining many particular traditions, which bear teſtimony to a fact, of itſelf abundantly probable. What makes the matter inconteſtible is, that the ancient traditional accounts of the genuine origin of the Scots, have been handed down without interruption. Though a few ignorant ſenachies might be perſuaded out of their own opinion, by the ſmoothneſs of an Iriſh tale, it was impoſſible to eradicate, from among the bulk of the people, their own national traditions. Theſe traditions afterwards ſo much prevailed, that the Highlanders continue totally unacquainted with the pretended Hibernian extract of the Scots nation. Ignorant chronicle writers, ſtrangers to the ancient language of their country, preſerved only from falling to the ground, ſo improbable a ſtory.

It was, during the period I have mentioned, that the Iriſh became acquainted with, and carried into their country, the compoſitions of Oſſian. The ſcene of many of the pieces being in Ireland, ſuggeſted firſt to them a hint, of making both heroes and poet natives of that iſland. In or-

der to do this effectually, they found it neceſſary to reject the genuine poems, as every line was pregnant with proofs of their Scottiſh original, and to dreſs up a fable, on the ſame ſubject, in their own language. So ill qualified, however, were their bards to effectuate this change, that amidſt all their deſires to make the *Fiona* Iriſhmen, they every now and then called them *Siol Albin*. It was, probably, after a ſucceſſion of ſome generations, that the bards had effrontery enough to eſtabliſh an Iriſh genealogy for *Fion*, and deduce him from the Mileſian race of kings. In ſome of the oldeſt Iriſh poems, on the ſubject, the great-grandfather of *Fion* is made a Scandinavian; and his heroes are often called SIOL LOCHLIN NA BEUM; *i. e. the race of Lochlin of wounds*. The only poem that runs up the family of *Fion* to Nuades Niveus, king of Ireland, is evidently not above a hundred and fifty years old; for, if I miſtake not, it mentions the Earl of Tyrone, ſo famous in Elizabeth's time.

This ſubject, perhaps, is purſued further than it deſerves; but a diſcuſſion of the pretenſions of Ireland to Oſſian, was become in ſome meaſure neceſſary. If the Iriſh poems, concerning the *Fiona*, ſhould appear ridiculous, it is but juſtice to obſerve, that they are ſcarcely more ſo than the poems of other nations, at that period. On other ſubjects, the bards of Ireland have diſplayed a genius worthy of any age or nation. It was, alone, in matters of antiquity, that they were monſtrous in their fables. Their love-ſonnets, and their elegies on the death of perſons worthy or renowned, abound with ſuch beautiful ſimplicity of ſentiment, and wild harmony of numbers, that they become more than an atonement for their errors, in every other ſpecies of poetry. But the beauty of theſe pieces, depend ſo much on a certain *curioſa felicitas* of expreſſion in the original, that they muſt appear much to diſadvantage in another language.

A CRITICAL

A

CRITICAL DISSERTATION

ON THE

POEMS OF OSSIAN,

THE

SON OF FINGAL.

BY HUGH BLAIR, D. D.

ONE OF THE MINISTERS OF THE HIGH-CHURCH, AND PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND BELLES-LETTERS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

AMONG the monuments remaining of the ancient ſtate of nations, few are more valuable than their poems or ſongs. Hiſtory, when it treats of remote and dark ages, is ſeldom very inſtructive. The beginnings of ſociety, in every country, are involved in fabulous confuſion; and though they were not, they would furniſh few events worth recording. But, in every period of ſociety, human manners are a curious ſpectacle; and the moſt natural pictures of ancient manners are exhibited in the ancient poems of nations. Theſe preſent to us, what is much more valuable than the hiſtory of ſuch tranſactions as a rude age can afford, The hiſtory of human imagination and paſſion. They make us acquainted with the notions and feelings of our fellow-creatures in the moſt artleſs ages; diſcovering what objects they admired, and what pleaſures they purſued, before thoſe

refinements of ſociety had taken place, which enlarge indeed, and diverſify the tranſactions, but diſguiſe the manners of mankind.

Beſides this merit, which ancient poems have with philoſophical obſervers of human nature, they have another with perſons of taſte. They promiſe ſome of the higheſt beauties of poetical writing. Irregular and unpoliſhed we may expect the productions of uncultivated ages to be; but abounding, at the ſame time, with that enthuſiaſm, that vehemence and fire, which are the ſoul of poetry. For many circumſtances of thoſe times which we call barbarous, are favourable to the poetical ſpirit. That ſtate, in which human nature ſhoots wild and free, though unfit for other improvements, certainly encourages the high exertions of fancy and paſſion.

In the infancy of ſocieties, men live ſcattered and diſperſed, in the midſt of ſolitary rural ſcenes, where the beauties of nature are their chief entertainment. They meet with many objects, to them new and ſtrange; their wonder and ſurpriſe are frequently excited; and by the ſudden changes of fortune occurring in their unſettled ſtate of life, their paſſions are raiſed to the utmoſt. Their paſſions have nothing to reſtrain them: their imagination has nothing to check it. They diſplay themſelves to one another without diſguiſe: and converſe and act in the uncovered ſimplicity of nature. As their feelings are ſtrong, ſo their language, of itſelf, aſſumes a poetical turn. Prone to exaggerate, they deſcribe every thing in the ſtrongeſt colours; which of courſe renders their ſpeech pictureſque and figurative. Figurative language owes its riſe chiefly to two cauſes; to the want of proper names for objects, and to the influence of imagination and paſſion over the form of expreſſion. Both theſe cauſes concur in the infancy of ſociety.

ciety. Figures are commonly conſidered as artificial modes of ſpeech, deviſed by orators and poets, after the world had advanced to a refined ſtate. The contrary of this is the truth. Men never have uſed ſo many figures of ſtyle, as in thoſe rude ages, when, beſides the power of a warm imagination to ſuggeſt lively images, the want of proper and preciſe terms for the ideas they would expreſs, obliged them to have recourſe to circumlocution, metaphor, compariſon, and all thoſe ſubſtituted forms of expreſſion, which give a poetical air to language. An American chief, at this day, harangues at the head of his tribe, in a more bold metaphorical ſtyle, than a modern European would adventure to uſe in an epic poem.

In the progreſs of ſociety, the genius and manners of men undergo a change more favourable to accuracy than to ſprightlineſs and ſublimity. As the world advances, the underſtanding gains ground upon the imagination; the underſtanding is more exerciſed; the imagination leſs. Fewer objects occur that are new or ſurpriſing. Men apply themſelves to trace the cauſes of things; they correct and refine one another; they ſubdue or diſguiſe their paſſions; they form their exterior manners upon one uniform ſtandard of politeneſs and civility. Human nature is pruned according to method and rule. Language advances from ſterility to copiouſneſs, and at the ſame time, from fervour and enthuſiaſm, to correctneſs and preciſion. Style becomes more chaſte; but leſs animated. The progreſs of the world in this reſpect reſembles the progreſs of age in man. The powers of imagination are moſt vigorous and predominant in youth; thoſe of the underſtanding ripen more ſlowly, and often attain not their maturity, till the imagination begin to flag. Hence, poetry, which is the child of imagination, is frequently moſt glowing and animated in the

firſt

firſt ages of ſociety. As the ideas of our youth are remembered with a peculiar pleaſure on account of their livelineſs and vivacity; ſo the moſt ancient poems have often proved the greateſt favourites of nations.

Poetry has been ſaid to be more ancient than proſe: and however paradoxical ſuch an aſſertion may ſeem, yet, in a qualified ſenſe it is true. Men certainly never converſed with one another in regular numbers; but even their ordinary language would, in ancient times, for the reaſons before aſſigned, approach to a poetical ſtyle; and the firſt compoſitions tranſmitted to poſterity, beyond doubt, were, in a literal ſenſe, poems; that is, compoſitions in which imagination had the chief hand, formed into ſome kind of numbers, and pronounced with a muſical modulation or tone. Muſic or ſong has been found coæval with ſociety among the moſt barbarous nations. The only ſubjects which could prompt men, in their firſt rude ſtate, to utter their thoughts in compoſitions of any length, were ſuch as naturally aſſumed the tone of poetry; praiſes of their gods or of their anceſtors; commemorations of their own warlike exploits; or lamentations over their misfortunes. And before writing was invented, no other compoſitions, except ſongs or poems, could take ſuch hold of the imagination and memory, as to be preſerved by oral tradition, and handed down from one race to another.

Hence we may expect to find poems among the antiquities of all nations. It is probable too, that an extenſive ſearch would diſcover a certain degree of reſemblance among all the moſt ancient poetical productions, from whatever country they have proceeded. In a ſimilar ſtate of manners, ſimilar objects and paſſions operating upon the imaginations of men, will ſtamp their productions with the ſame general character. Some diverſity will, no doubt, be occaſioned

occaſioned by climate and genius. But mankind never bear ſuch reſembling features, as they do in the beginnings of ſociety. Its ſubſequent revolutions give riſe to the principal diſtinctions among nations; and divert, into channels widely ſeparated, that current of human genius and manners, which deſcends originally from one ſpring. What we have been long accuſtomed to call the oriental vein of poetry, becauſe ſome of the earlieſt poetical productions have come to us from the Eaſt, is probably no more oriental than accidental; it is characteriſtical of an age rather than a country; and belongs, in ſome meaſure, to all nations at a certain period. Of this the works of Oſſian ſeem to furniſh a remarkable proof.

Our preſent ſubject leads us to inveſtigate the ancient poetical remains, not ſo much of the Eaſt, or of the Greeks and Romans, as of the Northern nations; in order to diſcover whether the Gothic poetry has any reſemblance to the Celtic or Galic, which we are about to conſider. Though the Goths, under which name we uſually comprehend all the Scandinavian tribes, were a people altogether fierce and martial, and noted, to a proverb, for their ignorance of the liberal arts, yet they too, from the earlieſt times, had their poets and their ſongs. Their poets were diſtinguiſhed by the title of *Scalders*, and their ſongs were termed *Vyſes* *. Saxo Grammaticus, a Daniſh hiſtorian of

* Olaus Wormius, in the Appendix to his Treatiſe de Literatura Runica, has given a particular account of the Gothic poetry, commonly called Runic, from *Runes*, which ſignifies the Gothic letters. He informs us that there were no fewer than one hundred and thirty-ſix different kinds of meaſure or verſe uſed in their *Vyſes*; and though we are accuſtomed to call rhyme a Gothic invention, he ſays expreſsly, that among all theſe meaſures, rhymes, or correſpondence of final ſyllables, was never employed. He analyſes the ſtructure of one of theſe kinds of verſe, that in which the

of conſiderable note, who flouriſhed in the thirteenth century, informs us that very many of theſe ſongs, containing the ancient traditionary ſtories of the country, were found engraven upon rocks in the old Runic character; ſeveral of which he has tranſlated into Latin, and inſerted into his hiſtory. But his verſions are plainly ſo paraphraſtical, and forced into ſuch an imitation of the ſtyle and the meaſures of

the poem of Lodbrog, afterwards quoted, is written; which exhibits a very ſingular ſpecies of harmony, if it can be allowed that name, depending neither upon rhyme nor upon metrical feet, or quantity of ſyllables, but chiefly upon the number of the ſyllables, and the diſpoſition of the letters. In every ſtanza was an equal number of lines; in every line ſix ſyllables. In each diſtich, it was requiſite that three words ſhould begin with the ſame letter; two of the correſponding words placed in the firſt line of the diſtich, the third, in the ſecond line. In each line were alſo required two ſyllables, but never the final ones formed either of the ſame conſonants, or ſame vowels. As an example of this meaſure, Olaus gives us theſe two Latin lines conſtructed exactly according to the above rules of Runic verſe:

Chriſtus caput noſtrum
Coronet te bonis.

The initial letters of Chriſtus, Caput and Coronet, make the three correſponding letters of the diſtich. In the firſt line, the firſt ſyllables of Chriſtus and of noſtrum; in the ſecond line, the *on* in coronet and in bonis make the requiſite correſpondence of ſyllables. Frequent inverſions and tranſpoſitions were permitted in this poetry; which would naturally follow from ſuch laborious attention to the collocation of words.

The curious on this ſubject may conſult likewiſe Dr Hicks's Theſaurus Linguarum Septentrionalium; particularly the 23d chapter of his Grammatica Anglo Saxonica et Mæſo Gothica; where they will find a full account of the ſtructure of the Anglo-Saxon verſe, which nearly reſembled the Gothic. They will find alſo ſome ſpecimens both of Gothic and Saxon poetry. An extract, which Dr Hicks has given from the work of one of the Daniſh Scalders, intitled, Hervarer Saga, containing an evocation from the dead, may be found in the 6th volume of Miſcellany Poems, publiſhed by Mr Dryden.

of the Roman poets, that one can form no judgment from them of the native ſpirit of the original. A more curious monument of the true Gothic poetry is preſerved by Olaus Wormius in his book de Literatura Runica. It is an Epicedium, or funeral ſong, compoſed by Regner Lodbrog; and tranſlated by Olaus, word for word, from the original. This Lodbrog was a king of Denmark, who lived in the eighth century, famous for his wars and victories; and at the ſame time an eminent *Scalder* or poet. It was his misfortune to fall at laſt into the hands of one of his enemies, by whom he was thrown into priſon, and condemned to be deſtroyed by ſerpents. In this ſituation he ſolaced himſelf with rehearſing all the exploits of his life. The poem is divided into twenty-nine ſtanzas, of ten lines each; and every ſtanza begins with theſe words, Pugnavimus Enſibus, "We have fought with our ſwords." Olaus's verſion is in many places ſo obſcure as to be hardly intelligible. I have ſubjoined the whole below, exactly as he has publiſhed it, and ſhall tranſlate as much as may give the Engliſh reader an idea of the ſpirit and ſtrain of this kind of poetry *.

* 1.

Pugnavimus Enſibus
Haud poſt longum tempus
Cum in Gotlandia aceeſſimus
Ad ſerpentis immenſi neeem
Tunc impetravimus Thoram
Ex hoc vocarunt me virum
Quod ſerpentem transfodi [dem
Hirſutam braccam ob illam ce-
Cuſpide ictum intuli in colubrum
Ferro lucidorum ſtupendiorum.

2. [quiſivimus

Multum juvenis fui quando ac-
Orientem verſus in Oreonico fre-
Vulnerum amnes avidæ feræ [to
Et flavipedi avi
Accepimus ibidem ſonuerunt
Ad ſublimes galeas
Dura ferra magnam eſcam
Omnis erat oceanus vulnus
Vadavit corvus in ſanguine Cæ-

3. [ſorum,

Alte tulimus tunc lanceas
Quando viginti annos numera-
vimus
Et celebrem laudem comparavi-
mus paſſim
Vicimus octo barones
In oriente ante Dimini portum
Aquilæ impetravimus tunc ſuf-
ficientem
Hoſpitii ſumptum in illa ſtrage
Sudor decidit in vulnerum [tem.
Oceano perdidit exercitus æta-

Pugnæ

" We have fought with our ſwords. I was young, when towards the eaſt, in the bay of Oreon, we made torrents o blood flow, to gorge the ravenous beaſts of prey, and the yellow-

4.

Pugnæ facta copia
Cum Helſingianos poſtulavimus
Ad aulam Odini [tulæ
Naves direximus in oſtium Viſ-
Mucro potuit tum mordere
Omnis erat vulnus unda
Terra rubefacta Calido
Frendebat gladius in loricas
Gladius findebat Clypeos.

5.

Memina neminem tunc fugiſſe
Priuſquam in navibus
Heraudus in bello caderet
Non findit navibus
Alius baro præſtantior
Mare ad portum
In navibus longis poſt illum
Sic attulit princeps paſſim
Alacre in bellum cor.

6.

Exercitus abjecit Clypeos
Cum haſta volavit
Ardua ad virorum pectora
Momordit Scarforum cautes
Gladius in pugna
Sanguineus erat Clypeus
Antequam Rafno rex caderet
Fluxit ex virorum capitibus
Calidus in loricas ſudor.

7.

Habere potuerunt tum corvi
Ante Indirorum inſulas [dam
Sufficientem prædam dilanian-
Acquiſivimus feris carnivoris
Plenum prandium unico actu
Difficile erat unius facere men-
Oriente ſole [tionem
Spicula vidi pungere
Propulerunt arcus ex ſe ferra.

8.

Altum mugierunt enſes
Antequam in Laneo campo
Eiſlinus rex cecidit
Proceſſimus auro ditati.
Ad terram proſtratorum dimi-
candum
Gladius ſecuit Clypeorum
Picturas in galearum conventu
Cervicum muſtum ex vulneribus
Diffuſum per cerebrum ſuum.

9.

Tenuimus Clypeos in ſanguine
Cum haſtam unximus
Ante Boring holmum [peum
Tolerum nubes diſrumpunt cly-
Extruſit arcus ex ſe metallum
Volnir cecedit in conflictu
Non erat illo rex major
Cæſi diſperſi late per littora
Feræ amplectebantur eſcam.

10.

Pugna manifeſte creſcebat
Antequam Freyr rex caderet
In Flandrorum terra
Cæpit cæruleus ad incidendum
Sanguine illitus in aurcam
Loricam in pugna
Durus armorum mucro olim
Virgo deploravit matutinam la-
nienam
Multa præda dabatur feris.

11.

Centies centenos vidi jacere
In navibus
Ubi Æenglanes vocatur
Navigavimus ad pugnam
Per ſex dies antequam exercitus
caderet
Tranſegimus mucronum miſſam
In exortu ſolis
Coactus eſt pro noſtris gladiis
Valdiofur in bello occumbere.

12.

Ruit pluvia ſanguinis de gladiis
Præceps in Bardafyrde
Pallidum corpus pro accipitribus
Murmuravit arcus ubi mucro
Acriter

yellow-footed bird. There reſounded the hard ſteel upon the lofty helmets of men. The whole ocean was one wound. The crow waded in the blood of the ſlain. When

Acriter mordebat Loricas
In conflictu
Odini Pileus Galea
Cucurrit arcus ad vulnus
Venenate acutus conſperſus fudore ſanguineo.

13.

Tenuimus magica ſcuta
Alte in pugnæ ludo
Ante Hiadningum ſinum
Videre licuit tum viros
Qui gladiis lacerarunt Clypeos
In gladiatorio murmure
Galeæ attritæ virorum
Erat ſicut ſplendidam virginem
In lecto juxta ſe collocare.

14.

Dura venit tempeſtas Clypeis
Cadavir cecedit in terram
In Nortumbria
Erat circa matutinum tempus
Hominibus neceſſum erat fugere
Ex prælio ubi acute
Caſſidis campos mordebant gladii
Erat hoc veluti Juvenem viduam
In primaria ſede oſculari.

15.

Herthiofe evaſit fortunatus
In Auſtralibus Orcadibus ipſe
Victoriæ in noſtris hominibus
Cogebatur in armorum nimbo
Rogvaldus occumbere
Iſte venit ſummus ſuper accipitres
Luctus in gladiorum ludo
Strenue jactabat concuſſor
Galeæ ſanguinis teli.

16.

Quilibet jacebat tranſverſim ſupra alium.
Gaudebat pugna lætus
Accipiter ob gladiorum ludum
Non fecit aquilam aut aprum
Qui Irlandiam gubernavit
Conventus fiebat ferri & Clypei
Marſtanus rex jejunis
Fiebat in vedræ ſinu
Præda data corvis.

17.

Bellatorem multum vidi cadere
Mane ante machæram
Virum in mucronum diſſidio
Filio meo incidit mature
Gladius juxta cor
Egillus fecit Agnerum ſpoliatum
Impertertitum virum vita
Sonuit lancea prope Hamdi
Griſeam loricam ſplendebant vexilla.

18.

Verborum tenaces vidi diſſecare
Haut minutim pro lupis
Endili maris enſibus
Erat per Hebdomadæ ſpacium
Quaſi mulieres vinum apportarent
Rubefactæ erant naves
Valde in ſtrepitu armorum
Sciſſa erat loriea
In Scioldungorum prælio.

19.

Pulchricomum vidi crepuſculaſcere
Virginis amatorem circa matutinum
Et confabulationis amicum viduarum
Erat ſicut calidum balneum
Vinei vaſis nympha portaret
Nos in Ilæ freto
Antiquam Orn rex caderet
Sanguineum Clypeum vidi ruptum
Hoc invertit virorum vitam.

20.

Egimus gladiorum ad cædem
Ludum in Lindis inſula
Cum regibus tribus
Pauci potuerunt inde lætari
Cecedit multus in rictum ferarum

Accipiter

we had numbered twenty years, we lifted our ſpears on high, and every where ſpread our renown. Eight barons we overcame in the eaſt, before the port of Diminum; and plentifully

Aecipiter dilaniavit carnem cum
Ut ſatur inde diſcederet [lupo
Hybernorum ſanguis in oceanum
Copioſe decidit per mactationis
21. [tempus.
Alte gladius mordebat Clypeos
Tunc cum aurei coloris
Haſta fricabat loricas
Videre licuit in Onlugs inſula
Per ſecula multum poſt
Ibi fuit ad gladiorum ludos
Reges proceſſerunt
Rubicundum erat circa inſulam
Ar volans Draco vulnerum.
22.
Quid eſt viro forti morte certius
Etſi ipſe in armorum nimbo
Adverſus collocatus ſit
Sæpe deplorat ætatem
Qui nunquam premitur
Malum ferunt timidum incitare
Aquilam ad gladiorum ludum
Meticuloſus venit nuſpiam
Cordi ſuo uſui.
23.
Hoc numero æquum ut procedat
In contactu gladiorum
Juvenis unus contra alterum
Non retrocedat vir a viro.
Hoc fuit viri fortis nobilitas diu
Semper debet amoris amicus
virginum
Audax eſſe in fremitu armorum.
24.
Hoc videtur mihi re vera
Quod fata ſequimur
Rarus tranſgreditur fata Parca-
Non deſtinavi Ellæ [rum
De vitæ exitu meæ
Cum ego ſanguinem ſemimortuus
tegerem
Et naves in aquas protruſi
Paſſim impetravimus tum feris
Eſcam in Scotiæ ſinubus.
25.
Hoc ridere me facit ſemper
Quod balderi patris ſcamna
Parata ſcio in aula
Bibemus cereviſiam brevi
Ex concaviſe crateribus craniorum
Non gemit vir fortis contra mortem
Magnifici in Odini domibus
Non venio deſperabundis
Verbis ad odini aulam.
26.
Hic vellent nunc omnes
Filii Aſlaugæ gladiis
Amarum bellum excitare
Si exacte ſcirent
Calamitates noſtras
Quem non pauci angues
Venenati me diſcerpunt
Matrem accepi meis
Filiis ita ut corda valeant.
27.
Valde inclinatur ad hæreditatem
Crudele ſtat nocumentum a vipera
Anguis inhabitat aulum cordis
Speramus alterius ad Othini
Virgam in Ellæ ſanguine
Filiis meis liveſcet.
Sua ira rubeſcet
Non acres juvenes
Seſſionem tranquillam facient.
28.
Habeo quinquagies
Prælia ſub ſignis facta
Ex belli invitatione & ſemel
Minime putavi hominum
Quod me futurus eſſet
Juvenis didici mucronem rubefacere
Alius rex præſtantior
Nos Aſæ invitabunt
Non eſt lugenda mors.

Fert

plentifully we feaſted the eagle in that ſlaughter. The warm ſtream of wounds ran into the ocean. The army fell before us. When we ſteered our ſhips into the mouth of the Viſtula, we ſent the Helſingians to the hall of Odion. Then did the ſword bite. The waters were all one wound. The earth was dyed red with the warm ſtream. The ſword rung upon the coats of mail, and clove the bucklers in twain. None fled on that day, till among his ſhips Heraudus fell. Than him no braver baron cleaves the ſea with ſhips; a chearful heart did he ever bring to the combat. Then the hoſt threw away their ſhields, when the uplifted ſpear flew at the breaſts of heroes. The ſword bit the Scarfian rocks; bloody was the ſhield in battle, until Rafno the king was ſlain. From the heads of warriors the warm ſweat ſtreamed down their armour. The crows around the Indirian iſlands had ample prey. It were difficult to ſingle out one among ſo many deaths. At the riſing of the ſun I beheld the ſpears piercing the bodies of foes, and the bows throwing forth their ſteel-pointed arrows. Loud roared the ſwords in the plains of Lano. The virgin long bewailed the ſlaughter of that morning." In this ſtrain the poet continues to deſcribe ſeveral other military exploits. The images are not much varied; the noiſe of arms, the ſtreaming of blood, and the feaſting the birds of prey, often recurring. He mentions the death of two of his ſons in battle; and the lamentation he deſcribes as made for one of them is very ſingular. A Grecian or Roman poet would have introduced the virgins or nymphs of the wood, bewailing the untimely fall of a young hero. But, ſays our Gothic poet, " when Rogvaldus was ſlain, for him mourned all the hawks of

29.

Fert animus finire
Invitant me Dyſæ
Quas ex Othini Aula
Othinus mihi miſit
Lætus cereviſiam cum Aſis
In ſumma ſede bibam
Vitæ elapſæ ſunt horæ
Ridens moriar.

of heaven," as lamenting a benefactor who had ſo liberally ſupplied them with prey; "for boldly," as he adds, "in the ſtrife of ſwords, did the breaker of helmets throw the ſpear of blood."

The poem concludes with ſentiments of the higheſt bravery and contempt of death. "What is more certain to the brave man than death, though amidſt the ſtorm of ſwords, he ſtands always ready to oppoſe it? He only regrets this life who hath never known diſtreſs. The timorous man allures the devouring eagle to the field of battle. The coward, wherever he comes, is uſeleſs to himſelf. This I eſteem honourable, that the youth ſhould advance to the combat fairly matched one againſt another; nor man retreat from man. Long was this the warrior's higheſt glory. He who aſpires to the love of virgins, ought always to be foremoſt in the roar of arms. It appears to me of truth, that we are led by the fates. Seldom can any overcome the appointment of deſtiny. Little did I foreſee that Ella * was to have my life in his hands, in that day when fainting I concealed my blood, and puſhed forth my ſhips into the waves; after we had ſpread a repaſt for the beaſts of prey throughout the Scottiſh bays. But this makes me always rejoice that in the halls of our father Balder (or Odin) I know there are ſeats prepared, where, in a ſhort time, we ſhall be drinking ale out of the hollow ſkulls of our enemies. In the houſe of the mighty Odin, no brave men lament death. I come not with the voice of deſpair to Odin's hall. How eagerly would all the ſons of Aſlauga now ruſh to war, did they know the diſtreſs of their father, whom a multitude of venomous ſerpents tear? I have given to my children a mother who hath filled their hearts with valour.

* This was the name of his enemy who had condemned him to death.

valour. I am faſt approaching to my end. A cruel death awaits me from the viper's bite. A ſnake dwells in the midſt of my heart. I hope that the ſword of ſome of my ſons ſhall yet be ſtained with the blood of Ella. The valiant youths will wax red with anger, and will not ſit in peace. Fifty and one times have I reared the ſtandard in battle. In my youth I learned to dye the ſword in blood: my hope was then, that no king among men would be more renowned than me. The goddeſſes of death will now ſoon call me; I muſt not mourn my death. Now I end my ſong. The goddeſſes invite me away; they whom Odin has ſent to me from his hall. I will ſit upon a lofty ſeat, and drink ale joyfully with the goddeſſes of death. The hours of my life are run out. I will ſmile when I die."

This is ſuch poetry as we might expect from a barbarous nation. It breathes a moſt ferocious ſpirit. It is wild, harſh, and irregular; but at the ſame time animated and ſtrong; the ſtyle, in the original, full of inverſions, and, as we learn from ſome of Olaus's notes, highly metaphorical and figured.

But when we open the works of Oſſian, a very different ſcene preſents itſelf. There we find the fire and enthuſiaſm of the moſt early times, combined with an amazing degree of regularity and art. We find tenderneſs, and even delicacy of ſentiment, greatly predominant over fierceneſs and barbarity. Our hearts are melted with the ſofteſt feelings, and at the ſame time elevated with the higheſt ideas of magnanimity, generoſity, and true heroiſm. When we turn from the poetry of Lodbrog to that of Oſſian it is like paſſing from a ſavage deſart, into a fertile and cultivated country. How is this to be accounted for? Or by what means to be reconciled with the remote antiquity attributed

to

to theſe poems? This is a curious point; and requires to be illuſtrated.

That the ancient Scots were of Celtic original, is paſt all doubt. Their conformity with the Celtic nations in language, manners, and religion, proves it to a full demonſtration. The Celtæ, a great and mighty people, altogether diſtinct from the Goths and Teutones, once extended their dominion over all the weſt of Europe; but ſeem to have had their moſt full and complete eſtabliſhment in Gaul. Wherever the Celtæ or Gauls are mentioned by ancient writers, we ſeldom fail to hear of their Druids and their Bards; the inſtitution of which two orders, was the capital diſtinction of their manners and policy. The Druids were their philoſophers and prieſts; the Bards, their poets and recorders of heroic actions: And both theſe orders of men, ſeem to have ſubſiſted among them, as chief members of the ſtate from time immemorial *. We muſt not therefore imagine the Celtæ to have been altogether a groſs and rude nation. They poſſeſſed from very remote ages a formed ſyſtem of diſcipline and manners, which appears to have had a deep and laſting influence. Ammianus Marcellinus gives them this expreſs teſtimony, that there flouriſhed among them the ſtudy of the moſt laudable arts; introduced by the Bards, whoſe office it was to ſing in heroic verſe, the gallant actions of illuſtrious men; and by the Druids,

* There are three tribes who are reſpected in different degrees, *viz.* the Bards, the Prieſts, and the Druids. The Bards are the poets, and thoſe who record the actions of their heroes. *Strabo*, B. IV.

There are likewiſe among them the compoſers of poems, whom they call Bards; and theſe, with inſtruments like the lyre, celebrate the praiſes of ſome, and rail againſt others. *Diod. Sicul.* B. V.

And thoſe who are called Bards, are their oracles, and theſe bards are poets who ſing praiſes in odes. *Poſidonius ap. Athenæum*, B. VI.

Druids, who lived together in colleges or ſocieties, after the Pythagorian manner, and philoſophiſing upon the higheſt ſubjects, aſſerted the immortality of the human ſoul *. Though Julius Cæſar, in his account of Gaul, does not expreſsly mention the Bards, yet it is plain that under the title of Druids, he comprehends that whole college or order; of which the Bards, who, it is probable, were the diſciples of the Druids, undoubtedly made a part. It deſerves remark, that according to his account, the Druidical inſtitution firſt took riſe in Britain, and paſſed from thence into Gaul; ſo that they who aſpired to be thorough maſters of that learning were wont to reſort to Britain. He adds too, that ſuch as were to be initiated among the Druids, were obliged to commit to their memory a great number of verſes, inſomuch that ſome employed twenty years in this courſe of education; and that they did not think it lawful to record theſe poems in writing, but ſacredly handed them down by tradition from race to race †.

So ſtrong was the attachment of the Celtic nations to their poetry and their bards, that amidſt all the changes of their government and manners, even long after the order of the Druids was extinct, and the national religion altered, the Bards continued to flouriſh; not as a ſet of ſtrolling ſongſters, like the Greek Ἀοιδοὶ or Rhapſodiſts, in Homer's

* Per hæc loca (ſpeaking of Gaul) hominibus paulatim excultis, *viguere ſtudia laudabilium doctrinarum*; inchoata per Bardos & Euhages & Druidas. Et Bardi quidem fortia virorum illuſtrium facta heroicis compoſita verſibus cum dulcibus lyræ modullis cantitarunt. Euhages vero ſcrutantes ſeriem & ſublimia naturæ pandere conabantur. Inter hos, Druidæ ingeniis celſiores, ut auctoritas Pythagoræ decrevit, ſodalitiis adſtricti conſortiis, quæſtionibus altarum occultarumque rerum erecti ſunt; & deſpectantes humana pronuntiarunt animas immortales. Amm. Marcellinus, l. 15. cap. 9.

† Vid. Cæſar de bello Gall. lib. 6.

time, but as an order of men highly reſpected in the ſtate, and ſupported by a public eſtabliſhment. We find them, according to the teſtimonies of Strabo and Diodorus, before the age of Auguſtus Cæſar; and we find them remaining under the ſame name, and exerciſing the ſame functions as of old, in Ireland, and in the north of Scotland, almoſt down to our own times. It is well known that in both theſe countries, every *Regulus*, or chief had his own bard, who was conſidered as an officer of rank in his court; and had lands aſſigned him, which deſcended to his family. Of the honour in which the bards were held, many inſtances occur in Oſſian's poems. On all important occaſions, they were the ambaſſadors between contending chiefs; and their perſons were held ſacred. "Cairbar feared to ſtretch his ſword to the bards, though his ſoul was dark. Looſe the bards, ſaid his brother Cathmor, they are the ſons of other times. Their voice ſhall be heared in other ages, when the kings of Temora have failed."

From all this, the Celtic tribes clearly appear to have been addicted in ſo high a degree to poetry, and to have made it ſo much their ſtudy from the earlieſt times, as may remove our wonder at meeting with a vein of higher poetical refinement among them, than was at firſt ſight to have been expected among nations, whom we are accuſtomed to call barbarous. Barbarity, I muſt obſerve, is a very equivocal term; it admits of many different forms and degrees; and though, in all of them, it excludes poliſhed manners, it is, however, not inconſiſtent with generous ſentiments and tender affections *. What degrees of friendſhip, love, and

* Surely among the wild Laplanders, if any where, barbarity is in its moſt perfect ſtate. Yet their love ſongs, which

and heroiſm, may poſſibly be found to prevail in a rude ſtate of ſociety, no one can ſay. Aſtoniſhing inſtances of them we know, from hiſtory, have ſometimes appeared: and a few characters diſtinguiſhed by thoſe high qualities, might lay a foundation for a ſet of manners being introduced into the ſongs of the bards, more refined, it is probable, and exalted, according to the uſual poetical licence, than the real manners of the country. In particular, with reſpect to heroiſm; the great employment of the Celtic bards, was to delineate the characters, and ſing the praiſes of heroes. So Lucan:

Vos quoque qui fortes animos, belloque peremptos,
Laudibus in longum vates diffunditis ævum
Plurima ſecuri fudiſtis carmina Bardi. *Pharſ.* l. 1.

which Scheffer has given us in his Lapponia, are a proof that natural tenderneſs of ſentiment may be found in a country, into which the leaſt glimmering of ſcience has never penetrated. To moſt Engliſh readers theſe ſongs are well known by the elegant tranſlations of them in the Spectator, N° 366 and 406. I ſhall ſubjoin Scheffer's Latin verſion of one of them, which has the appearance of being ſtrictly literal.

Sol. clariſſimum emitte lumen in paludem Orra. Si enifus in ſumma picearum cacumina ſcirem me viſurum Orra paludem, in ea eniterer, ut viderem inter quos amica, mea eſſet flores; omnes ſuſcinderem frutices ibi enatos, omnes ramos præſecarem, hos vireutes ramos. Curſum nubium eſſem ſecutus, quæ iter ſuum iſtituunt verſus paludem Orra, ſi ad te volare poſſem alis, cornicum alis. Sed mihi deſunt alæ, alæ querquedulæ pedeſque, anſerum pedes plantæve bonæ, quæ deferre me valeant ad te. Satis expectaſti diu, per tot dies, tot dies tuos optimos, oculis tuis jucundiſſimis, corde tuo amiciſſimo. Quod ſi longiſſime velles effugere, cito tamen te conſequerer. Quid firmius validiuſve eſſe poteſt quam contorti nervi-catenæve ferreæ, quæ duriſſime ligant? Sic amor contorquet caput noſtrum, mutat cogitationes & ſententias. Puerorum voluntas, voluntas venti; juvenum cogitationes, longæ cogitationes. Quos ſi audirem omnes, a via, a via juſta declinarem. Unum eſt conſilium quod capiam; ita ſcio viam rectiorem me reperturum. Schefferi Lapponia, Cap. 25.

Now when we conſider a college or order of men, who, cultivating poetry throughout a long ſeries of ages, had their imaginations continually employed on the ideas of heroiſm; who had all the poems and panegyrics, which were compoſed by their predeceſſors, handed down to them with care; who rivalled and endeavoured to outſtrip thoſe who had gone before them, each in the celebration of his particular hero; is it not natural to think, that at length the character of a hero would appear in their ſongs with the higheſt luſtre, and be adorned with qualities truly noble? Some of the qualities indeed which diſtinguiſh a Fingal, moderation, humanity, and clemency, would not probably be the firſt ideas of heroiſm occuring to a barbarous people: But no ſooner had ſuch ideas begun to dawn on the minds of poets, than, as the human mind eaſily opens to the native repreſentations of human perfection, they would be ſeized and embraced; they would enter into their panegyrics; they would afford materials for ſucceeding bards to work upon, and improve; they would contribute not a little to exalt the public manners. For ſuch ſongs as theſe, familiar to the Celtic warriors from their childhood, and throughout their whole life, both in war and in peace, their principal entertainment, muſt have had a very conſiderable influence in propagating among them real manners nearly approaching to the poetical; and in forming even ſuch a hero as Fingal. Eſpecially when we conſider that among their limited objects of ambition, among the few advantages which in a ſavage ſtate, man could obtain over man, the chief was Fame, and that immortality which they expected to receive from their virtues and exploits, in the ſongs of bards *.

Having

* When Edward I. conquered Wales, he put to death all the Welch bards. This cruel policy plainly ſhews, how great

Having made theſe remarks on the Celtic poetry and bards in general, I ſhall next conſider the particular advantages which Oſſian poſſeſſed. He appears clearly to have lived in a period which enjoyed all the benefit I juſt now mentioned of traditionary poetry. The exploits of Trathal, Trenmor, and the other anceſtors of Fingal, are ſpoken of as familiarly known. Ancient bards are frequently alluded to. In one remarkable paſſage, Oſſian deſcribes himſelf as living in a ſort of claſſical age, enlightened by the memorials of former times, which were conveyed in the ſongs of bards; and points at a period of darkneſs and ignorance which lay beyond the reach of tradition. "His words," ſays he, "came only by halves to our ears; they were dark as the tales of other times, before the light of the ſong aroſe." Oſſian, himſelf, appears to have been endowed by nature with an exquiſite ſenſibility of heart; prone to that tender melancholy which is ſo often an attendant on great genius; and ſuſceptible equally of ſtrong and of ſoft emotions. He was not only a profeſſed bard, educated with care, as we may eaſily believe, to all the poetical art then known, and connected, as he ſhews us himſelf, in intimate friendſhip with the other contemporary bards, but a warrior alſo; and the ſon of the moſt renowned hero and prince of his age. This formed a conjunction of circumſtances, uncommonly favourable towards exalting the imagination of a poet. He relates expeditions in which he had been engaged; he ſings of battles in which he had fought and overcome; he had beheld the moſt illuſtrious ſcenes which that age could exhibit, both of heroiſm in war, and magnificence in peace. For however rude the magnificence of thoſe

great an influence he imagined the ſongs of theſe bards to have over the minds of the people; and of what nature he judged that influence to be. The Welch bards were of the ſame Celtic race with the Scottiſh and Iriſh.

thoſe times may ſeem to us, we muſt remember that all ideas of magnificence are comparative; and that the age of Fingal was an æra of diſtinguiſhed ſplendor in that part of the world. Fingal reigned over a conſiderable territory; he was enriched with the ſpoils of the Roman province; he was ennobled by his victories and great actions; and was in all reſpects a perſonage of much higher dignity than any of the Chieftains, or heads of Clans, who lived in the ſame country, after a more extenſive monarchy was eſtabliſhed.

The manners of Oſſian's age, ſo far as we can gather them from his writings, were abundantly favourable to a poetical genius. The two diſpirited vices, to which Longinus imputes the decline of poetry, covetouſneſs and effeminacy, were as yet unknown. The cares of men were few. They lived a roving indolent life; hunting and war their principal employments; and their chief amuſements, the muſic of bards and "the feaſt of ſhells." The great object purſued by heroic ſpirits, was "to receive their fame," that is to become worthy of being celebrated in the ſongs of bards; and "to have their name on the four gray ſtones." To die, unlamented by a bard, was deemed ſo great a misfortune, as even to diſturb their ghoſts in another ſtate. "They wander in thick miſts beſide the reedy lake; but never ſhall they riſe, without the ſong, to the dwelling of winds." After death, they expected to follow employments of the ſame nature with thoſe which had amuſed them on earth; to fly with their friends on clouds, to purſue airy deer, and to liſten to their praiſe in the mouths of bards. In ſuch times as theſe, in a country where poetry had been ſo long cultivated, and ſo highly honoured, is it any wonder that among the race and ſucceſſion of bards, one Homer ſhould ariſe; a man who, endowed with a natural happy genius, favoured by peculiar

advantages

advantages of birth and condition, and meeting in the courſe of his life, with a variety of incidents proper to fire his imagination, and to touch his heart, ſhould attain a degree of eminence in poetry, worthy to draw the admiration of more refined ages?

The compoſitions of Oſſian are ſo ſtrongly marked with characters of antiquity, that although there were no external proof to ſupport that antiquity, hardly any reader of judgment and taſte, could heſitate in referring them to a very remote æra. There are four great ſtages through which men ſucceſſively paſs in the progreſs of ſociety. The firſt and earlieſt is the life of hunters; paſturage ſucceeds to this, as the ideas of property begin to take root; next agriculture; and laſtly, commerce. Throughout Oſſian's poems, we plainly find ourſelves in the firſt of theſe periods of ſociety; during which, hunting was the chief employment of men, and the principal method of their procuring ſubſiſtence. Paſturage was not indeed wholly unknown; for we hear of dividing the herd in the caſe of a divorce; but the alluſions to herds and to cattle are not many; and of agriculture we find no traces. No cities appear to have been built in the territories of Fingal. No arts are mentioned except that of navigation and of working in iron.* Every thing preſents to us the moſt ſimple and unimproved

* Their ſkill in navigation need not at all ſurpriſe us. Living in the weſtern iſlands, along the coaſt, or in a country which is every where interſected with arms of the ſea, one of the firſt objects of their attention, from the earlieſt time, muſt have been how to traverſe the waters. Hence that knowledge of the ſtars, ſo neceſſary for guiding them by night, of which we find ſeveral traces in Oſſian's works; particularly in the beautiful deſcription of Cathmor's ſhield, in the ſeventh book of Temora. Among all the northern maritime nations, navigation was very early ſtudied. Piratical incurſions were the chief means they employed for acquiring booty; and were among the firſt exploits which diſtinguiſhed

improved manners. At their feaſts, the heroes prepared their own repaſt; they ſat round the light of the burning oak; the wind lifted their locks, and whiſtled through their open halls. Whatever was beyond the neceſſaries of life was known to them only as the ſpoil of the Roman province; "the gold of the ſtranger; the lights of the ſtranger; the ſteeds of the ſtranger; the children of the rein."

This repreſentation of Oſſian's times, muſt ſtrike us the more, as genuine and authentic, when it is compared with a poem of later date, which Mr Macpherſon has preſerved in one of his notes. It is that wherein five bards are repreſented as paſſing the evening in the houſe of a chief, and each of them ſeparately giving his deſcription of the night. The night ſcenery is beautiful; and the author has plainly imitated the ſtyle and manner of Oſſian: But he has allowed ſome images to appear which betray a later period of ſociety. For we meet with windows clapping, the herds of goats and cows ſeeking ſhelter, the ſhepherd wandering, corn on the plain, and the wakeful hind rebuilding the ſhocks of corn which had been overturned by the tempeſt. Whereas, in Oſſian's works, from beginning to end, all is conſiſtent; no modern alluſion drops from him; but every where, the ſame face of rude nature appears; a country wholly uncultivated, thinly inhabited, and recently peopled. The graſs of the rock, the flower of the heath, the thiſtle with

diſtinguiſhed them in the world. Even the ſavage Americans were at their firſt diſcovery found to poſſeſs the moſt ſurpriſing ſkill and dexterity in navigating their immenſe lakes and rivers.

The deſcription of Cuchullin's chariot, in the firſt book of Fingal, has been objected to by ſome, as repreſenting greater magnificence than is conſiſtent with the ſuppoſed poverty of that age. But this chariot is plainly only a horſe-litter; and the gems mentioned in the deſcription, are no other than the ſhining ſtones or pebbles, known to be frequently found along the weſtern coaſt of Scotland.

with its beard, are the chief ornaments of his landſcapes "The deſart," ſays Fingal, "is enough to me, with all its woods and deer."

The circle of ideas and tranſactions, is no wider than ſuits ſuch an age: Nor any greater diverſity introduced into characters, than the events of that period would naturally diſplay. Valour and bodily ſtrength are the admired qualities. Contentions ariſe, as is uſual among ſavage nations, from the ſlighteſt cauſes. To be affronted at a tournament, or to be omitted in the invitation to a feaſt, kindles a war. Women are often carried away by force; and the whole tribe, as in the Homeric times, riſe to avenge the wrong. The heroes ſhow refinement of ſentiment, indeed, on ſeveral occaſions, but none of manners. They ſpeak of their paſt actions with freedom, boaſt of their exploits, and ſing their own praiſe. In their battles, it is evident that drums, trumpets, or bagpipes, were not known or uſed. They had no expedient for giving the military alarms but ſtriking a ſhield, or raiſing a loud cry. And hence the loud and terrible voice of Fingal is often mentioned, as a neceſſary qualification of a great general, like the βοην αγαθος Μενελαος of Homer. Of military diſcipline or ſkill, they appear to have been entirely deſtitute. Their armies ſeem not to have been numerous; their battles were diſorderly; and terminated, for the moſt part, by a perſonal combat, or wreſtling of the two chiefs; after which, "the bard ſung the ſong of peace, and the battle ceaſed along the field."

The manner of compoſition bears all the marks of the greateſt antiquity. No artful tranſitions; nor full and extended connection of parts; ſuch as we find among the poets of later times, when order and regularity of compoſition were more ſtudied and known; but a ſtyle always rapid and vehement; in narration conciſe even to abruptneſs,

and leaving ſeveral circumſtances to be ſupplied by the reader's imagination. The language has all that figurative caſt, which, as I before ſhewed, partly a glowing and undiſciplined imagination, partly the ſterility of language and the want of proper terms, have always introduced into the early ſpeech of nations; and, in ſeveral reſpects, it carries a remarkable reſemblance to the ſtyle of the Old Teſtament. It deſerves particular notice, as one of the moſt genuine and deciſive characters of antiquity, that very few general terms or abſtract ideas, are to be met with in the whole collection of Oſſian's works. The ideas of men, at firſt, were all particular. They had not words to expreſs general conceptions. Theſe were the conſequence of more profound reflection, and longer acquaintance with the arts of thought and of ſpeech. Oſſian, accordingly, almoſt never expreſſes himſelf in the abſtract. His ideas extended little farther than to the objects he ſaw around him. A public, a community, the univerſe, were conceptions beyond his ſphere. Even a mountain, a ſea, or a lake, which he has occaſion to mention, though only in a ſimile, are for the moſt part particularized; it is the hill of Cromla, the ſtorm of the ſea of Malmor, or the reeds of the lake of Lego. A mode of expreſſion, which, whilſt it is characteriſtical of ancient ages, is at the ſame time highly favourable to deſcriptive poetry. For the ſame reaſons, perſonification is a poetical figure not very common with Oſſian. Inanimate objects ſuch as winds, trees, flowers, he ſometimes perſoniſies with great beauty. But the perſonifications which are ſo familiar to later poets of Fame, Time, Terror, Virtue, and the reſt of that claſs, were unknown to our Celtic bard. Theſe were modes of conception too abſtract for his age.

All theſe are marks ſo undoubted, and ſome of them too, ſo nice and delicate, of the moſt early times, as put the high

antiquity

antiquity of theſe poems out of queſtion. Eſpecially when we conſider, that if there had been any impoſture in this caſe, it muſt have been contrived and executed in the Highlands of Scotland, two or three centuries ago; as, up to this period, both by manuſcripts, and by the teſtimony of a multitude of living witneſſes, concerning the uncontrovertible tradition of theſe poems, they can clearly be traced. Now, this is a period when that country enjoyed no advantages for a compoſition of this kind, which it may not be ſuppoſed to have enjoyed in as great, if not in a greater degree, a thouſand years before. To ſuppoſe that two or three hundred years ago, when we well know the Highlands to have been in a ſtate of groſs ignorance and barbarity, there ſhould have ariſen in that country a poet, of ſuch exquiſite genius, and of ſuch deep knowledge of mankind, and of hiſtory, as to diveſt himſelf of the ideas and manners of his own age, and to give us a juſt and natural picture of a ſtate of ſociety ancienter by a thouſand years; one who could ſupport this counterfeited antiquity through ſuch a large collection of poems, without the leaſt inconſiſtency; and who, poſſeſſed of all this genius and art, had at the ſame time the ſelf-denial of concealing himſelf, and of aſcribing his own works to an antiquated bard, without the impoſture being detected; is a ſuppoſition that tranſcends all bounds of credibility.

There are, beſides, two other circumſtances to be attended to, ſtill of greater weight, if poſſible, againſt this hypotheſis. One is, the total abſence of religious ideas from this work; for which the tranſlator has, in his preface, given a very probable account, on the footing of its being the work of Oſſian. The druidical ſuperſtition was, in the days of Oſſian, on the point of its final extinction; and for particular reaſons, odious to the family of Fingal; whilſt the Chriſ-

tian faith was not yet eſtabliſhed. But had it been the work of one, to whom the ideas of Chriſtianity were familiar from his infancy; and who had ſuperadded to them alſo the bigotted ſuperſtition of a dark age and country; it is impoſſible but in ſome paſſage or other, the traces of them would have appeared. The other circumſtance is, the entire ſilence which reigns with reſpect to all the great clans or families, which are now eſtabliſhed in the Highlands. The origin of theſe ſeveral clans is known to be very ancient: And it is as well known, that there is no paſſion by which a native Highlander is more diſtinguiſhed, than by attachment to his clan, and jealouſy for its honour. That a Highland bard, in forging a work relating to the antiquities of his country, ſhould have inſerted no circumſtance which pointed out the riſe of his own clan, which aſcertained its antiquity, or increaſed its glory, is of all ſuppoſitions that can be formed, the moſt improbable; and the ſilence on this head amounts to a demonſtration that the author lived before any of the preſent great clans were formed or known.

Aſſuming it then, as we well may, for certain, that the poems now under conſideration, are genuine venerable monuments of very remote antiquity; I proceed to make ſome remarks upon their general ſpirit and ſtrain. The two great characteriſtics of Oſſian's poetry are, tenderneſs and ſublimity. It breathes nothing of the gay and cheerful kind; an air of ſolemnity and ſerioufneſs is diffuſed over the whole. Oſſian is perhaps the only poet who never relaxes, or lets himſelf down into the light and amuſing ſtrain; which I readily admit to be no ſmall diſadvantage to him, with the bulk of readers. He moves perpetually in the high region of the grand and the pathetic. One key note is ſtruck at the beginning, and ſupported to the end; nor is any ornament introduced but what is perfectly concordant with the

general

general tone or melody. The events recorded, are all ſerious and grave; the ſcenery throughout, wild and romantic. The extended heath by the ſea ſhore; the mountain ſhaded with miſt; the torrent ruſhing through a ſolitary valley; the ſcattered oaks, and the tombs of warriors overgrown with moſs; all produce a ſolemn attention in the mind, and prepare it for great and extraordinary events. We find not in Oſſian, an imagination that ſports itſelf, and dreſſes out gay trifles to pleaſe the fancy. His poetry, more perhaps than that of any other writer, deſerves to be ſtyled, *The Poetry of the Heart.* It is a heart penetrated with noble ſentiments, and with ſublime and tender paſſions; and a heart that glows, and kindles the fancy; a heart that is full, and pours itſelf forth. Oſſian did not write, like modern poets, to pleaſe readers and critics. He ſung from the love of poetry and ſong. His delight was to think of the heroes among whom he had flouriſhed; to recal the affecting incidents of his life; to dwell upon his paſt wars and loves and friendſhips; till, as he expreſſes it himſelf, "there comes a voice to Oſſian and awakes his ſoul. It is the voice of years that are gone; they roll before me with all their deeds;" and under this true poetic inſpiration, giving vent to his genius, no wonder we ſhould ſo often hear, and acknowledge in his ſtrains, the powerful and ever-pleaſing voice of nature.

——Arte, natura potentior omni.'—
Eſt Deus in nobis, agitante caleſcimus illo.

It is neceſſary here to obſerve, that the beauties of Oſſian's writings cannot be felt by thoſe who have given them only a ſingle or a haſty peruſal. His manner is ſo different from that of the poets, to whom we are moſt accuſtomed; his ſtyle is ſo conciſe, and ſo much crowded with imagery; the mind is kept at ſuch a ſtretch in accompanying the author; that an ordinary reader is at firſt apt to be dazzled and

and fatigued, rather than pleaſed. His poems require to be taken up at intervals, and to be frequently reviewed; and then it is impoſſible but his beauties muſt open to every reader who is capable of ſenſibility. Thoſe who have the higheſt degree of it, will reliſh them the moſt.

As Homer is of all the great poets, the one whoſe manner, and whoſe times come the neareſt to Oſſian's, we are naturally led to run a parallel in ſome inſtances between the Greek and the Celtic bard. For though Homer lived more than a thouſand years before Oſſian, it is not from the age of the world, but from the ſtate of ſociety, that we are to judge of reſembling times. The Greek has, in ſeveral points, a manifeſt ſuperiority. He introduces a greater variety of incidents; he poſſeſſes a larger compaſs of ideas; has more diverſity in his characters; and a much deeper knowledge of human nature. It was not to be expected, that in any of theſe particulars, Oſſian could equal Homer. For Homer lived in a country where ſociety was much farther advanced; he had beheld many more objects; cities built and flouriſhing; laws inſtituted; order, diſcipline, and arts begun. His field of obſervation was much larger and more ſplendid; his knowledge, of courſe, more extenſive; his mind alſo, it ſhall be granted, more penetrating. But, if Oſſian's ideas and objects be leſs diverſified than thoſe of Homer, they are all, however, of the kind fitteſt for poetry: The bravery and generoſity of heroes, the tenderneſs of lovers, the attachments of friends, parents, and children. In a rude age and country, though the events that happen be few, the undiſſipated mind broods over them more; they ſtrike the imagination, and fire the paſſions in a higher degree; and of conſequence become happier materials to a poetical genius, than the

ſame

ſame events when ſcattered through the wide circle of more varied action, and cultivated life.

Homer is a more cheerful and ſprightly poet than Oſſian. You diſcern in him all the Greek vivacity; whereas Oſſian uniformly maintains the gravity and ſolemnity of a Celtic hero. This too is in a great meaſure to be accounted for from the different ſituations in which they lived, partly perſonal, and partly national. Oſſian had ſurvived all his friends, and was diſpoſed to melancholy by the incidents of his life. But beſides this, cheerfulneſs is one of the many bleſſings which we owe to formed ſociety. The ſolitary wild ſtate is always a ſerious one. Bating the ſudden and violent burſts of mirth, which ſometimes break forth at their dances and feaſts; the ſavage American tribes have been noted by all travellers for their gravity and taciturnity. Somewhat of this taciturnity may be alſo remarked in Oſſian. On all occaſions he is frugal of his words; and never gives you more of an image or a deſcription than is juſt ſufficient to place it before you in one clear point of view. It is a blaze of lightning, which flaſhes and vaniſhes. Homer is more extended in his deſcriptions; and fills them up with a greater variety of circumſtances. Both the poets are dramatic; that is, they introduce their perſonages frequently ſpeaking before us. But Oſſian is conciſe and rapid in his ſpeeches, as he is in every other thing. Homer, with the Greek vivacity, had alſo ſome portion of the Greek loquacity. His ſpeeches indeed are highly characteriſtical; and to them we are much indebted for that admirable diſplay he has given of human nature. Yet if he be tedious any where, it is in theſe; ſome of them trifling and ſome of them plainly unſeaſonable. Both poets are eminently ſublime; but a difference may be remarked in the ſpecies of their ſublimity. Homer's

ſublimity

ſublimity is accompanied with more impetuoſity and fire; Oſſian's with more of a ſolemn and awful grandeur. Homer hurries you along; Oſſian elevates, and fixes you in aſtoniſhment. Homer is moſt ſublime in actions and battles; Oſſian, in deſcription and ſentiment. In the pathetic, Homer, when he chuſes to exert it, has great power; but Oſſian exerts that power much oftener, and has the character of tenderneſs far more deeply imprinted on his works. No poet knew better how to ſeize and melt the heart. With regard to dignity of ſentiment, the pre-eminence muſt clearly be given to Oſſian. This is indeed a ſurpriſing circumſtance, that in point of humanity, virtuous feelings of every kind, our rude Celtic bard ſhould be diſtinguiſhed to ſuch a degree, that not only the heroes of Homer, but even thoſe of the polite and refined Virgil, are left far behind by thoſe of Oſſian.

After theſe general obſervations on the genius and ſpirit of our author, I now proceed to a nearer view, and more accurate examination of his works; and as Fingal is the firſt great poem in this collection, it is proper to begin with it. To refuſe the title of an epic poem to Fingal, becauſe it is not in every little particular exactly conformable to the practice of Homer and Virgil, were the mere ſqueamiſhneſs and pedantry of criticiſm. Examined even according to Ariſtotle's rule, it will be found to have all the eſſential requiſites of a true and regular epic; and to have ſeveral of them in ſo high a degree, as at firſt view to raiſe our aſtoniſhment on finding Oſſian's compoſition ſo agreeable to rules of which he was entirely ignorant. But our aſtoniſhment will ceaſe, when we conſider from what ſource Ariſtotle drew thoſe rules. Homer knew no more of the laws of criticiſm than Oſſian. But guided by nature, he compoſed in verſe a regular ſtory, founded on heroic actions, which

which all poſterity admired. Ariſtotle, with great ſagacity and penetration, traced the cauſes of this general admiration. He obſerved what it was in Homer's compoſition, and in the conduct of his ſtory, which gave it ſuch power to pleaſe; from this obſervation he deduced the rules which poets ought to follow, who would write and pleaſe like Homer; and to a compoſition formed according to ſuch rules, he gave the name of an Epic poem. Hence his whole ſyſtem aroſe. Ariſtotle ſtudied nature in Homer. Homer and Oſſian both wrote from nature. No wonder that among all the three, there ſhould be ſuch agreement and conformity.

The fundamental rules delivered by Ariſtotle concerning an epic poem, are theſe: That the action which is the ground work of the poem, ſhould be one, complete, and great; that it ſhould be feigned, not merely hiſtorical; that it ſhould be enlivened with characters and manners; and heightened by the marvellous.

But before entering on any of theſe, it may perhaps be aſked, what is the moral of Fingal? For, according to M. Boſſu, an epic poem is no other than an allegory contrived to illuſtrate ſome moral truth. The poet, ſays this critic, muſt begin with fixing on ſome maxim, or inſtruction, which he intends to inculcate on mankind. He next forms a fable, like one of Æſop's, wholly with a view to the moral: and having thus ſettled and arranged his plan, he then looks into traditionary hiſtory for names and incidents, to give his fable ſome air of probability. Never did a more frigid, pedantic notion, enter into the mind of a critic. We may ſafely pronounce, that he who ſhould compoſe an epic poem after this manner, who ſhould firſt lay down a moral and contrive a plan, before he had thought of his perſonages and actors, might deliver indeed very ſound inſtruc-

tion, but would find few readers. There cannot be the leaſt doubt that the firſt object which ſtrikes an epic poet, which fires his genius, and gives him any idea of his work, is the action or ſubject he is to celebrate. Hardly is there any tale, any ſubject a poet can chuſe for ſuch a work, but will afford ſome moral general inſtruction. An epic poem is by its nature one of the moſt moral of all poetical compoſitions: But its moral tendency is by no means to be limited to ſome common-place maxim, which may be gathered from the ſtory. It ariſes from the admiration of heroic actions, which ſuch a compoſition is peculiarly calcuted to produce; from the virtuous emotions which the characters and incidents raiſe, whilſt we read it; from the happy impreſſion which all the parts ſeparately, as well as the whole taken together, leave upon the mind. However, if a general moral be ſtill inſiſted on, Fingal, obviouſly furniſhes one, not inferior to that of any other poet, *viz.* That Wiſdom and Bravery always triumph over brutal force; or another nobler ſtill: That the moſt complete victory over an enemy is obtained by that moderation and generoſity which convert him into a friend.

The unity of the epic action, which, of all Ariſtotle's rules, is the chief and moſt material, is ſo ſtrictly preſerved in Fingal, that it muſt be perceived by every reader. It is a more complete unity than what ariſes from relating the actions of one man, which the Greek critic juſtly cenſures as imperfect; it is the unity of one enterpriſe, the deliverance of Ireland from the invaſion of Swaran: An enterpriſe, which has ſurely the full heroic dignity. All the incidents recorded bear a conſtant reference to one end; no double plot is carried on; but the parts unite into a regular whole: And as the action is one and great, ſo it is an entire or complete action. For we find as the critic farther requires,

requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; a nodus, or intrigue in the poem; difficulties occurring through Cuchullin's raſhneſs and bad ſucceſs; thoſe difficulties gradually ſurmounted; and at laſt the work conducted to that happy concluſion which is held eſſential to epic poetry. Unity is indeed obſerved with greater exactneſs in Fingal, than in almoſt any other epic compoſition. For not only is unity of ſubject maintained, but that of time and place alſo. The Autumn is clearly pointed out as the ſeaſon of the action: and from beginning to end the ſcene is never ſhifted from the heath of Lena, along the ſea-ſhore. The duration of the action in Fingal, is much ſhorter than in the Iliad or Æneid. But ſure, there may be ſhorter as well as longer heroic poems; and if the authority of Ariſtotle be alſo required for this, he ſays expreſsly that the epic compoſition is indefinite as to the time of its duration. Accordingly the action of the Iliad laſts only forty-ſeven days, whilſt that of the Æneid is continued for more than a year.

Throughout the whole of Fingal, there reigns that grandeur of ſentiment, ſtyle, and imagery, which ought ever to diſtinguiſh this high ſpecies of poetry. The ſtory is conducted with no ſmall art. The poet goes not back to a tedious recital of the beginning of the war with Swaran; but haſtening to the main action, he falls in exactly, by a moſt happy coincidence of thought, with the rule of Horace.

Semper ad eventum feſtinat, & in medias res,
Non ſecus ac notas, auditorem rapit—
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.

De Arte Poet.

He invokes no muſe, for he acknowledged none; but his occaſional addreſſes to Malvina, have a finer effect than the invocation of any muſe. He ſets out with no formal propoſition of his ſubject; but the ſubject naturally and eaſily

unfolds itſelf; the poem opening in an animated manner, with the ſituation of Cuchullin, and the arrival of a ſcout who informs him of Swaran's landing. Mention is preſently made of Fingal, and of the expected aſſiſtance from the ſhips of the lonely iſle, in order to give further light to the ſubject. For the poet often ſhows his addreſs in gradually preparing us for the events he is to introduce; and in particular the preparation for the appearance of Fingal, the previous expectations, that are raiſed, and the extreme magnificence fully anſwering theſe expectations, with which the hero is at length preſented to us, are all worked up with ſuch ſkillful conduct as would do honour to any poet of the moſt refined times. Homer's art in magnifying the character of Achilles has been univerſally admired. Oſſian certainly ſhows no leſs in aggrandizing Fingal. Nothing could be more happily imagined for this purpoſe than the whole management of the laſt battle, wherein Gaul the ſon of Morni, had beſought Fingal to retire, and to leave him and his other chiefs the honour of the day. The generoſity of the king in agreeing to this propoſal; the majeſty with which he retreats to the hill, from whence he was to behold the engagement, attended by his bards, and waving the lightning of his ſword: his perceiving the chiefs overpowered by numbers, but from unwillingneſs to deprive them of the glory of victory by coming in perſon to their aſſiſtance, firſt ſending Ullin, the bard, to animate their courage; and at laſt, when the danger becomes more preſſing, his riſing in his might, and interpoſing, like a divinity, to decide the doubtful fate of the day; are all circumſtances contrived with ſo much art as plainly diſcover the Celtic bards to have been not unpractiſed in heroic poetry

The ſtory which is the foundation of the Iliad is in itſelf

as ſimple as that of Fingal. A quarrel ariſes between Achilles and Agamemnon concerning a female ſlave; on which, Achilles, apprehending himſelf to be injured, withdraws his aſſiſtance from the reſt of the Greeks. The Greeks fall into great diſtreſs, and beſeech him to be reconciled to them. He refuſes to fight for them in perſon, but ſends his friend Patroclus; and upon his being ſlain, goes forth to revenge his death, and kills Hector. The ſubject of Fingal is this: Swaran comes to invade Ireland: Cuchullin, the guardian of the young king, had applied for aſſiſtance to Fingal, who reigned in the oppoſite coaſt of Scotland. But before Fingal's arrival, he is hurried by raſh counſel to encounter Swaran. He is defeated; he retreats; and deſponds. Fingal arrives in this conjuncture. The battle is for ſome time dubious; but in the end he conquers Swaran; and the remembrance of Swaran's being the brother of Agandecca, who had once ſaved his life, makes him diſmiſs him honourably. Homer, it is true, has filled up his ſtory with a much greater variety of particulars than Oſſian; and in this has ſhown a compaſs of invention ſuperior to that of the other poet. But it muſt not be forgotten, that though Homer be more circumſtantial, his incidents, however, are leſs diverſified in kind than thoſe of Oſſian. War and bloodſhed reign throughout the Iliad; and notwithſtanding all the fertility of Homer's invention, there is ſo much uniformity in his ſubjects, that there are few readers, who before the cloſe, are not tired of perpetual fighting. Whereas in Oſſian, the mind is relieved by a more agreeable diverſity. There is a finer mixture of war and heroiſm, with love and friendſhip, of martial, with tender ſcenes, than is to be met with, perhaps, in any other poet. The epiſodes too, have great propriety: as natural, and proper to that age and country: conſiſting of the ſongs of bards, which are known

to

to have been the great entertainment of the Celtic heroes in war, as well as in peace. Theſe ſongs are not introduced at random; if you except the epiſode of Duchomar and Morna, in the firſt book, which though beautiful, is more unartful, than any of the reſt; they have always ſome particular relation to the actor who is intereſted, or to the events which are going on; and, whilſt they vary the ſcene, they preſerve a ſufficient connection with the main ſubject, by the fitneſs and propriety of their introduction.

As Fingal's love to Agandecca, influences ſome circumſtances of the poem, particularly the honourable diſmiſſion of Swaran at the end; it was neceſſary that we ſhould be let into this part of the hero's ſtory. But as it lay without the compaſs of the preſent action, it could be regularly introduced no where, except in an epiſode. Accordingly the poet, with as much propriety, as if Ariſtotle himſelf had directed the plan, has contrived an epiſode, for this purpoſe in the ſong of Carril, at the beginning of the third book.

The concluſion of the poem is ſtrictly according to rule; and is every way noble and pleaſing. The reconciliation of the contending heroes, the conſolation of Cuchullin, and the general felicity that crowns the action, ſoothe the mind in a very agreeable manner, and form that paſſage from agitation and trouble, to perfect quiet and repoſe, which critics require as the proper termination of the epic work. "Thus they paſſed the night in ſong, and brought back the morning with joy. Fingal aroſe on the heath; and ſhook his glittering ſpear in his hand. He moved firſt towards the plains of Lena; and we followed like a ridge of fire. Spread the ſail, ſaid the king of Morven, and catch the winds that pour from Lena. We roſe on the wave with ſongs; and ruſhed with joy through the foam of the ocean." So much for the unity and general conduct of the epic action in Fingal.

With

With regard to that property of the ſubject which Ariſtotle requires that it ſhould be feigned not hiſtorical, he muſt not be underſtood ſo ſtrictly, as if he meant to exclude all ſubjects which have any foundation in truth. For ſuch excluſion would both be unreaſonable in itſelf; and what is more, would be contrary to the practice of Homer, who is known to have founded his Iliad on hiſtorical facts concerning the war of Troy, which was famous throughout all Greece. Ariſtotle means no more than that it is the buſineſs of a poet not to be a mere annaliſt of facts, but to embelliſh truth with beautiful, probable, and uſeful fictions; to copy nature, as he himſelf explains it, like painters, who preſerve a likeneſs, but exhibit their objects more grand and beautiful than they are in reality. That Oſſian has followed this courſe, and building upon true hiſtory, has ſufficiently adorned it with poetical fiction for aggrandizing his characters and facts, will not, I believe, be queſtioned by moſt readers. At the ſame time, the foundation which thoſe facts and characters had in truth, and the ſhare which the poet himſelf had in the tranſactions which he records, muſt be conſidered as no ſmall advantage to his work. For truth makes an impreſſion on the mind far beyond any fiction; and no man, let his imagination be ever ſo ſtrong, relates any events ſo feelingly as thoſe in which he has been intereſted; paints any ſcene ſo naturally as one which he has ſeen; or draws any characters in ſuch ſtrong colours as thoſe which he has perſonally known. It is conſidered as an advantage of the epic ſubject to be taken from a period ſo diſtant, as by being involved in the darkneſs of tradition, may give licence to fable. Though Oſſian's ſubject may at firſt view appear unfavourable in this reſpect, as being taken from his own times, yet when we reflect that he lived to an extreme old age; that he relates what had been tranſacted

in

in another country, at the diſtance of many years, and after all that race of men who had been the actors were gone off the ſtage; we ſhall find the objection in a great meaſure obviated. In ſo rude an age, when no written records were known, when tradition was looſe, and accuracy of any kind little attended to, what was great and heroic in one generation, eaſily ripened into the marvellous in the next.

The natural repreſentation of human characters in an epic poem is highly eſſential to its merit: And in reſpect of this there can be no doubt of Homer's excelling all the heroic poets who have ever wrote. But though Oſſian be much inferior to Homer in this article, he will be found to be equal at leaſt, if not ſuperior, to Virgil; and has indeed given all the diſplay of human nature which the ſimple occurrences of his times could be expected to furniſh. No dead uniformity of character prevails in Fingal; but on the contrary the principal characters are not only clearly diſtinguiſhed, but ſometimes artfully contraſted ſo as to illuſtrate each other. Oſſian's heroes are like Homer's, all brave; but their bravery, like thoſe of Homer's too, is of different kinds. For inſtance; the prudent, the ſedate, the modeſt and circumſpect Connal, is finely oppoſed to the preſumptuous, raſh, overbearing, but gallant and generous Calmar. Calmar hurries Cuchullin into action by his temerity; and when he ſees the bad effect of his counſels, he will not ſurvive the diſgrace. Connal, like another Ulyſſes, attends Cuchullin to his retreat, counſels, and comforts him under his misfortune. The fierce, the proud, and high ſpirited Swaran is admirably contraſted with the calm, the moderate; and generous Fingal. The character of Oſcar is a favourite one throughout the whole poems. The amiable warmth of the young warrior; his eager impetuoſity in the day of action; his paſſion for fame; his ſubmiſſion to his father;

father; his tenderneſs for Malvina; are the ſtrokes of a maſterly pencil; the ſtrokes are few; but it is the hand of nature, and attracts the heart. Oſſian's own character, the old man, the hero, and the bard, all in one, preſents to us through the whole work a moſt reſpectable and venerable figure, which we always contemplate with pleaſure. Cuchullin is a hero of the higheſt claſs; daring, magnanimous, and exquiſitely ſenſible to honour. We become attached to his intereſt, and are deeply touched with his diſtreſs; and after the admiration raiſed for him in the firſt part of the poem, it is a ſtrong proof of Oſſian's maſterly genius that he durſt adventure to produce to us another hero, compared with whom, even the great Cuchullin, ſhould be only an inferior perſonage; and who ſhould riſe as far above him, as Cuchullin riſes above the reſt.

Here, indeed, in the character and deſcription of Fingal, Oſſian triumphs almoſt unrivalled: For we may boldly defy all antiquity to ſhew us any hero equal to Fingal. Homer's Hector poſſeſſes ſeveral great and amiable qualities; but Hector is a ſecondary perſonage in the Iliad, not the hero of the work. We ſee him only occaſionally; we know much leſs of him than we do of Fingal; who not only in this epic poem, but in Temora, and throughout the reſt of Oſſian's works, is preſented in all that variety of lights, which give the full diſplay of a character. And though Hector faithfully diſcharges his duty to his country, his friends, and his family, he is tinctured, however, with a degree of the ſame ſavage ferocity, which prevails among all the Homeric heroes. For we find him inſulting over the fallen Patroclus, with the moſt cruel taunts, and telling him when he lies in the agony of death, that Achilles cannot help him now; and that in a ſhort time his body, ſtripped naked, and deprived of funeral honours, ſhall be devoured

by the vultures *. Whereas, in the character of Fingal, concur almoſt all the qualities that can ennoble human nature; that can either make us admire the hero, or love the man. He is not only unconquerable in war, but he makes his people happy by his wiſdom in the days of peace. He is truly the father of his people. He is known by the epithet of "Fingal of the mildeſt look;" and diſtinguiſhed on every occaſion, by humanity and generoſity. He is merciful to his foes †; full of affection to his children; full of concern about friends; and never mentions Agandecca, his firſt love, without the utmoſt tenderneſs. He is "the univerſal protector of the diſtreſſed;" "None ever went ſad from Fingal."—"O Oſcar! bend the ſtrong in arms; but ſpare the feeble hand. Be thou a ſtream of many tides againſt the foes of thy people; but like the gale that moves the graſs, to thoſe who aſk thine aid. So Trenmor lived; ſuch Trathal was; and ſuch has Fingal been. My arm was the ſupport of the injured; the weak reſted behind the lightning of my ſteel."—Theſe were the maxims of true heroiſm, to which he formed his grandſon. His fame is repreſented as every where ſpread; the greateſt heroes acknowledge his ſuperiority; his enemies tremble at his name; and the higheſt encomium that can be beſtowed on one whom the poet would moſt exalt, is to ſay, that his ſoul was like the ſoul of Fingal.

To

* Iliad 16. 830. II. 17. 127.

† When he commands his ſons, after Swaran is taken priſoner, to "purſue the reſt of Lochlin, over the heath of Lena; that no veſſel may hereafter bound on the dark-rolling waves of Iniſtore;" he means not aſſuredly, as ſome have miſrepreſented him, to order a general ſlaughter of the foes, and to prevent their ſaving themſelves by flight; but, like a wiſe general, he commands his chiefs to render the victory complete, by a total route of the enemy: that they might adventure no more for the future, to fit out any fleet againſt him or his allies.

To do juſtice to the poet's merit, in ſupporting ſuch a character as this, I muſt obſerve, what is not commonly attended to, that there is no part of poetical execution more difficult, than to draw a perfect character in ſuch manner, as to render it diſtinct and affecting to the mind. Some ſtrokes of human imperfection and frailty, are what uſually give us the moſt clear view, and the moſt ſenſible impreſſion of a character; becauſe they preſent to us a man, ſuch as we have ſeen; they recal known features of human nature. When poets attempt to go beyond this range, and deſcribe a faultleſs hero, they, for the moſt part, ſet before us, a ſort of vague undiſtinguiſhable character, ſuch as the imagination cannot lay hold of, or realize to itſelf, as the object of affection. We know how much Virgil has failed in this particular. His perfect hero, Æneas, is an unanimated, inſipid perſonage, whom we may pretend to admire, but whom no one can heartily love. But what Virgil has failed in, Oſſian, to our aſtoniſhment, has ſucceſsfully executed. His Fingal, though exhibited without any of the common human failings, is nevertheleſs a real man; a character which touches and intereſts every reader. To this it has much contributed, that the poet has repreſented him as an old man; and by this has gained the advantage of throwing around him a great many circumſtances peculiar to that age, which paint him to the fancy in a more diſtinct light. He is ſurrounded with his family; he inſtructs his children in the principles of virtue; he is narrative of his paſt exploits; he is venerable with the gray locks of age; he is frequently diſpoſed to moralize, like an old man, on human vanity and the proſpect of death. There is more art, at leaſt more felicity, in this, than may at firſt be imagined. For youth and old age, are the two ſtates of human life, capable of being placed in the moſt

picturesque lights. Middle age is more general and vague; and has fewer circumstances peculiar to the idea of it. And when any object is in a situation, that admits it to be rendered particular, and to be clothed with a variety of circumstances, it always stands out more clear and full in poetical description.

Besides human personages, divine or supernatural agents are often introduced into epic poetry; forming what is called the machinery of it; which most critics hold to be an essential part. The marvellous, it must be admitted, has always a great charm for the bulk of readers. It gratifies the imagination, and affords room for striking and sublime description. No wonder, therefore, that all poets should have a strong propensity towards it. But I must observe, that nothing is more difficult, than to adjust properly the marvellous with the probable. If a poet sacrifice probability, and fill his work with extravagant supernatural scenes, he spreads over it an appearance of romance and childish fiction; he transports his readers from this world, into a phantastic, visionary region; and loses that weight and dignity which should reign in epic poetry. No work, from which probability is altogether banished, can make a lasting or deep impression. Human actions and manners, are always the most interesting objects which can be presented to a human mind. All machinery, therefore, is faulty which withdraws these too much from view; or obscures them under a cloud of incredible fictions. Besides being temperately employed, machinery ought always to have some foundation in popular belief. A poet is by no means at liberty to invent what system of the marvellous he pleases: He must avail himself either of the religious faith, or the superstitious credulity of the country wherein he lives;

lives; ſo as to give an air of probability to events which are moſt contrary to the common courſe of nature.

In theſe reſpects, Oſſian appears to me to have been remarkably happy. He has indeed followed the ſame courſe with Homer. For it is perfectly abſurd to imagine, as ſome critics have done, that Homer's mythology was invented by him, in conſequence of profound reflections on the benefit it would yield to poetry. Homer was no ſuch refining genius. He found the traditionary ſtories on which he built his Iliad, mingled with popular legends, concerning the intervention of the gods; and he adopted theſe, becauſe they amuſed the fancy. Oſſian, in like manner, found the tales of his country full of ghoſts and ſpirits: It is likely he believed them himſelf; and he introduced them, becauſe they gave his poems that ſolemn and marvellous caſt, which ſuited his genius. This was the only machinery he could employ with propriety; becauſe it was the only intervention of ſupernatural beings, which agreed with the common belief of the country. It was happy; becauſe it did not interfere in the leaſt, with the proper diſplay of human characters and actions; becauſe it had leſs of the incredible, than moſt other kinds of poetical machinery; and becauſe it ſerved to diverſify the ſcene, and to heighten the ſubject by an awful grandeur, which is the great deſign of machinery.

As Oſſian's mythology is peculiar to himſelf, and makes a conſiderable figure in his other poems, as well as in Fingal, it may be proper to make ſome obſervations on it, independent of its ſubſerviency to epic compoſition. It turns for the moſt part on the appearances of departed ſpirits. Theſe, conſonantly to the notions of every rude age, are repreſented not as purely immaterial, but as thin airy forms, which can be viſible or inviſible at pleaſure; their voice is feeble:

feeble: their arm is weak; but they are endowed with knowledge more than human. In a ſeparate ſtate, they retain the ſame diſpoſitions which animated them in this life. They ride on the wind? they bend their airy bows; and purſue deer formed of clouds. The ghoſts of departed bards continue to ſing. The ghoſts of departed heroes frequent the fields of their former fame. "They reſt together in their caves, and talk of mortal men. Their ſongs are of other worlds. They come ſometimes to the ear of reſt, and raiſe their feeble voice." All this preſents to us much the ſame ſet of ideas, concerning ſpirits, as we find in the eleventh book of the Odyſſey, where Ulyſſes viſits the regions of the dead: And in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, the ghoſt of Patroclus, after appearing to Achilles, vaniſhes preciſely like one of Oſſian's, emitting a ſhrill, feeble cry, and melting away like ſmoke.

But though Homer's and Oſſian's ideas concerning ghoſts were of the ſame nature, we cannot but obſerve, that Oſſian's ghoſts are drawn with much ſtronger and livelier colours than thoſe of Homer. Oſſian deſcribes ghoſts with all the particularity of one who had ſeen and converſed with them, and whoſe imagination was full of the impreſſion they had left upon it. He calls up thoſe awful and tremendous ideas which the

——Simulaera modis pallentia miris,

are fitted to raiſe in the human mind; and which, in Shakeſpeare's ſtyle, "harrow up the ſoul." Crugal's ghoſt, in particular, in the beginning of the ſecond book of Fingal, may vie with any appearance of this kind, deſcribed by any epic or tragic poet whatever. Moſt poets would have contented themſelves with telling us, that he reſembled, in every particular, the living Crugal; that his form and dreſs were the ſame, only his face more pale and

ſad;

ſad; and that he bore the mark of the wound by which he fell. But Oſſian ſets before our eyes a ſpirit from the inviſible world, diſtinguiſhed by all thoſe features, which a ſtrong aſtoniſhed imagination would give to a ghoſt. "A dark-red ſtream of fire comes down from the hill. Crugal ſat upon the beam; he that lately fell by the hand of Swaran, ſtriving in the battle of heroes. His face is like the beam of the ſetting moon. His robes are of the clouds of the hill. His eyes are like two decaying flames. Dark is the wound of his breaſt. The ſtars dim-twinkled through his form; and his voice was like the ſound of a diſtant ſtream." The circumſtance of the ſtars being beheld, "dim twinkling through his form," is wonderfully picturesque; and conveys the moſt lively impreſſion of his thin and ſhadowy ſubſtance. The attitude in which he is afterwards placed, and the ſpeech put into his mouth, are full of that ſolemn and awful ſublimity, which ſuits the ſubject. "Dim, and in tears, he ſtood and ſtretched his pale hand over the hero. Faintly he raiſed his feeble voice, like the gale of the reedy Lego. My ghoſt, O Connal! is on my native hills; but my corſe is on the ſands of Ullin. Thou ſhalt never talk with Crugal, or find his lone ſteps in the heath. I am light as the blaſt of Cromla; and I move like the ſhadow of miſt. Connal, ſon of Colgar! I ſee the dark cloud of death. It hovers over the plains of Lena. The ſons of green Erin ſhall fall. Remove from the field of ghoſts. Like the darkened moon he retired in the midſt of the whiſtling blaſt."

Several other appearances of ſpirits might be pointed out, as among the moſt ſublime paſſages of Oſſian's poetry. The circumſtances of them are conſiderably diverſified; and the ſcenery always ſuited to the occaſion. "Oſcar ſlowly aſcends the hill. The meteors of night ſet on the heath before

fore him. A diſtant torrent faintly roars. Unfrequent blaſts ruſh through aged oaks. The half-enlightened moon ſinks dim and red behind her hill. Feeble voices are heard on the heath. Oſcar drew his ſword." Nothing can prepare the fancy more happily for the awful ſcene that is to follow. "Trenmor came from his hill, at the voice of his mighty ſon. A cloud like the ſteed of the ſtranger, ſupported his airy limbs. His robe is of the miſt of Lano, that brings death to the people. His ſword is a green meteor, half-extinguiſhed. His face is without form, and dark. He ſighed thrice over the Hero: And thrice, the winds of the night roared around. Many were his words to Oſcar. He ſlowly vaniſhed, like a miſt that melts on the ſunny hill." To appearances of this kind, we can find no parallel among the Greek or Roman poets. They bring to mind that noble deſcription in the book of Job: "In thoughts from the viſions of the night, when deep ſleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to ſhake. Then a ſpirit paſſed before my face. The hair of my fleſh ſtood up. It ſtood ſtill; but I could not diſcern the form thereof. An image was before mine eyes. There was ſilence; and I heard a voice—Shall mortal man be more juſt than God?" *

As Oſſian's ſupernatural beings are deſcribed with a ſurpriſing force of imagination, ſo they are introduced with propriety. We have only three ghoſts in Fingal: That of Crugal, which comes to warn the hoſt of impending deſtruction, and to adviſe them to ſave themſelves by retreat; that of Everallin, the ſpouſe of Oſſian, which calls him to riſe and reſcue their ſon from danger; and that of Agandecca, which, juſt before the laſt engagement with Swaran, moves Fingal to pity, by mourning for the approaching deſtruction

* Job iv. 13—17.

ſtruction of her kinſman and people. In the other poems, ghoſts ſometimes appear when invoked to foretel futurity; frequently, according to the notions of theſe times, they come as forerunners of misfortune or death, to thoſe whom they viſit; ſometimes they inform their friends at a diſtance, of their own death; and ſometimes they are introduced to heighten the ſcenery on ſome great and ſolemn occaſion. "A hundred oaks burn to the wind; and faint light gleams over the heath. The ghoſts of Ardven paſs through the beam; and ſhew their dim and diſtant forms. Comala is half-unſeen on her meteor; and Hidallan is ſullen and dim." "The awful faces of other times, looked from the clouds of Crona." "Fercuth! I ſaw the ghoſt of night. Silent he ſtood on that bank; his robe of miſt flew on the wind. I could behold his tears. An aged man he ſeemed, and full of thought."

The ghoſts of ſtrangers mingle not with thoſe of the natives. "She is ſeen; but not like the daughters of the hill. Her robes are from the ſtrangers land; and ſhe is ſtill alone." When the ghoſt of one whom he had formerly known is introduced, the propriety of the living character is ſtill preſerved. This is remarkable in the appearance of Calmar's ghoſt, in the poem intitled The Death of Cuchullin. He ſeems to forebode Cuchullin's death, and to beckon him to his cave. Cuchullin reproaches him for ſuppoſing that he could be intimidated by ſuch prognoſtics. "Why doſt thou bend thy dark eyes on me, ghoſt of the car-borne Calmar! Would'ſt thou frighten me, O Matha's ſon! from the battles of Cormac? Thy hand was not feeble in war; neither was thy voice for peace. How art thou changed, chief of Lara! if now thou doſt adviſe to fly! Retire thou to thy cave: Thou art not Calmar's ghoſt: He delighted in battle; and his arm was like the thunder of heaven."

Calmar makes no return to this ſeeming reproach: But, "He retired in his blaſt with joy; for he had heard the voice of his praiſe." This is preciſely the ghoſt of Achilles in Homer; who notwithſtanding all the diſſatisfaction he expreſſes with his ſtate in the region of the dead, as ſoon as he had heard his ſon Neoptolemus praiſed for his gallant behaviour, ſtrode away with ſilent joy to rejoin the reſt of the ſhades. *

It is a great advantage of Oſſian's mythology, that it is not local and temporary, like that of moſt other ancient poets; which of courſe is apt to ſeem ridiculous, after the ſuperſtitions have paſſed away on which it was founded. Oſſian's mythology is, to ſpeak ſo, the mythology of human nature; for it is founded on what has been the popular belief, in all ages and countries, and under all forms of religion, concerning the appearances of departed ſpirits. Homer's machinery is always lively and amuſing; but far from being always ſupported with proper dignity. The indecent ſquabbles among his gods, ſurely do no honour to epic poetry. Whereas Oſſian's machinery has dignity upon all occaſions. It is indeed a dignity of the dark and awful kind; but this is proper: becauſe coincident with the ſtrain and ſpirit of the poetry. A light and gay mythology, like Homer's, would have been perfectly unſuitable to the ſubjects on which Oſſian's genius was employed. But though his machinery be always ſolemn, it is not, however, always dreary or diſmal; it is enlivened, as much as the ſubject would permit, by thoſe pleaſant and beautiful appearances, which he ſometimes introduces, of the ſpirits of the hill. Theſe are gentle ſpirits; deſcending in ſun-beams; fair-moving on the plain; their forms white and bright; their voices ſweet; and their viſits to men propitious. The greateſt

* Odyſſ. Lib. 11.

greateſt praiſe that can be given, to the beauty of a living woman, is to ſay, "She is fair as the ghoſt of the hill; when it moves in a ſun-beam at noon, over the ſilence of Morven." —"The hunter ſhall hear my voice from his booth. He ſhall fear, but love my voice. For ſweet ſhall my voice be for my friends; for pleaſant were they to me."

Beſides ghoſts, or the ſpirits of departed men, we find in Oſſian ſome inſtances of other kinds of machinery. Spirits of a ſuperior nature to ghoſts are ſometimes alluded to, which have power to embroil the deep; to call forth winds and ſtorms, and pour them on the land of the ſtranger; to overturn foreſts, and to ſend death among the people. We have prodigies too; a ſhower of blood; and when ſome diſaſter is befalling at a diſtance, the ſound of death heard on the ſtrings of Oſſian's harp: all perfectly conſonant, not only to the peculiar ideas of northern nations, but to the general current of a ſuperſtitious imagination in all countries. The deſcription of Fingal's airy hall, in the poem called Berrathon, and of the aſcent of Malvina into it, deſerves particular notice, as remarkably noble and magnificent. But above all, the engagement of Fingal with the ſpirit of Loda, in Carric-thura, cannot be mentioned without admiration. I forbear tranſcribing the paſſage, as it muſt have drawn the attention of every one who has read the works of Oſſian. The undaunted courage of Fingal, oppoſed to all the terrors of the Scandinavian god; the appearance and the ſpeech of that awful ſpirit; the wound which he receives, and the ſhriek which he ſends forth, "as rolled into himſelf, he roſe upon the wind;" are full of the moſt amazing and terrible majeſty. I know no paſſage more ſublime in the writings of an uninſpired author. The fiction is calculated to aggrandize the hero; which it does to a high degree; nor is it ſo unnatural or wild a fiction, as might at

firſt be thought. According to the notions of thoſe times, ſupernatural beings were material, and conſequently, vulnerable. The ſpirit of Loda was not acknowledged as a deity by Fingal; he did not worſhip at the ſtone of his power; he plainly conſidered him as the god of his enemies only; as a local deity, whoſe dominion extended no farther than to the regions where he was worſhipped; who had, therefore, no title to threaten him, and no claim to his ſubmiſſion. We know there are poetical precedents of great authority, for fictions fully as extravagant; and if Homer be forgiven for making Diomed attack and wound in battle, the gods whom that chief himſelf worſhipped, Oſſian ſurely is pardonable for making this hero ſuperior to the god of a foreign territory *.

Notwithſtanding the poetical advantages which I have aſcribed to Oſſian's machinery, I acknowledge it would have

* The ſcene of this encounter of Fingal with the ſpirit of Loda is laid in Iniſtore, or the iſlands of Orkney; and in the deſcription of Fingal's landing there it is ſaid, "A rock bends along the coaſt with all its echoing wood." On "the top is the circle of Loda, with the moſſy ſtone of power." In confirmation of Oſſian's topography, it is proper to acquaint the reader, that in theſe iſlands, as I have been well informed, there are many pillars, and circles of ſtones, ſtill remaining, known by the name of the ſtones and circles of Loda, or Loden: to which ſome degree of ſuperſtitious regard is annexed to this day. Theſe iſlands, until the year 1468, made a part of the Daniſh dominions. Their ancient language, of which there are yet ſome remains among the natives, is called the Norſe; and is a dialect, not of the Celtic, but of the Scandinavian tongue. The manners and the ſuperſtitions of the inhabitants, are quite diſtinct from thoſe of the Highlands and weſtern iſles of Scotland. Their ancient ſongs too, are of a different ſtrain and character, turning upon magical incantations and evocations from the dead, which were the favourite ſubjects of the old Runic poetry. They have many traditions among them of wars in former times with the inhabitants of the weſtern iſlands.

have been much more beautiful and perfect, had the author diſcovered ſome knowledge of a ſupreme Being. Although his ſilence on this head has been accounted for by the learned and ingenious tranſlator in a very probable manner, yet ſtill it muſt be held a conſiderable diſadvantage to the poetry. For the moſt auguſt and lofty ideas that can embelliſh poetry are derived from the belief of a divine adminiſtration of the univerſe: And hence the invocation of a ſupreme Being, or at leaſt of ſome ſuperior powers who are conceived as preſiding over human affairs, the ſolemnities of religious worſhip, prayers preferred, and aſſiſtance implored on critical occaſions, appear with great dignity in the works of almoſt all poets as chief ornaments of their compoſitions. The abſence of all ſuch religious ideas from Oſſian's poetry, is a ſenſible blank in it: the more to be regretted, as we can eaſily imagine what an illuſtrious figure they would have made under the management of ſuch a genius as his; and how finely they would have been adapted to many ſituations which occur in his works.

After ſo particular an examination of Fingal, it were needleſs to enter into as full a diſcuſſion of the conduct of Temora, the other epic poem. Many of the ſame obſervations, eſpecially with regard to the great characteriſtics of heroic poetry, apply to both. The high merit, however, of Temora, requires that we ſhould not paſs it by without ſome remarks.

The ſcene of Temora, as of Fingal, is laid in Ireland; and the action is of a poſterior date. The ſubject is, an expedition of the hero, to dethrone and puniſh a bloody uſurper, and to reſtore the poſſeſſion of the kingdom to the poſterity of the lawful prince; an undertaking worthy of the juſtice and heroiſm of the great Fingal. The action is one, and complete. The poem opens with the deſcent of

Fingal

Fingal on the coaſt, and the conſultation held among the chiefs of the enemy. The murder of the young prince Cormac, which was the cauſe of the war, being antecedent to the epic action, is introduced with great propriety as an epiſode in the firſt book. In the progreſs of the poem, three battles are deſcribed, which riſe in their importance above one another; the ſucceſs is various, and the iſſue for ſome time doubtful; till at laſt, Fingal brought into diſtreſs, by the wound of his great general Gaul, and the death of his ſon Fillan, aſſumes the command himſelf, and having ſlain the Iriſh king in ſingle combat, reſtores the rightful heir to his throne.

Temora has perhaps leſs fire than the other epic poem; but in return it has more variety, more tenderneſs, and more magnificence. The reigning idea, ſo often preſented to us of "Fingal in the laſt of his fields," is venerable and affecting; nor could any more noble concluſion be thought of, than the aged hero, after ſo many ſucceſsful atchievements, taking his leave of battles, and with all the ſolemnities of thoſe times reſigning his ſpear to his ſon. The events are leſs crowded in Temora than in Fingal; actions and characters are more particularly diſplayed; we are let into the tranſactions of both hoſts; and informed of the adventures of the night as well as of the day. The ſtill pathetic, and the romantic ſcenery of ſeveral of the night adventures, ſo remarkably ſuited to Oſſian's genius, occaſion a fine diverſity in the poem; and are happily contraſted with the military operations of the day.

In moſt of our author's poems, the horrors of war are ſoftened by intermixed ſcenes of love and friendſhip. In Fingal, theſe are introduced as epiſodes; in Temora, we have an incident of this nature wrought into the body of the piece; in the adventure of Cathmor and Sulmalla.

This

This forms one of the moſt conſpicuous beauties of that poem. The diſtreſs of Sulmalla, diſguiſed and unknown among ſtrangers, her tender and anxious concern for the ſafety of Cathmor, her dream, and her melting remembrance of the land of her fathers; Cathmor's emotion when he firſt diſcovers her, his ſtruggles to conceal and ſuppreſs his paſſion, leſt it ſhould unman him in the midſt of war, though "his ſoul poured forth in ſecret, when he beheld her fearful eye;" and the laſt interview between them, when overcome by her tenderneſs, he lets her know he had diſcovered her, and confeſſes his paſſion; are all wrought up with the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility and delicacy.

Beſides the characters which appeared in Fingal, ſeveral new ones are here introduced; and though, as they are all the characters of warriors, bravery is the predominant feature, they are nevertheleſs diverſified in a ſenſible and ſtriking manner. Foldath, for inſtance, the general of Cathmor, exhibits the perfect picture of a ſavage chieftain: Bold, and daring, but preſumptuous, cruel, and overbearing. He is diſtinguiſhed, on his firſt appearance, as the friend of the tyrant Cairbar; "His ſtride is haughty; his red eye rolls in wrath." In his perſon and whole deportment, he is contraſted with the mild and wiſe Hidalla, another leader of the ſame army, on whoſe humanity and gentleneſs he looks with great contempt. He profeſſedly delights in ſtrife and blood. He inſults over the fallen. He is imperious in his counſels, and factious when they are not followed. He is unrelenting in all his ſchemes of revenge, even to the length of denying the funeral ſong to the dead; which, from the injury thereby done to their ghoſts, was in thoſe days conſidered as the greateſt barbarity. Fierce to the laſt, he comforts himſelf in his dying moments with thinking that his ghoſt ſhall often leave its blaſt to rejoice over the

graves

graves of thoſe he had ſlain. Yet Oſſian, ever prone to the pathetic, has contrived to throw into his account of the death, even of this man, ſome tender circumſtances; by the moving deſcription of his daughter Dardulena, the laſt of his race.

The character of Foldath tends much to exalt that of Cathmor, the chief commander, which is diſtinguiſhed by the moſt humane virtues. He abhors all fraud and cruelty, is famous for his hoſpitality to ſtrangers; open to every generous ſentiment, and to every ſoft and compaſſionate feeling. He is ſo amiable as to divide the reader's attachment between him and the hero of the poem; though our author has artfully managed it ſo, as to make Cathmor himſelf indirectly acknowledge Fingal's ſuperiority, and to appear ſomewhat apprehenſive of the event, after the death of Finlan, which he knew would call forth Fingal in all his might. It is very remarkable, that although Oſſian has introduced into his poems three complete heroes, Cuchullin, Cathmor, and Fingal, he has, however, ſenſibly diſtinguiſhed each of their characters. Cuchullin is particularly honourable; Cathmor particularly amiable; Fingal wiſe and great, retaining an aſcendant peculiar to himſelf in whatever light he is viewed.

But the favourite figure in Temora, and the one moſt highly finiſhed, is Fillan. His character is of that ſort, for which Oſſian ſhews a particular fondneſs; an eager, fervent young warrior, fired with all the impatient enthuſiaſm for military glory, peculiar to that time of life. He had ſketched this in the deſcription of his own ſon Oſcar; but as he has extended it more fully in Fillan, and as the character is ſo conſonant to the epic ſtrain, though, ſo far as I remember, not placed in ſuch a conſpicuous light by any other epic poet, it may be worth while to attend a little to Oſſian's management of it in this inſtance.

Fillan

Fillan was the youngeſt of all the ſons of Fingal; younger, it is plain, than his nephew Oſcar, by whoſe fame and great deeds in war, we may naturally ſuppoſe his ambition to have been highly ſtimulated. Withal, as he is younger, he is deſcribed as more raſh and fiery. His firſt appearance is ſoon after Oſcar's death, when he was employed to watch the motions of the foe by night. In a converſation with his brother Oſſian, on that occaſion, we learn that it was not long ſince he began to lift the ſpear. "Few are the marks of my ſword in battle; but my ſoul is fire." He is with ſome difficulty reſtrained by Oſſian from going to attack the enemy; and complains to him, that his father had never allowed him any opportunity of ſignalizing his valour. "The king hath not remarked my ſword; I go forth with the crowd; I return without my fame." Soon after, when Fingal, according to cuſtom, was to appoint one of his chiefs to command the army, and each was ſtanding forth, and putting in his claim to this honour, Fillan is preſented in the following moſt picturesque and natural attitude. "On his ſpear ſtood the ſon of Clatho, in the wandering of his locks. Thrice he raiſed his eyes on Fingal: his voice thrice failed him as he ſpoke. Fillan could not boaſt of battles; at once he ſtrode away. Bent over a diſtant ſtream he ſtood; the tear hung in his eye. He ſtruck, at times, the thiſtle's head, with his inverted ſpear." No leſs natural and beautiful is the deſcription of Fingal's paternal emotion on this occaſion. "Nor is he unſeen of Fingal. Side-long he beheld his ſon. He beheld him with burſting joy. He hid the big tear with his locks, and turned amidſt his crowded ſoul." The command, for that day, being given to Gaul, Fillan ruſhes amidſt the thickeſt of the foe, ſaves Gaul's life, who is wounded by a random arrow, and diſtinguiſhes himſelf ſo in battle, that "the days of old return

on Fingal's mind, as he beholds the renown of his ſon. "As the ſun rejoices from the cloud, over the tree his beams have raiſed, whilſt it ſhakes its lonely head on the heath, ſo joyful is the king over Fillan." Sedate, however, and wiſe, he mixes the praiſe which he beſtows on him with ſome reprehenſion of his raſhneſs, "My ſon, I ſaw thy deeds, and my ſoul was glad. Thou art brave, ſon of Clatho, but headlong in the ſtrife. So did not Fingal advance, though he never feared a foe. Let thy people be a ridge behind thee; they are thy ſtrength in the field. Then ſhalt thou be long renowned, and behold the tombs of thy fathers."

On the next day, the greateſt and the laſt of Fillan's life, the charge is committed to him of leading on the hoſt to battle. Fingal's ſpeech to his troops on this occaſion is full of noble ſentiment; and where he recommends his ſon to their care, extremely touching. "A young beam is before you; few are his ſteps to war. They are few, but he is valiant; defend my dark-haired ſon. Bring him back with joy; hereafter he may ſtand alone. His form is like his fathers; his ſoul is a flame of their fire." When the battle begins, the poet puts forth his ſtrength to deſcribe the exploits of the young hero; who, at laſt encountering and killing with his own hand Foldath the oppoſite general, attains the pinnacle of glory. In what follows, when the fate of Fillan is drawing near, Oſſian, if any where, excels himſelf. Foldath being ſlain, and a general rout begun, there was no reſource left to the enemy but in the great Cathmor himſelf, who in this extremity deſcends from the hill, where, according to the cuſtom of thoſe princes, he ſurveyed the battle. Obſerve how this critical event is wrought up by the poet. "Wide ſpreading over echoing Lubar, the flight of Bolga is rolled along. Fillan hung forward on their ſteps; and ſtrewed the heath with dead. Fingal rejoiced

over

over his ſon. Blue-ſhielded Cathmor roſe. Son of Alpin, bring the harp! Give Fillan's praiſe to the wind; raiſe high his praiſe in my hall, while yet he ſhines in war. Leave blue-eyed Clatho! leave thy hall? behold that early beam of thine! The hoſt is withered in its courſe. No farther look—it is dark—light-trembling from the harp, ſtrike, virgins! ſtrike the ſound." The ſudden interruption, and ſuſpenſe of the narration on Cathmor's riſing from his hill, the abrupt burſting into the praiſe of Fillan, and the paſſionate apoſtrophe to his mother Clatho, are admirable efforts of poetical art, in order to intereſt us in Fillan's danger; and the whole is heightened by the immediately following ſimile, one of the moſt magnificent and ſublime that is to be met with in any poet, and which if it had been found in Homer, would have been the frequent ſubject of admiration to critics; "Fillan is like a ſpirit of heaven, that deſcends from the ſkirt of his blaſt. The troubled ocean feels his ſteps, as he ſtrides from wave to wave. His path kindles behind him; iſlands ſhake their heads on the heaving ſeas."

But the poet's art is not yet exhauſted. The fall of this noble young warrior, or in Oſſian's ſtyle, the extinction of this beam of heaven, could not be rendered too intereſting and affecting. Our attention is naturally drawn towards Fingal. He beholds from his hill the riſing of Cathmor, and the danger of his ſon. But what ſhall he do? "Shall Fingal riſe to his aid, and take the ſword of Luno? What then ſhould become of thy fame, ſon of white-boſomed Clatho? Turn not thine eyes from Fingal, daughter of Iniſtore! I ſhall not quench thy early beam. No cloud of mine ſhall riſe, my ſon, upon thy ſoul of fire." Struggling between concern for the fame, and fear for the ſafety of his ſon, he withdraws from the fight of the engagement; and diſpatch-

es Oſſian in haſte to the field, with this affectionate and delicate injunction. "Father of Oſcar!" addreſſing him by a title which on this occaſion has the higheſt propriety, "Father of Oſcar! lift the ſpear; defend the young in arms. But conceal thy ſteps from Fillan's eyes: He muſt not know that I doubt his ſteel." Oſſian arrived too late. But unwilling to deſcribe Fillan vanquiſhed, the poet ſuppreſſes all the circumſtances of the combat with Cathmor; and only ſhews us the dying hero. We ſee him animated to the end with the ſame martial and ardent ſpirit; breathing his laſt in bitter regret for being ſo early cut off from the field of glory. "Oſſian, lay me in that hollow rock. Raiſe no ſtone above me; leaſt one ſhould aſk about my fame. I am fallen in the firſt of my fields; fallen without renown. Let thy voice alone, ſend joy to my flying ſoul. Why ſhould the bard know where dwells the early-fallen Fillan?" He who after tracing the circumſtances of this ſtory, ſhall deny that our bard is poſſeſſed of high ſentiment and high art, muſt be ſtrangely prejudiced indeed. Let him read the ſtory of Pallas in Virgil, which is of a ſimilar kind; and after all the praiſe he may juſtly beſtow on the elegant and finiſhed deſcription of that amiable author, let him ſay, which of the two poets unfold moſt of the human ſoul. I wave inſiſting on any more of the particulars in Temora; as my aim is rather to lead the reader into the genius and ſpirit of Oſſian's poetry, than to dwell on all his beauties.

The judgment and art diſcovered in conducting works of ſuch length as Fingal and Temora, diſtinguiſh them from the other poems in this collection. The ſmaller pieces, however, contain particular beauties no leſs eminent. They are hiſtorical poems, generally of the elegiac kind; and plainly diſcover themſelves to be the work of the ſame author.

thor. One conſiſtent face of manners is every where preſented to us; one ſpirit of poetry reigns; the maſterly hand of Oſſian appears throughout; the ſame ſtrong colouring of imagination, and the ſame glowing ſenſibility of heart. Beſides the unity which belongs to the compoſitions of one man, there is moreover a certain unity of ſubject which very happily connects all theſe poems. They form the poetical hiſtory of the age of Fingal. The ſame race of heroes whom we had met with in the greater poems, Cuchullin, Oſcar, Connal, and Gaul, return again upon the ſtage; and Fingal himſelf is always the principal figure, preſented on every occaſion, with equal magnificence, nay, riſing upon us to the laſt. The circumſtances of Oſſian's old age and blindneſs, his ſurviving all his friends, and his relating their great exploits to Malvina, the ſpouſe or miſtreſs of his beloved ſon Oſcar, furniſh the fineſt poetical ſituations that fancy could deviſe for that tender pathetic which reigns in Oſſian's poetry.

On each of theſe poems, there might be room for ſeparate obſervations, with regard to the conduct and diſpoſition of the incidents, as well as to the beauty of the deſcriptions and ſentiments. Carthon is a regular and highly finiſhed piece. The main ſtory is very properly introduced by Cleſſamor's relation of the adventure of his youth; and this introduction is finely heightened by Fingal's ſong of mourning over Moina; in which Oſſian, ever fond of doing honour to his father, has contrived to diſtinguiſh him, for being an eminent poet, as well as warrior, Fingal's ſong upon this occaſion, when "his thouſand bards leaned forwards from their ſeats, to hear the voice of the king," is inferior to no paſſage in the whole book; and with great judgment put in his mouth, as the ſerioufneſs, no leſs than the ſublimity of the ſtrain, is peculiarly ſuited to the hero's character.

character. In Dar-thula, are aſſembled almoſt all the tender images that can touch the heart of man; friendſhip, love, the affections of parents, ſons, and brothers, the diſtreſs of the aged, and the unavailing bravery of the young. The beautiful addreſs to the moon, with which the poem opens, and the tranſition from thence to the ſubject, moſt happily prepare the mind for that train of affecting events that is to follow. The ſtory is regular, dramatic, intereſting to the laſt. He who can read it without emotion may congratulate himſelf, if he pleaſes, upon being completely armed againſt ſympathetic ſorrow. As Fingal had no occaſion of appearing in the action of this poem, Oſſian makes a very artful tranſition from his narration, to what was paſſing in the halls of Selma. The ſound heard there on the ſtrings of his harp, the concern which Fingal ſhows on hearing it, and the invocation of the ghoſts of their fathers, to receive the heroes falling in a diſtant land, are introduced with great beauty of imagination to increaſe the ſolemnity, and to diverſify the ſcenery of the poem.

Carric-thura is full of the moſt ſublime dignity; and has this advantage of being more cheerful in the ſubject, and more happy in the cataſtrophe than moſt of the other poems: Though tempered at the ſame time with epiſodes in that ſtrain of tender melancholy, which ſeems to have been the great delight of Oſſian and the bards of his age. Lathmon is peculiarly diſtinguiſhed, by high generoſity of ſentiment. This is carried ſo far, particularly in the refuſal of Gaul, on one ſide, to take the advantage of a ſleeping foe; and of Lathmon, on the other, to overpower by numbers the two young warriors, as to recal into one's mind the manners of chivalry; ſome reſemblance to which may perhaps be ſuggeſted by other incidents in this collection of poems. Chivalry, however, took riſe in an age and country

country too remote from thoſe of Oſſian to admit the ſuſpicion that the one could have borrowed any thing from the other. So far as chivalry had any real exiſtence, the ſame military enthuſiaſm, which gave birth to it in the feudal times, might, in the days of Oſſian, that is, in the infancy of a riſing ſtate, through the operation of the ſame cauſe, very naturally produce effects of the ſame kind on the minds and manners of men. So far as chivalry was an ideal ſyſtem exiſting only in romance, it will not be thought ſurpriſing, when we reflect on the account before given of the Celtic bards, that this imaginary refinement of heroic manners ſhould be found among them, as much, at leaſt, as among the *Trobadores*, or ſtrolling Provencal bards, in the 10th or 11th century; whoſe ſongs, it is ſaid, firſt gave riſe to thoſe romantic ideas of heroiſm, which for ſo long a time inchanted Europe*. Oſſian's heroes have all the gallantry and generoſity of thoſe fabulous knights, without their extravagance; and his love ſcenes have native tenderneſs, without any mixture of thoſe forced and unnatural conceits which abound in the old romances. The adventures related by our poet which reſemble the moſt thoſe of romance, concern women who follow their lovers to war diſguiſed in the armour of men; and theſe are ſo managed as to produce, in the diſcovery, ſeveral of the moſt intereſting ſituations; one beautiful inſtance of which may be ſeen in Carric-thura, and another in Calthon and Colmal.

Oithona preſents a ſituation of a different nature. In the abſence of her lover Gaul, ſhe had been carried off and raviſhed by Dunrommath. Gaul diſcovers the place where ſhe is kept concealed, and comes to revenge her. The meeting of the two lovers, the ſentiments and the behaviour of Oithona on that occaſion, are deſcribed with ſuch tender

* Vid. Huetius de origine fabularum Romanenſium.

tender and exquiſite propriety, as does the greateſt honour both to the art and to the delicacy of our author: and would have been admired in any poet of the moſt refined age. The conduct of Croma muſt ſtrike every reader as remarkably judicious and beautiful. We are to be prepared for the death of Malvina, which is related in the ſucceeding poem. She is therefore introduced in perſon; "ſhe has heard a voice in a dream; ſhe feels the fluttering of her ſoul;" and in a moſt moving lamentation addreſſed to her beloved Oſcar, ſhe ſings her own Death Song. Nothing could be calculated with more art to ſooth and comfort her, than the ſtory which Oſſian relates. In the young and brave Fovargormo, another Oſcar is introduced; his praiſes are ſung; and the happineſs is ſet before her of thoſe who die in their youth, "when their renown is around them; before the feeble behold them in the hall, and ſmile at their trembling hand."

But no where does Oſſian's genius appear to greater advantage, than in Berrathon, which is reckoned the concluſion of his ſongs, "The laſt ſound of the Voice of Cona."

Qualis olor noto poſiturus littore vitam,
Ingemit, et mæſtis mulcens concentibus auras
Præſago queritur venientia funera cantu.

The whole train of ideas is admirably ſuited to the ſubject. Every thing is full of that inviſible world, into which the aged bard believes himſelf now ready to enter. The airy hall of Fingal preſents itſelf to his view; "he ſees the cloud that ſhall receive his ghoſt; he beholds the miſt that ſhall form his robe when he appears on his hill;" and all the natural objects around him ſeem to carry the preſages of death. "The thiſtle ſhakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head—it ſeems to ſay, I am covered with the drops of heaven; the time of my departure is near,

and

and the blaſt ſhall ſcatter my leaves." Malvina's death is hinted to him in the moſt delicate manner by the ſon of Alpin. His lamentation over her apotheoſis, or aſcent to the habitation of heroes, and the introduction to the ſtory which follows from the mention which Oſſian ſuppoſes the father of Malvina to make of him in the hall of Fingal, are all in the higheſt ſpirit of poetry. "And doſt thou remember Oſſian, O Toſcar, ſon of Comloch? The battles of our youth were many; our ſwords went together to the field." Nothing could be more proper than to end his ſongs with recording an exploit of the father of that Malvina, of whom his heart was now ſo full; and who, from firſt to laſt, had been ſuch a favourite object throughout all his poems.

The ſcene of moſt of Oſſian's poems is laid in Scotland, or in the coaſt of Ireland oppoſite to the territories of Fingal. When the ſcene is in Ireland, we perceive no change of manners from thoſe of Oſſian's native country. For as Ireland was undoubtedly peopled with Celtic tribes, the language, cuſtoms, and religion of both nations were the ſame. They had been ſeparated from one another by migration, only a few generations, as it ſhould ſeem, before our poet's age; and they ſtill maintained a cloſe and frequent intercourſe. But when the poet relates the expeditions of any of his heroes to the Scandinavian coaſt or to the iſlands of Orkney, which were then part of the Scandinavian territory, as he does in Carric-thura, Sulmalla of Lumon, and Cathloda, the caſe is quite altered. Thoſe countries were inhabited by nations of the Teutonic deſcent, who in their manners and religious rites differed widely from the Celtæ; and it is curious and remarkable, to find this difference clearly pointed out in the poems of Oſſian. His deſcriptions bear the native marks of one who was preſent in the expeditions which he relates, and who deſcribes what

he had ſeen with his own eyes. No ſooner are we carried to Lochlin, or the iſlands of Iniſtore, than we perceive that we are in a foreign region. New objects begin to appear. We meet every where with the ſtones and circles of Loda, that is, Odin, the great Scandinavian deity. We meet with the divinations and inchantments, for which it is well known thoſe northern nations were early famous. "There mixed with the murmur of waters, roſe the voice of aged men, who called the forms of night to aid them in their war;" whilſt the Caledonian chiefs who aſſiſted them, are deſcribed as ſtanding at a diſtance, heedleſs of their rites. That ferocity of manners which diſtinguiſhed thoſe nations, alſo becomes conſpicuous. In the combats of their chiefs there is a peculiar ſavageneſs; even their women are bloody and fierce. The ſpirit, and the very ideas of Regner Lodbrog, that northern ſcalder, whom I formerly quoted, occur to us again. "The hawks," Oſſian makes one of the Scandinavian chiefs ſay, "ruſh from all their winds: they are wont to trace my courſe. We rejoiced three days above the dead, and called the hawks of heaven. They came from all their winds, to feaſt on the foes of Annir."

Diſmiſſing now the ſeparate conſideration of any of our author's works, I proceed to make ſome obſervations on his manner of writing, under the general heads of Deſcription, Imagery, and Sentiment.

A poet of original genius is always diſtinguiſhed by his talent for deſcription *. A ſecond-rate writer diſcerns nothing new or peculiar in the object he means to deſcribe. His conceptions of it are vague and looſe; his expreſſions feeble; and of courſe the object is preſented to us indiſtinctly

* See the rules of poetical deſcription excellently illuſtrated by Lord Kaimes, in his Elements of Criticiſm, vol. iii. chap. 21. Of Narration and Deſcription.

tinctly and as through a cloud. But a true poet makes us imagine that we ſee it before our eyes: he catches the diſtinguiſhing features; he gives it the colours of life and reality; he places it in ſuch a light that a painter could copy after him. The happy talent is chiefly owing to a lively imagination, which firſt receives a ſtrong impreſſion of the object; and then, by a proper ſelection of capital picturesque circumſtances employed in deſcribing it, tranſmits that impreſſion in its full force to the imaginations of others. That Oſſian poſſeſſes this deſcriptive power in a high degree, we have a clear proof from the effect which his deſcriptions produce upon the imaginations of thoſe who read him with any degree of attention and taſte. Few poets are more intereſting. We contract an intimate acquaintance with his principal heroes. The characters, the manners, the face of the country, become familiar; we even think we could draw the figure of his ghoſts: In a word, whilſt reading him, we are tranſported as into a new region, and dwell among his objects as if they were all real.

It were eaſy to point out ſeveral inſtances of exquiſite painting in the works of our author. Such, for inſtance, as the ſcenery with which Temora opens, and the attitude in which Cairbar is there preſented to us; the deſcription of the young prince Cormac, in the ſame book; and the ruins of Balclutha in Carthon. "I have ſeen the walls of Balclutha, but they were deſolate. The fire had reſounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The ſtream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thiſtle ſhook there its lonely head: The moſs whiſtled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows; the rank graſs of the wall waved round his head. Deſolate is the dwelling of Moina; ſilence is in the houſe of her fathers." Nothing alſo can be more

natural and lively than the manner in which Carthon afterwards deſcribes how the conflagration of his city affected him when a child: "Have I not ſeen the fallen Balclutha? And ſhall I feaſt with Comhal's ſon? Comhal! who threw his fire in the midſt of my father's hall! I was young, and knew not the cauſe why the virgins wept. The columns of ſmoke pleaſed mine eye, when they roſe above my walls: I often looked back with gladneſs, when my friends fled above the hill. But when the years of my youth came on, I beheld the moſs of my fallen walls. My ſigh aroſe with the morning; and my tears deſcended with night. Shall I not fight, I ſaid to my ſoul, againſt the children of my foes? And I will fight, O bard! I feel the ſtrength of my ſoul." In the ſame poem, the aſſembling of the chiefs round Fingal, who had been warned of ſome impending danger by the appearance of a prodigy, is deſcribed with ſo many picturesque circumſtances, that one imagines himſelf preſent in the aſſembly. "The king alone beheld the terrible ſight, and he foreſaw the death of his people. He came in ſilence to his hall, and took his father's ſpear; the mail rattled on his breaſt. The heroes roſe around. They looked in ſilence on each other, marking the eyes of Fingal. They ſaw the battle in his face. A thouſand ſhields are placed at once on their arms; and they drew a thouſand ſwords. The hall of Selma brightened around. The clang of arms aſcends. The gray dogs howl in their place. No word is among the mighty chiefs. Each marked the eyes of the king; and half aſſumed his ſpear."

It has been objected to Oſſian, that his deſcriptions of military actions are imperfect, and much leſs diverſified by circumſtances than thoſe of Homer. This is in ſome meaſure true. The amazing fertility of Homer's invention is no where ſo much diſplayed as in the incidents of his battles,

tles, and in the little hiſtory pieces he gives of the perſons ſlain. Nor indeed, with regard to the talent of deſcription, can too much be ſaid in praiſe of Homer. Every thing is alive in his writings. The colours with which he paints are thoſe of nature. But Oſſian's genius was of a different kind from Homer's. It led him to hurry towards grand objects rather than to amuſe himſelf with particulars of leſs importance. He could dwell on the death of a favourite hero: but that of a private man ſeldom ſtopped his rapid courſe. Homer's genius was more comprehenſive than Oſſian's. It included a wider circle of objects; and could work up any incident into a deſcription. Oſſian's was more limited; but the region within which it chiefly exerted itſelf was the higheſt of all, the region of the pathetic and ſublime.

We muſt not imagine, however, that Oſſian's battles conſiſt only of general indiſtinct deſcription. Such beautiful incidents are ſometimes introduced, and the circumſtances of the perſons ſlain ſo much diverſified, as ſhow that he could have embelliſhed his military ſcenes with an abundant variety of particulars, if his genius had led him to to dwell upon them. One man "is ſtretched in the duſt of his native land; he fell, where often he had ſpread the feaſt, and often raiſed the voice of the harp." The maid of Iniſtore is introduced, in a moving apoſtrophe, as weeping for another; and a third, "as rolled in the duſt he liſted his faint eyes to the king," is remembered and mourned by Fingal as the friend of Agandecca. The blood pouring from the wound of one who is ſlain by night, is heard "hiſſing on the half extinguiſhed oak," which had been kindled for giving light: Another, climbing a tree to eſcape from his foe, is pierced by his ſpear from behind; "ſhrieking, panting he fell; whilſt moſs and withered branches

purſue

purſue his fall, and ſtrue the blue arms of Gaul." Never was a finer picture drawn of the ardour of two youthful warriors than the following: "I ſaw Gaul in his armour, and my ſoul was mixed with his: For the fire of the battle was in his eyes; he looked to the foe with joy. We ſpoke the words of friendſhip in ſecret; and the lightening of our ſwords poured together. We drew them behind the wood, and tried the ſtrength of our arms on the empty air."

Oſſian is always conciſe in his deſcriptions, which adds much to their beauty and force. For it is a great miſtake to imagine, that a crowd of particulars, or a very full and extended ſtyle, is of advantage to deſcription. On the contrary, ſuch a diffuſe manner for the moſt part weakens it. Any one redundant circumſtance is a nuiſance. It encumbers and loads the fancy, and renders the main image indiſtinct. "Obſtat," as Quintilian ſays with regard to ſtyle, "quicquid non adjuvat." To be conciſe in deſcription, is one thing; and to be general, is another. No deſcription that reſts in generals can poſſibly be good; it can convey no lively idea; for it is of particulars only that we have a diſtinct conception. But at the ſame time, no ſtrong imagination dwells long upon any one particular; or heaps together a maſs of trivial ones. By the happy choice of ſome one, or of a few that are the moſt ſtriking, it preſents the image more complete, ſhows us more at one glance, than a feeble imagination is able to do, by turning its object round and round into a variety of lights. Tacitus is of all proſe writers, the moſt conciſe. He has even a degree of abruptneſs in reſembling our author: Yet no writer is more eminent for lively deſcription. When Fingal, after having conquered the haughty Swaran, propoſes to diſmiſs him with honour: "Raiſe to-morrow thy white ſails to the wind, thou brother of Agandecca!" he conveys, by

thus

thus addreſſing his enemy, a ſtronger impreſſion of the emotions then paſſing within his mind, than if whole paragraphs had been ſpent in deſcribing the conflict between reſentment againſt Swaran and the tender remembrance of his ancient love. No amplification is needed to give us the moſt full idea of a hardy veteran, after the few following words: "His ſhield is marked with the ſtrokes of battle; his red eye deſpiſes danger." When Oſcar, left alone, was ſurrounded by foes, "he ſtood," it is ſaid, "growing in his place, like the flood of the narrow vale;" a happy repreſentation of one, who, by daring intrepidity in the midſt of danger, ſeems to increaſe in his appearance, and becomes more formidable every moment, like the ſudden riſing of the torrent hemmed in by the valley. And a whole crowd of ideas, concerning the circumſtances of domeſtic ſorrow occaſioned by a young warrior's firſt going forth to battle, is poured upon the mind by theſe words: "Calmar leaned on his father's ſpear; that ſpear which he brought from Lara's hall, when the ſoul of his mother was ſad."

The conciſeneſs of Oſſian's deſcriptions is the more proper on account of his ſubjects. Deſcriptions of gay and ſmiling ſcenes may, without any diſadvantage be amplified and prolonged. Force is not the predominant quality expected in theſe. The deſcription may be weakened by being diffuſe, yet notwithſtanding, may be beautiful ſtill. Whereas, with reſpect to grand, ſolemn, and pathetic ſubjects, which are Oſſian's chief field, the caſe is very different. In theſe, energy is above all things required. The imagination muſt be ſeized at once, or not at all; and is far more deeply impreſſed by one ſtrong and ardent image, than by the anxious minuteneſs of laboured illuſtration.

But

But Oſſian's genius, though chiefly turned towards the ſublime and pathetic, was not confined to it: In ſubjects alſo of grace and delicacy, he diſcovers the hand of a maſter. Take for an example the following elegant deſcription of Agandecca, wherein the tenderneſs of Tibullus ſeems united with the majeſty of Virgil. "The daughter of the ſnow overheard, and left the hall of her ſecret ſigh. She came in all her beauty; like the moon from the cloud of the eaſt. Lovelineſs was around her as light. Her ſteps were like the muſic of ſongs. She ſaw the youth and loved him. He was the ſtolen ſigh of her ſoul. Her blue eyes rolled on him in ſecret: And ſhe bleſt the chief of Morven." Several other inſtances might be produced of the feelings of love and friendſhip painted by our author with a moſt natural and happy delicacy.

The ſimplicity of Oſſian's manner adds great beauty to his deſcriptions, and indeed to his whole poetry. We meet with no affected ornaments; no forced refinement; no marks either in ſtyle or thought of a ſtudied endeavour to ſhine and ſparkle. Oſſian appears every where to be prompted by his feelings; and to ſpeak from the abundance of his heart. I remember no more than one inſtance of what can be called quaint thought in this whole collection of his works. It is in the firſt book of Fingal, where from the tomb of two lovers two lonely yews are mentioned to have ſprung, "whoſe branches wiſhed to meet on high." This ſympathy of the trees with the lovers, may be reckoned to border on an Italian conceit; and it is ſomewhat curious to find this ſingle inſtance of that ſort of wit in our Celtic poetry.

The "joy of grief," is one of Oſſian's remarkable expreſſions, ſeveral times repeated. If any one ſhall think that it needs to be juſtified by a precedent, he may find it twice

twice uſed by Homer; in the Iliad, when Achilles is viſited by the ghoſt of Patroclus; and in the Odyſſey, when Ulyſſes meets his mother in the ſhades. On both theſe occaſions, the heroes, melted with tenderneſs, lament their not having it in their power to throw their arms round the ghoſt, "that we might," ſay they, "in a mutual embrace, enjoy the delight of grief."

—— κρυεροιο τεταρπομεσθα γοοιο. *

But in truth the expreſſion ſtands in need of no defence from authority; for it is a natural and juſt expreſſion; and conveys a clear idea of that gratification, which a virtuous heart often feels in the indulgence of a tender melancholy. Oſſian makes a very proper diſtinction between this gratification, and the deſtructive effect of overpowering grief. "There is a joy in grief, when peace dwells in the breaſts of the ſad. But ſorrow waſtes the mournful, O daughter of Toſcar, and their days are few." To "give the joy of grief," generally ſignifies to raiſe the ſtrain of ſoft and grave muſic; and finely characteriſes the taſte of Oſſian's age and country. In thoſe days, when the ſongs of bards were the great delight of heroes, the tragic muſe was held in chief honour; gallant actions, and virtuous ſufferings, were the choſen theme; preferably to that light and trifling ſtrain of poetry and muſic, which promotes light and trifling manners, and ſerves to emaſculate the mind. "Strike the harp in my hall," ſaid the great Fingal, in the midſt of youth and victory, "Strike the harp in my hall, and let Fingal hear the ſong. Pleaſant is the joy of grief! It is like the ſhower of ſpring, when it ſoftens the branch of the oak; and the young leaf lifts its green head. Sing on, O bards! Tomorrow we lift the ſail †."

* Odyſſ. 11. 211. Iliad 23. 98.

† Carric-thura.

Perſonal epithets have been much uſed by all the poets of the moſt ancient ages: and when well choſen, not general and unmeaning, they contribute not a little to render the ſtyle deſcriptive and animated. Beſides epithets founded on bodily diſtinctions, a-kin to many of Homer's, we find in Oſſian ſeveral which are remarkably beautiful and poetical. Such as, Oſcar of the future fights, Fingal of the mildeſt look, Carril of other times, the mildly bluſhing Everallin; Bragéla, the lonely ſun-beam of Dunſcaich; a Culdee, the ſon of the ſecret cell.

But of all the ornaments employed in deſcriptive poetry compariſons or ſimilies are the moſt ſplendid. Theſe chiefly form what is called the imagery of a poem: And as they abound ſo much in the works of Oſſian, and are commonly among the favourite paſſages of all poets, it may be expected that I ſhould be ſomewhat particular in my remarks upon them.

A poetical ſimile always ſuppoſes two objects brought together, between which there is ſome near relation or connection in the fancy. What that relation ought to be, cannot be preciſely defined. For various, almoſt numberleſs, are the analogies formed among objects, by a ſprightly imagination. The relation of actual ſimilitude, or likeneſs of appearance, is far from being the only foundation of poetical compariſon. Sometimes a reſemblance in the effect produced by two objects, is made the connecting principle: Sometimes a reſemblance in one diſtinguiſhing property or circumſtance. Very often two objects are brought together in a ſimile, though they reſemble one another, ſtrictly ſpeaking, in nothing, only becauſe they raiſe in the mind a train of ſimilar, and what may be called, concordant ideas; ſo that the remembrance of the one, when recalled, ſerves to quicken and heighten the impreſſion made by the

other

other. Thus, to give an inſtance from our poet, the pleaſure with which an old man looks back on the exploits of his youth, has certainly no direct reſemblance to the beauty of a fine evening; farther, than that both agree in producing a certain calm, placid joy. Yet Oſſian has founded upon this, one of the moſt beautiful compariſons that is to be met with in any poet. "Wilt thou not liſten, ſon of the rock, to the ſong of Oſſian? My ſoul is full of other times; the joy of my youth returns. Thus, the ſun appears in the weſt, after the ſteps of his brightneſs have moved behind a ſtorm. The green hills lift their dewy heads. The blue ſtreams rejoice in the vale. The aged hero comes forth on his ſtaff; and his gray hair glitters in the beam." Never was there a finer group of objects. It raiſes a ſtrong conception of the old man's joy and elation of heart, by diſplaying a ſcene, which produces in every ſpectator, a correſponding train of pleaſing emotions; the declining ſun looking forth in his brightneſs after a ſtorm; the cheerful face of all nature; and the ſtill life finely animated by the circumſtance of the aged hero, with his ſtaff and his gray locks; a circumſtance both extremely pictureſque in itſelf, and peculiarly ſuited to the main object of the compariſon. Such analogies and aſſociations of ideas as theſe, are highly pleaſing to the fancy. They give opportunity for introducing many a fine poetical picture. They diverſify the ſcene; they aggrandize the ſubject; they keep the imagination awake and ſprightly. For as the judgment is principally exerciſed in diſtinguiſhing objects, and remarking the differences among thoſe which ſeem like; ſo the higheſt amuſement of the imagination is to trace likeneſſes and agreements among thoſe which ſeem different.

The principal rules which reſpect poetical compariſons are, that they be introduced on proper occaſions, when the

mind is diſpoſed to reliſh them; and not in the midſt of ſome ſevere and agitating paſſion, which cannot admit this play of fancy; that they be founded on a reſemblance neither too near and obvious, ſo as to give little amuſement to the imagination in tracing it, nor too faint and remote, ſo as to be apprehended with difficulty; that they ſerve either to illuſtrate the principal object, and to render the conception of it, more clear and diſtinct; or at leaſt, to heighten and embelliſh it, by a ſuitable aſſociation of images *.

Every country has a ſcenery peculiar to itſelf; and the imagery of a good poet will exhibit it. For as he copies after nature, his alluſions will of courſe be taken from thoſe objects which he ſees around him, and which have often ſtruck his fancy. For this reaſon, in order to judge of the propriety of poetical imagery, we ought to be, in ſome meaſure, acquainted with the natural hiſtory of the country where the ſcene of the poem is laid. The introduction of foreign images betrays a poet, copying not from nature, but from other writers. Hence ſo many Lions, and Tygers, and Eagles, and Serpents, which we meet with in the ſimilies of modern poets; as if theſe animals had acquired ſome right to a place in poetical compariſons for ever, becauſe employed by ancient authors. They employed them with propriety, as objects generally known in their country; but as they are abſurdly uſed for illuſtration by us, who know them only at ſecond hand, or by deſcription. To moſt readers of modern poetry, it were more to the purpoſe to deſcribe Lions or Tygers by ſimilies taken from men, than to compare men to Lions. Oſſian is very correct in this particular. His imagery is, without exception, copied from that face of nature, which he ſaw before his eyes; and by conſequence may be expected to be lively. We meet

* See Elements of Criticiſm, vol. 3. ch. 19.

meet with no Grecian or Italian ſcenery; but with the miſts, and clouds, and ſtorms, of a northern mountainous region.

No poet abounds more in ſimilies than Oſſian. There are in this collection as many, at leaſt, as in the whole Iliad and Odyſſey of Homer. I am indeed inclined to think, that the works of both poets are too much crowded with them. Similies are ſparkling ornaments; and like all things that ſparkle, are apt to dazzle and tire us by their luſtre. But if Oſſian's ſimilies be too frequent, they have this advantage of being commonly ſhorter than Homer's; they interrupt his narration leſs; he juſt glances aſide to ſome reſembling object, and inſtantly returns to his former track. Homer's ſimilies include a wider range of objects. But in return, Oſſian's are, without exception, taken from objects of dignity, which cannot be ſaid for all thoſe which Homer employs. The Sun, the Moon, and the Stars, Clouds and Meteors, Lightning and Thunder, Seas and Whales, Rivers, Torrents, Winds, Ice, Rain, Snow, Dews, Miſt, Fire and Smoke, Trees and Foreſts, Heath and Graſs and Flowers, Rocks and Mountains, Muſic and Songs, Light and Darkneſs, Spirits and Ghoſts; theſe form the circle, within which Oſſian's compariſons generally run. Some, not many, are taken from Birds and Beaſts; as Eagles, Sea-Fowl, the Horſe, the Deer, and the Mountain Bee; and a very few from ſuch operations of art as were then known. Homer has diverſified his imagery by many more alluſions to the animal world; to Lions, Bulls, Goats, Herds of Cattle, Serpents, Inſects; and to the various occupations of rural and paſtoral life. Oſſian's defect in this article, is plainly owing to the deſart, uncultivated ſtate of his country, which ſuggeſted to him few images beyond natural inanimate objects, in their rudeſt form. The birds and animals of the country were probably not numerous; and his acquaintance

quaintance with them was ſlender, as they were little ſubjected to the uſes of man.

The great objection made to Oſſian's imagery, is its uniformity, and the too frequent repetition of the ſame compariſons. In a work ſo thick ſown with ſimilies, one could not but expect to find images of the ſame kind ſometimes ſuggeſted to the poet by reſembling objects; eſpecially to a poet like Oſſian, who wrote from the immediate impulſe of poetical enthuſiaſm, and without much preparation of ſtudy or labour. Fertile as Homer's imagination is acknowledged to be, who does not know how often his Lions and Bulls, and Flocks of Sheep, recur with little or no variation; nay, ſometimes in the very ſame words? The objection made to Oſſian is, however, founded, in a great meaſure upon a miſtake. It has been ſuppoſed by inattentive readers, that wherever the Moon, the Cloud, or the Thunder, returns in a ſimile, it is the ſame ſimile, and the ſame Moon, or Cloud, or Thunder, which they had met with a few pages before. Whereas very often the ſimilies are widely different. The object, whence they are taken, is indeed in ſubſtance the ſame; but the image is new; for the appearance of the object is changed; it is preſented to the fancy in another attitude; and clothed with new circumſtances, to make it ſuit the different illuſtration for which it is employed. In this, lies Oſſian's great art; in ſo happily varying the form of the few natural appearances with which he was acquainted, as to make them correſpond to a great many different objects.

Let us take for one inſtance the Moon, which is very frequently introduced into his compariſons; as in northern climates, where the nights are long, the Moon is a greater object of attention, than in the climate of Homer; and let us view how much our poet has diverſified its appearance. The ſhield of a warrior is like "the darkened moon when

it

it moves a dun circle through the heavens." The face of a ghoſt, wan and pale, is like "the beam of the ſetting moon." And a different appearance of a ghoſt, thin and indiſtinct, is like "the new moon ſeen through the gathered miſt, when the ſky pours down its flaky ſnow, and the world is ſilent and dark;" or in a different form ſtill, it is like "the watery beam of the moon, when it ruſhes from between two clouds, and the midnight ſhower is on the field." A very oppoſite uſe is made of the moon in the deſcription of Agandecca: "She came in all her beauty, like the moon from the cloud of the Eaſt." Hope, ſucceeded by diſappointment, is "joy riſing on her face, and ſorrow returning again, like a thin cloud on the moon." But when Swaran, after his defeat, is cheered by Fingal's generoſity, "His face brightened like the full moon of heaven, when the clouds vaniſh away, and leave her calm and broad in the midſt of the ſky." Venvela is "bright as the moon when it trembles over the weſtern wave;" but the ſoul of the guilty Uthal is "dark as the troubled face of the moon, when it foretels the ſtorm." And by a very fanciful and uncommon alluſion, it is ſaid of Cormac, who was to die in his early years, "Nor long ſhalt thou lift the ſpear, mildly ſhining beam of youth! Death ſtands dim behind thee, like the darkened half of the moon behind its growing light."

Another inſtance of the ſame nature may be taken from miſt, which, as being a very familiar appearance in the country of Oſſian, he applies to a variety of purpoſes, and purſues through a great many forms. Sometimes, which one would hardly expect, he employs it to heighten the appearance of a beautiful object. The hair of Morna is "like the miſt of Cromla, when it curls on the rock, and ſhines to the beam of the weſt"—"The ſong comes with its muſic to melt and pleaſe the ear. It is like ſoft miſt, that

that riſing from a lake pours on the ſilent vale. The green flowers are filled with dew. The ſun returns in its ſtrength, and the miſt is gone." * But, for the moſt part, miſt is employed as a ſimilitude of ſome diſagreeable or terrible object. "The ſoul of Nathos was ſad, like the ſun in the day of miſt, when his face is watery and dim." "The darkneſs of old age comes like the miſt of the deſart." The face of a ghoſt is "pale as the miſt of Cromla." "The gloom of battle is rolled along as miſt that is poured on the valley, when ſtorms invade the ſilent ſun ſhine of heaven." Fame ſuddenly departing, is likened to "miſt that flies away before the ruſtling wind of the vale." A ghoſt, ſlowly vaniſhing, to "miſt that melts by degrees on the ſunny hill." Cairbar, after his treacherous aſſaſſination of Oſcar, is compared to a peſtilential fog. "I love a foe like Cathmor," ſays Fingal, "his ſoul is great; his arm is ſtrong; his battles are full of fame. But the little ſoul is like a vapour that hovers round the marſhy lake. It never riſes on the green hill, leſt the winds meet it there. Its dwelling is in the cave; and it ſends forth the dart of death." This is a ſimile highly finiſhed. But there is another which is ſtill more ſtriking, founded alſo on miſt, in the fourth book of Temora. Two factious chiefs are contending; Cathmor the king interpoſes, rebukes and ſilences them. The poet intends

* There is a remarkable propriety in this compariſon. It is intended to explain the effect of ſoft and mournful muſic. Armin appears diſturbed at a performance of this kind. Carmor ſays to him, "Why burſts the ſigh of Armin? Is there a cauſe to mourn? The ſong comes with its muſic to melt and pleaſe the ear. It is like ſoft miſt, &c." that is, ſuch mournful ſongs have a happy effect to ſoften the heart, and to improve it by tender emotions, as the moiſture of the miſt refreſhes and nouriſhes the flowers; whilſt the ſadneſs they occaſion is only tranſient, and ſoon diſpelled by the ſucceeding occupations and amuſements of life: "The ſun returns in its ſtrength, and the miſt is gone."

intends to give us the higheſt idea of Cathmor's ſuperiority; and moſt effectually accompliſhes his intention by the following happy image. "They ſunk from the king on either ſide; like two columns of morning miſt, when the ſun riſes between them, on his glittering rocks. Dark is their rolling on either ſide; each towards its reedy pool." Theſe inſtances may ſufficiently ſhew with what richneſs of imagination Oſſian's compariſons abound, and at the ſame time, with what propriety of judgment they are employed. If his field was narrow, it muſt be admitted to have been as well cultivated as its extent would allow.

As it is uſual to judge of poets from a compariſon of their ſimilies more than of other paſſages, it will perhaps be agreeable to the reader, to ſee how Homer and Oſſian have conducted ſome images of the ſame kind. This might be ſhewn in many inſtances. For as the great objects of nature are common to the poets of all nations, and make the general ſtore-houſe of all imagery, the ground-work of their compariſons muſt of courſe be frequently the ſame. I ſhall ſelect only a few of the moſt conſiderable from both poets. Mr Pope's tranſlation of Homer can be of no uſe to us here.

The parallel is altogether unfair between proſe, and the impoſing harmony of flowing numbers. It is only by viewing Homer in the ſimplicity of a proſe tranſlation, that we can form any compariſon between the two bards.

The ſhock of two encountering armies, the noiſe and the tumult of battle, afford one of the moſt grand and awful ſubjects of deſcription; on which all epic poets have exerted their ſtrength. Let us firſt hear Homer. The following deſcription is a favourite one, for we find it twice repeated in the ſame words.* "When now the conflicting hoſts joined in the field of battle, then were mutually oppoſed

* Iliad iv. 446. and Iliad viii. 60.

ſhields, and ſwords, and the ſtrength of armed men. The boſſy bucklers were daſhed againſt each other. The univerſal tumult roſe. There were mingled the triumphant ſhouts and the dying groans of the victors and the vanquiſhed. The earth ſtreamed with blood. As when winter torrents, ruſhing from the mountains, pour into a narrow valley, their violent waters. They iſſue from a thouſand ſprings, and mix in the hollowed channel. The diſtant ſhepherd hears on the mountain, their roar from afar. Such was the terror and the ſhout of the engaging armies." In another paſſage, the poet, much in the manner of Oſſian, heaps ſimile on ſimile, to expreſs the vaſtneſs of the idea, with which his imagination ſeems to labour. "With a mighty ſhout the hoſts engage. Not ſo loud roars the wave of ocean, when driven againſt the ſhore by the whole force of the boiſterous north; not ſo loud in the woods of the mountain, the noiſe of the flame, when riſing in its fury to conſume the foreſt; not ſo loud the wind among the lofty oaks, when the wrath of the ſtorm rages; as was the clamour of the Greeks and Trojans, when, roaring terrible, they ruſhed againſt each other." *

To theſe deſcriptions and ſimilies, we may oppoſe the following from Oſſian, and leave the reader to judge between them. He will find images of the ſame kind employed; commonly leſs extended; but thrown forth with a glowing rapidity which characteriſes our poet. "As autumn's dark ſtorms pour from two echoing hills, towards each other, approached the heroes. As two dark ſtreams from high rocks meet, and mix, and roar on the plain; loud, rough, and dark in battle, meet Lochlin and Inisfail. Chief mixed his ſtrokes with chief, and man with man. Steel clanging, ſounded on ſteel. Helmets are cleft on

* Iliad xiv. 393.

on high; blood burſts and ſmokes around. As the troubled noiſe of the ocean, when roll the waves on high; as the laſt peal of the thunder of heaven, ſuch is the noiſe of battle. As roll a thouſand waves to the rock, ſo Swaran's hoſt came on; as meets a rock a thouſand waves, ſo Inisfail met Swaran. Death raiſes all his voices around, and mixes with the ſound of ſhields. The field echoes from wing to wing, as a hundred hammers that riſe by turns on the red ſon of the furnace. As a hundred winds on Morven; as the ſtreams of a hundred hills; as clouds fly ſucceſſive over heaven; or as the dark ocean aſſaults the ſhore of the deſart; ſo roaring, ſo vaſt, ſo terrible, the armies mixed on Lena's echoing heath." In ſeveral of theſe images, there is a remarkable ſimilarity to Homer's; but what follows is ſuperior to any compariſon that Homer uſes on this ſubject. "The groan of the people ſpread over the hills; it was like the thunder of night, when the cloud burſts on Cona; and a thouſand ghoſts ſhriek at once on the hollow wind." Never was an image of more awful ſublimity employed to heighten the terror of battle.

Both poets compare the appearance of an army approaching, to the gathering of dark clouds. "As when a ſhepherd," ſays Homer, "beholds from the rock a cloud borne along the ſea by the weſtern wind; black as pitch it appears from afar, ſailing over the ocean, and carrying the dreadful ſtorm. He ſhrinks at the ſight, and drives his flock into the cave: Such, under the Ajaces, moved on, the dark, the thickened phalanx to the war *."—"They came," ſays Oſſian, "over the deſart like ſtormy clouds, when the winds roll them over the heath; their edges are tinged with lightning; and the echoing groves foreſee the ſtorm." The edges of the cloud tinged with lightning, is

* Iliad iv. 275.

a ſublime idea; but the ſhepherd and his flock, render Homer's ſimile more picturesque. This is frequently the difference between the two poets. Oſſian gives no more than the main image, ſtrong and full. Homer adds circumſtances and appendages, which amuſe the fancy by enlivening the ſcenery.

Homer compares the regular appearance of an army, to "clouds that are ſettled on the mountain top, in the day of calmneſs, when the ſtrength of the north wind ſleeps*." Oſſian, with full as much propriety, compares the appearance of a diſordered army, to "the mountain cloud, when the blaſt hath entered its womb; and ſcatters the curling gloom on every ſide." Oſſian's clouds aſſume a great many forms; and, as we might expect from his climate, are a fertile ſource of imagery to him. "The warriors followed their chiefs, like the gathering of the rainy clouds, behind the red meteors of heaven." An army retreating without coming to action, is likened to "clouds, that having long threatened rain, retire ſlowly behind the hills." This picture of Oithona, after ſhe had determined to die, is lively and delicate. "Her ſoul was reſolved, and the tear was dried from her wildly-looking eye. A troubled joy roſe on her mind, like the red path of the lightning on a ſtormy cloud." The image alſo of the gloomy Cairbar, meditating in ſilence, the aſſaſſination of Oſcar, until the moment came when his deſigns were ripe for execution, is extremely noble, and complete in all its parts. "Cairbar heard their words in ſilence, like the cloud of a ſhower; it ſtands dark on Cromla, till the lightning burſts its ſide. The valley gleams with red light; the ſpirits of the ſtorm rejoice. So ſtood the ſilent king of Temora; at length his words are heard."

Homer's

* Iliad v. 522.

Homer's compariſon of Achilles to the Dog-Star is very ſublime. "Priam beheld him ruſhing along the plain, ſhining in his armour, like the ſtar of autumn; bright are its beams, diſtinguiſhed amidſt the multitude of ſtars in the dark hour of night. It riſes in its ſplendor; but its ſplendor is fatal; betokening to miſerable men, the deſtroying heat *." The firſt appearance of Fingal, is in like manner, compared by Oſſian, to a ſtar or meteor. "Fingal, tall in his ſhip, ſtretched his bright lance before him. Terrible was the gleam of his ſteel; it was like the green meteor of death, ſetting in the heath of Malmor, when the traveller is alone, and the broad moon is darkened in heaven." The hero's appearance in Homer, is more magnificent; in Oſſian, more terrible.

A tree cut down, or overthrown by a ſtorm, is a ſimilitude frequent among poets for deſcribing the fall of a warrior in battle. Homer employs it often. But the moſt beautiful, by far, of his compariſons founded on this object, indeed one of the moſt beautiful in the whole Iliad, is that on the death of Euphorbus. "He the young and verdant olive, which a man hath reared with care in a lonely field, where the ſprings of water bubble around it; it is fair and flouriſhing; it is fanned by the breath of all the winds, and loaded with white bloſſoms; when the ſudden blaſt of a whirlwind deſcending, roots it out from its bed, and ſtretches it on the duſt †." To this, elegant as it is, we may oppoſe the following ſimile of Oſſian's, relating to the death of the three ſons of Uſnoth. "They fell, like three young oaks which ſtood alone on the hill. The traveller ſaw the lovely trees, and wondered how they grew ſo lonely. The blaſt of the deſart came by night, and laid their green heads low. Next day he returned; but they were

* Iliad xxii. 263. † Iliad xvii. 53.

were withered, and the heath was bare." Malvina's allufion to the fame object, in her lamentation over Ofcar, is fo exquifitely tender, that I cannot forbear giving it a place alfo. "I was a lovely tree in thy prefence Ofcar! with all my branches round me. But thy death came, like a blaft from the defart, and laid my green head low. The fpring returned with its flowers; but no leaf of mine arofe." Several of Offian's fimilies taken from trees, are remarkably beautiful, and diverfified with well chofen circumftances; fuch as that upon the death of Ryno and Orla: "They have fallen like the oak of the defart; when it lies acrofs a ftream, and withers in the wind of the mountains:" Or that which Offian applies to himfelf; "I, like an ancient oak in Morven, moulder alone in my place; the blaft hath lopped my branches away; and I tremble at the wings of the north."

As Homer exalts his heroes by comparing them to gods, Offian makes the fame ufe of comparifons taken from fpirits and ghofts. Swaran "roared in battle, like the fhrill fpirit of a ftorm, that fits dim on the clouds of Gormal, and enjoys the death of the mariner." His people gathered around Erragon, "like ftorms around the ghoft of night, when he calls them from the top of Morven, and prepares to pour them on the land of the ftranger." "They fell before my fon, like groves in the defart, when an angry ghoft ruflhes through night, and takes their green heads in his hand." In fuch images, Offian appears in his ftrength; for very feldom have fupernatural beings been painted with fo much fublimity, and fuch force of imagination, as by this poet. Even Homer, great as he is, muft yield to him in fimilies formed upon thefe. Take, for inftance, the following, which is the moft remarkable of this kind in the Iliad. "Merions followed Idomeneus to battle, like Mars the deftroyer

deſtroyer of men, when he ruſhes to war. Terror, his beloved ſon, ſtrong and fierce, attends him; who fills with diſmay, the moſt valiant hero. They come from Thrace, armed againſt the Ephyrians and Phlegyans; nor do they regard the prayers of either; but diſpoſe of ſucceſs at their will *." The idea here, is undoubtedly noble: but obſerve what a figure Oſſian ſets before the aſtoniſhed imagination, and with what ſublimely terrible circumſtances he has heightened it. "He ruſhed in the ſound of his arms, like the dreadful ſpirit of Loda, when he comes in the roar of a thouſand ſtorms, and ſcatters battles from his eyes. He ſits on a cloud over Lochlin's ſeas. His mighty hand is on his ſword. The winds lift his flaming locks. So terrible was Cuchullin in the day of his fame."

Homer's compariſons relate chiefly to martial ſubjects, to the appearances and motions of armies, the engagement and death of heroes, and the various incidents of war. In Oſſian, we find a greater variety of other ſubjects illuſtrated by ſimilies; particularly, the ſongs of bards, the beauty of women, the different circumſtances of old age, ſorrow, and private diſtreſs; which give occaſion to much beautiful imagery. What, for inſtance, can be more delicate and moving, than the following ſimile of Oithona's, in her lamentation, over the diſhonour ſhe had ſuffered? "Chief of Strumon," replied the ſighing maid, why didſt thou come over the dark blue wave to Nuath's mournful daughter? Why did not I paſs away in ſecret, like the flower of the rock, that lifts it fair head unſeen, and ſtrews its withered leaves on the blaſt?" The muſic of bards, a favourite object with Oſſian, is illuſtrated by a variety of the moſt beautiful appearances that are to be found in nature. It is compared to the calm ſhower of ſpring;

* Iliad xiii. 298.

ſpring; to the dews of the morning on the hill of roes; to the face of the blue and ſtill lake. Two ſimilies on this ſubject, I ſhall quote, becauſe they would do honour to any of the moſt celebrated claſſics. The one is; "Sit thou on the heath, O bard! and let us hear thy voice; it is pleaſant as the gale of the ſpring that ſighs on the hunter's ear, when he wakens from dreams of joy, and has heard the muſic of the ſpirits of the hill." The other contains a ſhort, but exquiſitely tender image, accompanied with the fineſt poetical painting. "The muſic of Carril was like the memory of joys that are paſt, pleaſant and mournful to the ſoul. The ghoſts of departed bards heard it from Slimora's ſide. Soft ſounds ſpread along the wood; and the ſilent valleys of night rejoice." What a figure would ſuch imagery and ſuch ſcenery have made, had they been preſented to us adorned with the ſweetneſs and harmony of the Virgilian numbers!

I have choſen all along to compare Oſſian with Homer, rather than Virgil, for an obvious reaſon. There is a much nearer correſpondence between the times and manners of the two former poets. Both wrote in an early period of ſociety; both are originals; both are diſtinguiſhed by ſimplicity, ſublimity, and fire. The correct elegance of Virgil, his artful imitation of Homer, the Roman ſtatelineſs which he every where maintains, admit no parallel with the abrupt boldneſs, and enthuſiaſtic warmth of the Celtic bard. In one article, indeed, there is a reſemblance. Virgil is more tender than Homer; and thereby agrees more with Oſſian; with this difference, that the feelings of the one are more gentle and poliſhed, thoſe of the other more ſtrong; the tenderneſs of Virgil ſoftens, that of Oſſian diſſolves and overcomes the heart.

A reſemblance

A reſemblance may be ſometimes obſerved between Oſſian's compariſons, and thoſe employed by the ſacred writers. They abound much in this figure, and they uſe it with the utmoſt propriety.* The imagery of Scripture exhibits a ſoil and climate altogether different from thoſe of Oſſian; a warmer country, a more ſmiling face of nature, the arts of agriculture and of rural life much farther advanced. The wine preſs, and the threſhing floor, are often preſented to us, the cedar and the palm-tree, the fragrance of perfumes, the voice of the turtle, and the beds of lilies. The ſimilies are, like Oſſian's, generally ſhort, touching on one point of reſemblance, rather than ſpread out into little epiſodes. In the following example may be perceived what inexpreſſible grandeur poetry receives from the intervention of the Deity. "The nations ſhall ruſh like the ruſhings of many waters; but God ſhall rebuke them, and they ſhall fly far off, and ſhall be chaſed as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like the down of the thiſtle before the whirlwind."†

Beſides formal compariſons, the poetry of Oſſian is embelliſhed with many beautiful metaphors: Such as that remarkably fine one applied to Deugala; "She was covered with the light of beauty; but her heart was the houſe of pride." This mode of expreſſion, which ſuppreſſes the mark of compariſon, and ſubſtitutes a figured deſcription in room of the object deſcribed, is a great enlivener of ſtyle. It denotes that glow and rapidity of fancy, which without pauſing to form a regular ſimile, paints the object at one ſtroke. "Thou art to me the beam of the eaſt, riſing in a land unknown."—"In peace, thou art the gale of ſpring; in war, the mountain ſtorm." "Pleaſant be thy reſt, O

* See Dr Lowth de Sacra Poeſi Hebræorum.

† Iſaiah xvii. 13.

lovely beam, ſoon haſt thou ſet on our hills! the ſteps of thy departure were ſtately, like the moon on the blue trembling wave. But thou haſt left us in darkneſs, firſt of the maids of Lutha! Soon haſt thou ſet, Malvina! but thou riſeſt, like the beam of the eaſt, among the ſpirits of thy friends, where they ſit in their ſtormy halls, the chambers of the thunder." This is correct and finely ſupported. But in the following inſtance, the metaphor, though very beautiful at the beginning, becomes imperfect before it cloſes, by being improperly mixed with the literal ſenſe. "Trathal went forth with the ſtream of his people; but they met a rock; Fingal ſtood unmoved; broken they rolled back from his ſide. Nor did they roll in ſafety; the ſpear of the king purſued their flight."

The hyperbole is a figure which we might expect to find often employed by Oſſian; as the undiſciplined imagination of early ages generally prompts exaggeration, and carries its objects to exceſs; whereas longer experience, and farther progreſs in the arts of life, chaſten men's ideas and expreſſions. Yet Oſſian's hyperboles appear not to me, either ſo frequent or ſo harſh as might at firſt have been looked for; an advantage owing no doubt to the more cultivated ſtate, in which, as was before ſhewn, poetry ſubſiſted among the ancient Celtæ, than among moſt other barbarous nations. One of the moſt exaggerated deſcriptions in the whole work, is what meets us at the beginning of Fingal, where the ſcout makes his report to Cuchullin of the landing of the foe. But this is ſo far from deſerving cenſure that it merits praiſe, as being, on that occaſion, natural and proper. The ſcout arrives, trembling and full of fears; and it is well known, that no paſſion diſpoſes men to hyperboliſe more than terror. It both annihilates themſelves in their own apprehenſion, and magnifies every object which they view through the

medium

medium of a troubled imagination. Hence all thoſe indiſtinct images of formidable greatneſs, the natural marks of a diſturbed and confuſed mind, which occur in Moran's deſcription of Swaran's appearance, and in his relation of the conference which they held together; not unlike the report, which the affrighted Jewiſh ſpies made to their leader of the land of Canaan. "The land through which we have gone to ſearch it, is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof; and all the people that we ſaw in it, are men of a great ſtature: and there ſaw we giants, the ſons of Anak, which come of the giants; and we were in our own ſight as graſshoppers, and ſo were we in their ſight." *

With regard to perſonifications, I formerly obſerved that Oſſian was ſparing, and I accounted for his being ſo. Allegorical perſonages he has none; and their abſence is not to be regretted. For the intermixture of thoſe ſhadowy beings, which have not the ſupport even of mythological or legendary belief, with human actors, ſeldom produces a good effect. The fiction becomes too viſible and fantaſtic; and overthrows that impreſſion of reality, which the probable recital of human actions is calculated to make upon the mind. In the ſerious and pathetic ſcenes of Oſſian eſpecially, allegorical characters would have been as much out of place, as in Tragedy; ſerving only unſeaſonably to amuſe the fancy, whilſt they ſtopped the current, and weakened the force of paſſion.

With apoſtrophes, or addreſſes to perſons abſent or dead, which have been, in all ages, the language of paſſion, our poet abounds; and they are among his higheſt beauties. Witneſs the apoſtrophe, in the firſt book of Fingal, to the maid of Iniſtore, whoſe lover had fallen in battle; and that inimitably fine one of Cuchullin to Bragela at the concluſion

* Numbers xiii. 32, 33.

of the ſame book. He commands the harp to be ſtruck in her praiſe; and the mention of Bragela's name, immediately ſuggeſting to him a crowd of tender ideas; "Doſt thou raiſe thy fair face from the rocks, he exclaims, to find the ſails of Cuchullin? The ſea is rolling far diſtant, and its white foam ſhall deceive thee for my ſails." And now his imagination being wrought up to conceive her as, at that moment, really in this ſituation, he becomes afraid of the harm ſhe may receive from the inclemency of the night; and with an enthuſiaſm, happy and affecting, though beyond the cautious ſtrain of modern poetry, "Retire," he proceeds, "retire, for it is night, my love, and the dark winds ſigh in thy hair. Retire to the hall of my feaſts, and think of the times that are paſt; for I will not return till the ſtorm of war has ceaſed. O Connal, ſpeak of wars and arms, and ſend her from my mind; for lovely with her raven hair is the white-boſomed daughter of Sorglan." This breathes all the native ſpirit of paſſion and tenderneſs.

The addreſſes to the ſun, to the moon, and to the evening ſtar, muſt draw the attention of every reader of taſte, as among the moſt ſplendid ornaments of this collection. The beauties of each are too great, and too obvious to need any particular comment. In one paſſage only of the addreſs to the moon, there appears ſome obſcurity. "Whither doſt thou retire from thy courſe, when the darkneſs of thy countenance grows? Haſt thou thy hall like Oſſian? Dwelleſt thou in the ſhadow of grief? Have thy ſiſters fallan from heaven? Are they who rejoiced with thee at night, no more? Yes, they have fallen, fair light! and thou doſt often retire to mourn." We may be at a loſs to comprehend, at firſt view, the ground of theſe ſpeculations of Oſſian, concerning the moon; but when all the circumſtances are attended to, they will appear to flow naturally from the

preſent

preſent ſituation of his mind. A mind under the dominion of any ſtrong paſſion, tinctures with its own diſpoſition, every object which it beholds. The old bard, with his heart bleeding for the loſs of all his friends, is meditating on the different phaſes of the moon. Her waning and darkneſs, preſents to his melancholy imagination, the image of ſorrow; and preſently the idea ariſes, and is indulged, that, like himſelf, ſhe retires to mourn over the loſs of other moons, or of ſtars, whom he calls her ſiſters, and fancies to have once rejoiced with her at night, now fallen from heaven. Darkneſs ſuggeſted the idea of mourning, and mourning ſuggeſted nothing ſo naturally to Oſſian, as the death of beloved friends. An inſtance preciſely ſimilar of this influence of paſſion, may be ſeen in a paſſage which has always been admired of Shakeſpeare's King Lear. The old man on the point of diſtraction, through the inhumanity of his daughters, ſees Edgar appear diſguiſed like a beggar and a madman.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou
come to this?
Couldeſt thou leave nothing? Didſt thou give them all?
Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.
Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have ſubdued nature,
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.

King Lear, Act 3. Scene 5.

The apoſtrophe to the winds, in the opening of Darthula, is in the higheſt ſpirit of poetry. "But the winds deceive thee, O Darthula: and deny the woody Etha to thy ſails. Theſe are not thy mountains, Nathos, nor is that the roar of thy climbing waves. The halls of Cairbar are near, and the towers of the foe lift their head. Where have ye been, ye ſouthern winds; when the ſons of my love were deceived?

deceived? But ye have been ſporting on plains, and purſuing the thiſtle's beard. O that ye had been ruſtling in the ſails of Nathos, till the hills of Etha roſe! till they roſe in their clouds, and ſaw their coming chief." This paſſage is remarkable for the reſemblance it bears to an expoſtulation with the wood nymphs, on their abſence at a critical time; which, as a favourite poetical idea, Virgil has copied from Theocritus, and Milton has very happily imitated from both.

Where were ye, nymphs! when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie;
Nor on the ſhaggy top of Mona, high,
Nor yet where Deva ſpreads her wizard ſtream *.

Having now treated fully of Oſſian's talents, with reſpect to deſcription and imagery, it only remains to make ſome obſervations on his ſentiments. No ſentiments can be beautiful without being proper; that is, ſuited to the character and ſituation of thoſe who utter them. In this reſpect, Oſſian is as correct as moſt writers. His characters, as above obſerved, are in general well ſupported; which could not have been the caſe, had the ſentiments been unnatural or out of place. A variety of perſonages of different ages, ſexes, and conditions, are introduced into his poems; and they ſpeak and act with a propriety of ſentiment and behaviour, which it is ſurpriſing to find in ſo rude an age. Let the poem of Darthula, throughout, be taken as an example.

But it is not enough that ſentiments be natural and proper.

* Milton's Lycidas. See Theocrit. Idyll. I.
Πα ποκ' αρ ποθ' ὁκα Δαφνις ἐτακετο; πα ποκα, Νυμφαι, &c.
And Virg. Eclog. 10.
Quæ nemora, aut qui vos ſaltus habuere, puellæ, &c.

per. In order to acquire any high degree of poetical merit, they muſt alſo be ſublime and pathetic.

The ſublime is not confined to ſentiment alone. It belongs to deſcription alſo; and whether in deſcription or in ſentiment, imports ſuch ideas preſented to the mind, as raiſe it to an uncommon degree of elevation, and fill it with admiration and aſtoniſhment. This is the higheſt effect either of eloquence or poetry: And to produce this effect, requires a genius glowing with the ſtrongeſt and warmeſt conception of ſome object awful, great, or magnificent. That this character of genius belongs to Oſſian, may, I think, ſufficiently appear from many of the paſſages I have already had occaſion to quote. To produce more inſtances, were ſuperfluous. If the engagement of Fingal with the ſpirit of Loda, in Carric-thura; if the encounters of the armies, in Fingal; if the addreſs to the ſun, in Carthon; if the ſimilies founded upon ghoſts and ſpirits of the night, all formerly mentioned, be not admitted as examples, and illuſtrious ones too, of the true poetical ſublime, I confeſs myſelf entirely ignorant of this quality in writing.

All the circumſtances, indeed, of Oſſian's compoſition, are favourable to the ſublime, more perhaps than to any other ſpecies of beauty. Accuracy and correctneſs; artfully connected narration; exact method and proportion of parts, we may look for in poliſhed times. The gay and the beautiful, will appear to more advantage in the midſt of ſmiling ſcenery and pleaſurable themes. But amidſt the rude ſcenes of nature, amidſt rocks and torrents, and whirlwinds and battles, dwells the ſublime. It is the thunder and the lightning of genius. It is the offſpring of nature, not of art. It is negligent of all the leſſer graces, and perfectly conſiſtent with a certain noble diſorder. It aſſociates naturally with that grave and ſolemn ſpirit, which diſtinguiſhes our author.

For

For the ſublime, is an awful and ſerious emotion; and is heightened by all the images of Trouble, and Terror, and Darkneſs.

Ipſe pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruſca
Fulmina molitur dextra; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit; fugere feræ; & mortalia corda
Per gentes, humilis ſtravit pavor; ille, flagranti
Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Dejicit.——— VIRG. GEORG. I.

Simplicity and conciſeneſs, are never-failing characteriſtics of the ſtyle of a ſublime writer. He reſts on the majeſty of his ſentiments, not on the pomp of his expreſſions. The main ſecret of being ſublime, is to ſay great things in few, and in plain words: For every ſuperfluous decoration degrades a ſublime idea. The mind riſes and ſwells, when a lofty deſcription or ſentiment is preſented to it, in its native form. But no ſooner does the poet attempt to ſpread out this ſentiment or deſcription, and to deck it round and round with glittering ornaments, than the mind begins to fall from its high elevation; the tranſport is over; the beautiful may remain, but the ſublime is gone. Hence the conciſe and ſimple ſtyle of Oſſian, gives great advantage to his ſublime conceptions; and aſſiſts them in ſeizing the imagination with full power *.

Sublimity

* The noted ſaying of Julius Cæſar, to the pilot in a ſtorm; "Quid times? Cæſarem vehis;" is magnanimous and ſublime. Lucan, not ſatisfied with this ſimple conciſeneſs, reſolved to amplify and improve the thought. Obſerve, how every time he twiſts it round, it departs farther from the ſublime, till, at laſt, it ends in tumid declamation.

Sperne minas, inquit, Pelagi, ventoque furenti
Trade ſinum. Italiam, ſi coelo auctore, recuſas,
Me, pete. Sola tibi cauſa hæc eſt juſta timoris
Vectorem non noſſe tuum; quem numina nunquam
Deſtituunt; de quo male tunc fortuna meretur,
Cum poſt vota venit; medias perrumpe procellas

Tutela

Sublimity as belonging to ſentiment, coincides in a great meaſure with magnanimity, heroiſm, and generoſity of ſentiment. Whatever diſcovers human nature in its greateſt elevation; whatever beſpeaks a high effort of ſoul; or ſhews a mind ſuperior to pleaſures, to dangers, and to death, forms what may be called the moral or ſentimental ſublime. For this, Oſſian is eminently diſtinguiſhed. No poet maintains a higher tone of virtuous and noble ſentiment, throughout all his works. Particularly in all the ſentiments of Fingal, there is a grandeur and loftineſs proper to ſwell the higheſt ideas of human perfection. Wherever he appears, we behold the hero. The objects which he purſues, are always truly great; to bend the proud; to protect the injured; to defend his friends; to overcome his enemies by generoſity more than by force. A portion of the ſame ſpirit actuates all the other heroes. Valour reigns; but it is a generous valour, void of cruelty, animated by honour, not by hatred. We behold no debaſing paſſions among Fingal's warriors; no ſpirit of avarice or of inſult; but a perpetual contention for fame; a deſire of being diſtinguiſhed and remembered for gallant actions; a love of juſtice; and a zealous attachment to their friends and their country. Such is the ſtrain of ſentiment in the works of Oſſian.

But the ſublimity of moral ſentiments, if they wanted the ſoftening of the tender, would be in hazard of giving a hard and ſtiff air to poetry. It is not enough to admire. Admiration is a cold feeling, in compariſon of that deep intereſt, which the heart takes in tender and pathetic ſcenes;

Tutela ſecure mea. Coeli iſte fretique,
Non puppis noſtræ, labor eſt. Hanc Cæſare preſſam
A fluctu defendit onus.
——Quid tanta ſtrage paratur,
Ignoras? Quærit pelagi cælique tumultu
Quid præſtet fortuna mihi.——

PHARSAL. V. 578.

where, by a myſterious attachment to the objects of compaſſion, we are pleaſed and delighted, even whilſt we mourn. With ſcenes of this kind, Oſſian abounds; and his high merit in theſe, is inconteſtable. He may be blamed for drawing tears too often from our eyes; but that he has the power of commanding them, I believe no man, who has the leaſt ſenſibility, will queſtion. The general character of his poetry, is the heroic, mixed with the elegiac ſtrain; admiration tempered with pity. Ever fond of giving, as he expreſſes it, "the joy of grief," it is viſible, that on all moving ſubjects, he delights to exert his genius; and accordingly, never were there finer pathetic ſituations, than what his works preſent. His great art in managing them lies in giving vent to the ſimple and natural emotions of the heart. We meet with no exaggerated declamation; no ſubtile refinements on ſorrow; no ſubſtitution of deſcription in place of paſſion. Oſſian felt ſtrongly himſelf; and the heart when uttering its native language never fails, by powerful ſympathy, to affect the heart. A great variety of examples might be produced. We need only open the book to find them every where. What, for inſtance, can be more moving, than the lamentations of Oithono, after her misfortune? Gaul, the ſon of Morni, her lover, ignorant of what ſhe had ſuffered, comes to her reſcue. Their meeting is tender in the higheſt degree. He propoſes to engage her foe, in ſingle combat, and gives her in charge what ſhe is to do, if he himſelf ſhall fall. "And ſhall the daughter of Nuath live, ſhe replied with a burſting ſigh? Shall I live in Tromathon and the ſon of Morni low? My heart is not of that rock; nor my ſoul careleſs as that ſea, which lifts its blue waves to every wind, and rolls beneath the ſtorm. The blaſt, which ſhall lay thee low, ſhall ſpread the branches of Oithona on earth. We ſhall wither together, ſon of

carborne

carborne Morni! The narrow houſe is pleaſant to me; and the gray ſtone of the dead; for never more will I leave thy rocks, ſea-ſurrounded Tromathon! Chief of Strumon, why cameſt thou over the waves to Nuath's mournful daughter? Why did not I paſs away in ſecret like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unſeen, and ſtrews its withered leaves on the blaſt! Why didſt thou come, O Gaul! to hear my departing ſigh? O had I dwelt at Duvranna, in the bright beams of my fame! Then had my years come on with joy; and the virgins would bleſs my ſteps. But I fall in my youth, ſon of Morni, and my father ſhall blush in his hall."

Oithona mourns like a woman; in Cuchullin's expreſſions of grief after his defeat, we behold the ſentiments of a hero, generous but deſponding. The ſituation is remarkably fine. Cuchullin, rouſed from his cave, by the noiſe of battle, ſees Fingal victorious in the field. He is deſcribed as kindling at the fight. "His hand is on the ſword, of his fathers his red-rolling eyes on the foe. He thrice attempted to ruſh to battle; and thrice did Connal ſtop him;" ſuggeſting, that Fingal was routing the foe; and that he ought not, by the ſhow of ſuperfluous aid, to deprive the king of any part of the honour of a victory, which was owing to him alone. Cuchullin yields to this generous ſentiment; but we ſee it ſtinging him to the heart with the ſenſe of his own diſgrace. "Then, Carril, go, replied the chief, and greet the king of Morven. When Lochlin falls away like a ſtream after rain, and the noiſe of the battle is over, then be thy voice ſweet in his ear, to praiſe the king of ſwords. Give him the ſword of Caithbat; for Cuchullin is worthy no more to lift the arms of his fathers. But, O ye ghoſts of the lonely Cromla! Ye ſouls of chiefs that are no more! Be ye the companions of Cuchullin, and talk to him in the cave of his

ſorrow. For never more ſhall I be renowned among the mighty in the land. I am like a beam that has ſhone: Like a miſt that has fled away; when the blaſt of the morning came, and brightened the ſhaggy ſide of the hill. Connal! talk of arms no more: Departed is my fame. My ſighs ſhall be on Cromla's wind; till my footſteps ceaſe to be ſeen. And thou, white-boſomed Bragela! mourn over the fall of my fame; for vanquiſhed, I will never return to thee, thou ſun-beam of Dunſcaich!"

— — — — — — — — Æſtuat Ingens
Uno in corde pudor, luctuſque, et conſcia virtus.

Beſides ſuch extended pathetic ſcenes, Oſſian frequently pierces the heart by a ſingle unexpected ſtroke. When Oſcar fell in battle, "No father mourned his ſon ſlain in youth; no brother, his brother of love; they fell without tears, for the chief of the people was low." In the admirable interview of Hector with Andromache, in the ſixth Iliad, the circumſtance of the child in his nurſe's arms, has often been remarked, as adding much to the tenderneſs of the ſcene. In the following paſſage relating to the death of Cuchullin, we find a circumſtance that muſt ſtrike the imagination with ſtill greater force. "And is the ſon of Semo fallen? ſaid Carril with a ſigh. Mournful are Tura's walls, and ſorrow dwells at Dunſcaich. Thy ſpouſe is left alone in her youth; the ſon of thy love is alone. He ſhall come to Bragela, and aſk her why ſhe wept. He ſhall lift his eyes to the wall, and ſee his father's ſword. Whoſe ſword is that? he will ſay; and the ſoul of his mother is ſad." Soon after Fingal had ſhewn all the grief of a father's heart for Ryno, one of his ſons, fallen in battle, he is calling, after his accuſtomed manner, his ſons to the chaſe. "Call," ſays he "Fillan and Ryno—but he is not

here

here—My ſon reſts on the bed of death." This unexpected ſtart of anguiſh is worthy of the higheſt tragic poet,

If ſhe come in, ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my wife—
My wife!—my wife—What wife?—I have no wife—
Oh inſupportable! Oh heavy hour!

Othello, Act 5. Scene 7.

The contrivance of the incident in both poets is ſimilar; but the circumſtances are varied with judgment. Othello dwells upon the name of wife, when it had fallen from him, with the confuſion and horror of one tortured with guilt. Fingal, with the dignity of a hero, corrects himſelf, and ſuppreſſes his riſing grief.

The contraſt which Oſſian frequently makes between his preſent and his former ſtate, diffuſes over his whole poetry, a ſolemn pathetic air, which cannot fail to make impreſſion on every heart. The concluſion of the ſongs of Selma, is particularly calculated for this purpoſe. Nothing can be more poetical and tender, or can leave upon the mind, a ſtronger, and more affecting idea of the venerable aged bard. "Such were the words of the bards in the days of the ſong; when the king heard the muſic of harps, and the tales of other times. The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely ſound. They praiſed the voice of Cona*; the firſt among a thouſand bards. But age is now on my tongue, and my ſoul has failed. I hear, ſometimes, the ghoſts of bards, and learn their pleaſant ſong. But memory fails on my mind; I hear the call of years. They ſay, as they paſs along; Why does Oſſian ſing? Soon ſhall he lie in the narrow houſe, and no bard ſhall raiſe his fame. Roll on, ye dark-brown years! for ye bring no joy in your courſe. Let the tomb open to Oſſian, for his ſtrength has failed.

* Oſſian himſelf is poetically called the Voice of Cona.

failed. The ſons of the ſong are gone to reſt. My voice remains, like a blaſt, that roars lonely on a ſea-ſurrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moſs whiſtles there, and the diſtant mariner ſees the waving trees."

Upon the whole; if to feel ſtrongly, and to deſcribe naturally, be the two chief ingredients in poetical genius, Oſſian, muſt after fair examination, be held to poſſeſs that genius in a high degree. The queſtion is not, whether a few improprieties may be pointed out in his works; whether this, or that paſſage, might not have been worked up with more art and ſkill, by ſome writer of happier times? A thouſand ſuch cold and frivolous criticiſms, are altogether indeciſive as to his genuine merit. But, has he the ſpirit, the fire, the inſpiration of a poet? Does he utter the voice of nature? Does he elevate by his ſentiments? Does he intereſt by his deſcriptions? Does he paint to the heart as well as to the fancy? Does he make his readers glow, and tremble, and weep? Theſe are the great characteriſtics of true poetry. Where theſe are found, he muſt be a minute critic indeed, who can dwell upon ſlight defects. A few beauties of this high kind, tranſcend whole volumes of faultleſs mediocrity. Uncouth and abrupt, Oſſian may ſometimes appear by reaſon of his conciſeneſs. But he is ſublime, he is pathetic, in an eminent degree. If he has not the extenſive knowledge, the regular dignity of narration, the fulneſs and accuracy of deſcription, which we find in Homer and Virgil, yet in ſtrength of imagination, in grandeur of ſentiment, in native majeſty of paſſion, he is fully their equal. If he flows not always like a clear ſtream, yet he breaks forth often like a torrent of fire. Of art too, he is far from being deſtitute; and his imagination is remarkable for delicacy as well as ſtrength. Seldom or never is he either trif-

ling

ling or tedious; and if he be thought too melancholy, yet he is always moral. Though his merit were in other reſpects much leſs than it is, this alone ought to entitle him to high regard, that his writings are remarkably favourable to virtue. They awake the tendereſt ſympathies, and inſpire the moſt generous emotions. No reader can riſe from him, without being warmed with the ſentiments of humanity, virtue, and honour.

Though unacquainted with the original language, there is no one but muſt judge the tranſlation to deſerve the higheſt praiſe, on account of its beauty and elegance.

Of its faithfulneſs and accuracy, I have been aſſured by perſons ſkilled in the Galic tongue, who, from their youth, were acquainted with many of theſe poems of Oſſian. To transfuſe ſuch ſpirited and fervid ideas from one language into another; to tranſlate literally, and yet with ſuch a glow of poetry; to keep alive ſo much paſſion, and ſupport ſo much dignity throughout, is one of the moſt difficult works of genius, and proves the tranſlator to have been animated with no ſmall portion of Oſſian's ſpirit.

The meaſured proſe which he has employed, poſſeſſes conſiderable advantages above any ſort of verſification he could have choſen. Whilſt it pleaſes and fills the ear with a variety of harmonious cadences, being, at the ſame time, freer from conſtraint in the choice and arrangement of words, it allows the ſpirit of the original to be exhibited with more juſtneſs, force, and ſimplicity. Elegant, however, and maſterly as Mr Macpherſon's tranſlation is, we muſt never forget, whilſt we read it, that we are putting the merit of the original to a ſevere teſt. For, we are examining a poet ſtripped of his native dreſs: diveſted of the harmony of his own numbers. We know how much grace

and

and energy the works of the Greek and Latin poets receive from the charm of verſification in their original languages. If, then, deſtitute of this advantage, exhibited in a literal verſion, Oſſian ſtill has power to pleaſe as a poet; and not to pleaſe only, but often to command, to tranſport, to melt the heart; we may very ſafely infer, that his productions are the offspring of true and uncommon genius; and we may boldly aſſign him a place among thoſe whoſe works are to laſt for ages.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE ſubſtance of the preceding Diſſertation was originally delivered, ſoon after the firſt publication of Fingal, in the courſe of my Lectures in the Univerſity of Edinburgh; and at the deſire of ſeveral of the hearers, was afterwards enlarged and given to the Public.

As the degree of antiquity belonging to the Poems of Oſſian, appeared to be a point which might bear diſpute, I endeavoured, from internal evidence, to ſhow that theſe poems muſt be referred to a very remote period; without pretending to aſcertain preciſely the date of their compoſition. I had not the leaſt ſuſpicion, when this Diſſertation was firſt publiſhed, that there was any occaſion for ſupporting their authenticity, as genuine productions of the Highlands of Scotland, as tranſlations from the Galic language; not forgeries of a ſuppoſed tranſlator. In Scotland, their authenticity was never called in queſtion. I myſelf had particular reaſons to be fully ſatisfied concerning it. My knowledge of Mr Macpherſon's perſonal honour and integrity, gave me full aſſurance of his being incapable of putting ſuch a groſs impoſition, firſt, upon his friends, and then upon the public; and if this had not been ſufficient, I knew, beſides, that the manner in which theſe poems were brought to light, was entirely inconſiſtent with any fraud. An accidental converſation with a gentleman diſtinguiſhed in the literary world, gave occaſion to Mr Macpherſon's tranſlating literally one or two ſmall pieces of the old Galic poetry. Theſe being ſhown to me and ſome others, rendered us very deſirous of becoming more acquainted with that poetry. Mr Macpherſon, afraid of not doing juſtice to compoſitions which he admired in the original, was very backward to undertake the taſk of tranſlating; and the publication of *The Fragments of Ancient Poems*, was, with no ſmall importunity, extorted from him. The high reputation which theſe preſently acquired, made it, he thought, unjuſt that the world ſhould be deprived of the poſſeſſion of more, if more of the ſame kind could be recovered: And Mr Macpherſon was warmly urged by ſeveral gentlemen of rank and taſte, to diſengage himſelf from other occupations, and to undertake a journey through the Highlands and Iſlands, on purpoſe to make a collection of thoſe curious remains of ancient genius. He complied with their deſires, and ſpent ſeveral months in viſiting thoſe remote parts of

the country; during which time he correſponded frequently with his friends in Edinburgh, informed them of his progreſs, of the applications which he made in different quarters, and of the ſucceſs which he met with; ſeveral letters of his, and of thoſe who aſſiſted him in making diſcoveries paſſed through my hands; his undertaking was the object of conſiderable attention; and returning at laſt, fraught with the poetical treaſures of the north, he ſet himſelf to tranſlate under the eye of ſome who were acquainted with the Galic language, and looked into his manuſcripts; and, by a large publication, made an appeal to all the natives of the Highlands and Iſlands of Scotland, whether he had been faithful to his charge, and done juſtice to their well known and favourite poems.

Such a tranſaction certainly did not afford any favourable opportunity for carrying on an impoſture. Yet in England, it ſeems, an opinion has prevailed with ſome, that an impoſture has been carried on; that the poems which have been given to the world are not tranſlations of the works of any old Galic Bard, but modern compoſitions, formed, as it is ſaid, upon a higher plan of poetry and ſentiment than could belong to an age and a country reputed barbarous: And I have been called upon and urged to produce ſome evidence for ſatisfying the world that they are not the compoſitions of Mr Macpherſon himſelf, under the borrowed name of Oſſian.

If the queſtion had been concerning manuſcripts brought from ſome diſtant or unknown region, with which we had no intercourſe; or concerning tranſlations from an Aſiatic or American language which ſcarce any body underſtood, ſuſpicions might naturally have ariſen, and an author's aſſertions have been anxiouſly and ſcrupulouſly weighed. But in the caſe of a literal tranſlation, profeſſed to be given of old traditionary poems of our own country; of poems aſſerted to be known in the original to many thouſand inhabitants of Great Britain, and illuſtrated too by many of their current tales and ſtories concerning them, ſuch extreme ſcepticiſm is altogether out of place. For who would have been either ſo hardy or ſo ſtupid, as to attempt a forgery which could not have failed of being immediately detected? Either the author muſt have had the influence to engage, as confederates in the fraud, all the natives of the Highlands and Iſlands, diſperſed as they are throughout every corner of the Britiſh dominions; or, we ſhould, long ere this time, have heard their united voice exclaiming, "Theſe are not our poems, nor what we were ever accuſtomed

tomed to hear from our bards or our fathers." Such remonſtrances would, at leaſt, have reached thoſe who dwell in a part of the country which is adjacent to the Highlands; and muſt have come loud to the ears of ſuch, eſpecially, as were known to be the promoters of Mr Macpherſon's undertaking. The ſilence of a whole country in this caſe, and of a country, whoſe inhabitants are well known to be attached, in a remarkable degree, to all their own antiquities, is of as much weight as a thouſand poſitive teſtimonies. And ſurely, no perſon of common underſtanding would have adventured, as Mr Macpherſon has done, in his diſſertation on Temora, to engage in a controverſy with the whole Iriſh nation concerning theſe poems, and to inſiſt upon the honour of them being due to Scotland, if they had been mere forgeries of his own; which the Scots, in place of ſupporting ſo ridiculous a claim, muſt have inſtantly rejected.

But as reaſoning alone is apt not to make much impreſſion, where ſuſpicions have been entertained concerning a matter of fact, it was thought proper to have recourſe to expreſs teſtimonies. I have accordingly applied to ſeveral perſons of credit and honour, both gentlemen of fortune, and clergymen of the eſtabliſhed church, who are natives of the Highlands or Iſlands of Scotland, and well acquainted with the language of the country, deſiring to know their real opinion of the tranſlations publiſhed by Mr Macpherſon. Their original letters to me, in return, are in my poſſeſſion. I ſhall give a fair and faithful account of the reſult of their teſtimony: And I have full authority to uſe the names of thoſe gentlemen for what I now advance.

I muſt begin with affirming, that though among thoſe with whom I have correſponded, ſome have had it in their power to be more particular and explicit in their teſtimony than others; there is not, however, one perſon, who inſinuates the moſt remote ſuſpicion that Mr Macpherſon has either forged, or adulterated any one of the poems he has publiſhed. If they make any complaints of him, it is on account of his having omitted other poems which they think of equal merit with any which he has publiſhed. They all, without exception, concur in holding his tranſlations to be genuine, and proceed upon their authenticity as a fact acknowledged throughout all thoſe Northern Provinces; aſſuring me that any one would be expoſed to ridicule among them, who ſhould call it in queſtion. I muſt obſerve, that I had no motive to direct my choice of the perſons to whom I applied for information preferably to others, except their being pointed out to me, as the perſons in their

different counties who were moſt likely to give light on this head.

With regard to the manner in which the originals of theſe poems have been preſerved and tranſmitted, which has been repreſented as ſo myſterious and inexplicable, I have received the following plain account: That until the preſent century, almoſt every great family in the Highlands had their own bard, to whoſe office it belonged to be maſter of all the poems and ſongs of the country; that among theſe poems the works of Oſſian are eaſily diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of later bards by ſeveral peculiarities in his ſtyle and manner; that Oſſian has been always reputed the Homer of the Highlands, and all his compoſitions held in ſingular eſteem and veneration; that the whole country is full of traditionary ſtories derived from his poems, concerning Fingal and his race of heroes, of whom there is not a child but has heard, and not a diſtrict in which there are not places pointed out as famous for being the ſcene of ſome of their feats of arms; that it was wont to be the great entertainment of the Highlanders, to paſs the winter evenings in diſcourſing of the times of Fingal, and rehearſing theſe old poems, of which they have been all along enthuſiaſtically fond; that when aſſembled at their feſtivals, or any of their public occaſions, wagers were often laid who could repeat moſt of them, and to have ſtore of them in their memories, was both an honourable and a profitable acquiſition, as it procured them acceſs into the families of their great men; that with regard to their antiquity, they are beyond all memory or tradition; inſomuch that there is a word commonly uſed in the Highlands to this day, when they would expreſs any thing which is of the moſt remote or unknown antiquity, importing, that it belongs to the age of Fingal.

I am farther informed that after the uſe of letters was introduced into that part of the country, the bards and others began early to commit ſeveral of theſe poems to writing; that old manuſcripts of them, many of which are deſtroyed or loſt, are known and atteſted to have been in the poſſeſſion of ſome great families; that the moſt valuable of thoſe which remained, were collected by Mr Macpherſon during his journey through that country; that though the poems of Oſſian, ſo far as they were handed down by oral tradition, were no doubt liable to be interpolated, and to have their parts diſjoined and put out of their natural order, yet by comparing together the different oral editions of them (if we may uſe that phraſe) in different corners of the country, and by comparing theſe alſo with the manuſcripts which he obtained,

obtained, Mr Macpherſon had it in his power to aſcertain, in a great meaſure, the genuine original, to reſtore the parts to their proper order, and to give the whole to the public in that degree of correctneſs, in which it now appears.

I am alſo acquainted, that if inquiries had been made fifty or threeſcore years ago, many more particulars concerning theſe poems might have been learned, and many more living witneſſes have been produced for atteſting their authenticity; but that the manners of the inhabitants of the Highland counties have of late undergone a great change. Agriculture, trades, and manufactures, begin to take place of hunting, and the ſhepherd's life. The introduction of the buſy and laborious arts has conſiderably abated that poetical enthuſiaſm which is better ſuited to a vacant and indolent ſtate. The fondneſs of reciting their old poems decays; the cuſtom of teaching them to their children is fallen into deſuetude; and few are now to be found, except old men, who can rehearſe from memory any conſiderable parts of them.

For theſe particulars, concerning the ſtate of the Highlands and the tranſmiſſion of Oſſian's poems, I am indebted to the reverend and very learned and ingenious Mr John Macpherſon, miniſter of Slate, in the Iſland of Sky; and to the reverend Mr Donald Macqueen, miniſter of Kilmuir, in Sky; Mr Donald Macleod, miniſter of Glenelg, in Inverneſsſhire; Mr Lewis Grant, miniſter of Duthel, in Inverneſsſhire; Mr Angus Macneil, miniſter of the Iſland of South Uiſt; Mr Neil Macleod, miniſter of Roſs, in the Iſland of Mull; and Mr Alexander Macaulay, chaplain to the 88th regiment.

The honourable Colonel Hugh Mackay of Bighouſe, in the Shire of Sutherland; Donald Campbell of Airds, in Argyleſhire, Eſq; Æneas Mackintoſh of Mackintoſh, in Inverneſsſhire, Eſq; and Ronald Macdonell of Keappoch, in Lochaber, Eſq; captain in the 87th regiment commanded by Colonel Fraſer, all concur in teſtifying that Mr Macpherſon's collection conſiſts of genuine Highland poems; known to them to be ſuch, both from the general report of the country where they live, and from their own remembrance of the originals. Colonel Mackay aſſerts very poſitively, upon perſonal knowledge, that many of the poems publiſhed by Mr Macpherſon are true and faithful tranſlations. Mr Campbell declares that he has heard many of them, and Captain Macdonell that he has heard parts of every one of them, recited in the original language.

James Grant of Rothiemurchus, Eſq; and Alexander Grant

Grant of Delrachny, Eſq; both in the Shire of Inverneſs, deſire to be named as vouchers for the poem of Fingal in particular. They remember to have heard it often in their younger days, and are poſitive that Mr Macpherſon has given a juſt tranſlation of it.

Lauchlan Macpherſon of Strathmaſhie, in Inverneſs-ſhire, Eſq; gives a very full and explicit teſtimony, from particular knowledge, in the following words: That in the year 1760, he accompanied Mr Macpherſon during ſome part of his journey through the Highlands in ſearch of the poems of Oſſian; that he aſſiſted him in collecting them; that he took down from oral tradition, and tranſcribed from old manuſcripts by far the greateſt part of thoſe pieces Mr Macpherſon has publiſhed; that ſince the publication he has carefully compared the tranſlation with the copies of the originals in his hands; and that he finds it amazingly literal, even to ſuch a degree as often to preſerve the cadence of the Galic verſification. He affirms, that among the manuſcripts which were at that time in Mr Macpherſon's poſſeſſion, he ſaw one of as old a date as the year 1410.

Sir James Macdonald of Macdonald, in the Iſland of Sky, Baronet, aſſured me, that after having made, at my deſire, all the inquiries he could in his part of the country, he entertained no doubt that Mr Macpherſon's collection conſiſted entirely of authentic Highland poems; that he had lately heard ſeveral parts of them repeated in the original, in the Iſland of Sky, with ſome variations from the printed tranſlation, ſuch as might naturally be expected from the circumſtances of oral tradition; and ſome parts, in particular the epiſode of Fainaſollis in the third book of Fingal, which agree literally with the tranſlation; and added, that he had heard recitations of other poems not tranſlated by Mr Macpherſon, but generally reputed to be of Oſſian's compoſition, which were of the ſame ſpirit and ſtrain with ſuch as are tranſlated, and which he eſteemed not inferior to any of them in ſublimity of deſcription, dignity of ſentiment, or any other of the beauties of poetry. This laſt particular muſt have great weight; as it is well known how much the judgment of Sir James Macdonald deſerves to be relied upon, in every thing that relates to literature and taſte.

The late reverend Mr Alexander Macfarlane, miniſter of Arrachar in Dumbartonſhire, who was remarkably eminent for his profound knowledge in Galic learning and antiquities, wrote to me ſoon after the publication of Mr Macpherſon's work, terming it a maſterly tranſlation; informing me that he had often heard ſeveral of theſe poems in

the

the original, and remarked many paſſages ſo particularly ſtriking beyond any thing he had ever read in any human compoſition, that he never expected to ſee a ſtrength of genius able to do them that juſtice in a tranſlation, which Mr Macpherſon has done.

Norman Macleod of Macleod, in the Iſland of Sky, Eſq; Walter Macfarlane, in Dumbartonſhire, Eſq; Mr Alexander Macmillan, deputy-keeper of his Majeſty's ſignet, Mr Adam Ferguſſon, profeſſor of moral philoſophy in the Univerſity of Edinburgh, and many other gentlemen, natives of the Highland counties, whom I had occaſion to converſe with upon this ſubject, declare, that though they cannot now repeat from memory any of theſe poems in the original, yet from what they have heard in their youth, and from the impreſſion of the ſubject ſtill remaining on their minds, they firmly believe thoſe which Mr Macpherſon has publiſhed, to be the old poems of Oſſian current in the country.

Deſirous, however, to have this tranſlation particularly compared with the oral editions of any who had parts of the original diſtinctly on their memory, I applied to ſeveral clergymen to make inquiry in their reſpective pariſhes concerning ſuch perſons; and to compare what they rehearſed with the printed verſion. Accordingly, from the reverend Mr John Macpherſon, miniſter of Slate, in Sky; Mr Neil Macleod, miniſter of Roſs, in Mull; Mr Angus Macneil, miniſter of South Uiſt; Mr Donald Macqueen, miniſter of Kilmuir, in Sky; and Mr Donald Macleod, miniſter of Glenelg; I have had reports on this head, containing diſtinct and explicit teſtimonies to almoſt the whole epic poem of Fingal, from beginning to end, and to ſeveral alſo of the leſſer poems, as rehearſed in the original, in their preſence, by perſons whoſe names and places of abode they mention, and compared by themſelves with the printed tranſlation. They affirm that in many places, what was rehearſed in their preſence agreed literally and exactly with the tranſlation. In ſome places they found variations from it, and variations even among different rehearſers of the ſame poem in the original; as words and ſtanza's omitted by ſome, which others repeated, and the order and connection in ſome places changed. But they remark, that theſe variations are on the whole not very material; and that Mr Macpherſon ſeemed to them to follow the moſt juſt and authentic copy of the ſenſe of his author. Some of theſe clergymen, particularly Mr Neil Macleod, can themſelves repeat from memory ſeveral paſſages of Fingal; the tranſla-

tion

tion of which they aſſure me is exact. Mr Donald Macleod acquaints me, that it was in his houſe Mr Macpherſon had the deſcription of Cuchullin's horſes and chariot, in the firſt book of Fingal, given him by Allan Macaſkill ſchoolmaſter. Mr Angus Macneil writes, that Mr Macdonald, a pariſhioner of his, declares, that he has often ſeen and read a great part of an ancient manuſcript, once in the poſſeſſion of the family of Clanronald, and afterwards carried to Ireland, containing many of theſe poems; and that he rehearſed before him ſeveral paſſages out of Fingal, which agreed exactly with Mr Macpherſon's tranſlation; that Neil Macmurrich, whoſe predeceſſors had for many generations been bards to the family of Clanronald, declared alſo in his preſence, that he had often ſeen and read the ſame old manuſcript; that he himſelf, gave to Mr Macpherſon a manuſcript containing ſome of the poems which are now tranſlated and publiſhed, and rehearſed before Mr Macneil, in the original, the whole of the poem intitled Darthula, with very little variation from the printed tranſlation. I have received the ſame teſtimony concerning this poem, Dar-thula, from Mr Macpherſon miniſter of Slate: and in a letter communicated to me from Lieutenant Duncan Macnicol, of the 88th regiment, informing me of its being recited in the original, in their preſence, from beginning to end: On which I lay the more ſtreſs, as any perſon of taſte who turns to that poem will ſee, that it is one of the moſt highly finiſhed in the whole collection, and moſt diſtinguiſhed for poetical and ſentimental beauties; inſomuch, that whatever genius could produce Dar-thula, muſt be judged fully equal to any performance contained in Mr Macpherſon's publication. I muſt add here, that though they who have compared the tranſlation with what they have heard rehearſed of the original, beſtow high praiſes both upon Mr Macpherſon's genius and his fidelity; yet I find it to be their general opinion, that in many places he has not been able to attain to the ſtrength and ſublimity of the original which he copied.

I have authority to ſay, in the name of Lieutenant Colonel Archibald Macnab, of the 88th regiment, or regiment of Highland Volunteers commanded by Colonel Campbell, that he has undoubted evidence of Mr Macpherſon's collection being genuine, both from what he well remembers to have heard in his youth, and from his having heard very lately a conſiderable part of the poem of Temora rehearſed in the original, which agreed exactly with the printed verſion.

By the reverend Mr Alexander Pope, miniſter of Reay, in the ſhire of Caithneſs, I am informed, that twenty-four years

years ago, he had begun to make a collection of ſome of the old poems current in his part of the country; on comparing which, with Mr Macpherſon's work, he found in his collection the poem intitled, the Battle of Lora, ſome parts of Lathmon, and the account of the Death of Oſcar. From the above mentioned Lieutenant Duncan Macnicol, teſtimonies have been received to a great part of Fingal, to part of Temora, and Carric-thura, as well as to the whole of Dar-thula, as recited in his preſence in the original, compared, and found to agree with the tranſlation.

I myſelf read over the greateſt part of the Engliſh verſion of the ſix books of Fingal, to Mr Kenneth Macpherſon of Stornoway, in the Iſland of Lewis, merchant, in preſence of the reverend Mr Alexander Macaulay, chaplain of the 88th regiment. In going along, Mr Macpherſon vouched what was read to be well known to him in the original, both the deſcriptions and the ſentiments. In ſome places, though he remembered the ſtory, he did not remember the words of the original; in other places, he remembered and repeated the Galic lines themſelves, which, being interpreted to me by Mr Macaulay, were found, upon compariſon, to agree often literally with the printed verſion, and ſometimes with ſlight variations of a word or an epithet. This teſtimony carried to me, and muſt have carried to any other who had been preſent, the higheſt conviction; being preciſely a teſtimony of that nature which an Engliſhman well acquainted with Milton, or any favourite author, would give to a foreigner, who ſhewed him a verſion of this author into his own language, and wanted to be ſatisfied from what the Engliſhman could recollect of the original, whether it was really a tranſlation of Paradiſe Loſt, or a ſpurious work under that title which had been put into his hands.

The above-mentioned Mr Alexander Macaulay, Mr Adam Ferguſſon profeſſor of moral philoſophy, and Mr Alexander Fraſer, governor to Francis Stuart, Eſq; inform me, that at ſeveral different times they were with Mr Macpherſon, after he had returned from his journey through the Highlands, and whilſt he was employed in the work of tranſlating; that they looked into his manuſcripts, ſeveral of which had the appearance of being old; that they were fully ſatisfied of their being genuine Highland poems; that they compared the tranſlation in many places with the original; and they atteſt it to be very juſt and faithful, and remarkably literal.

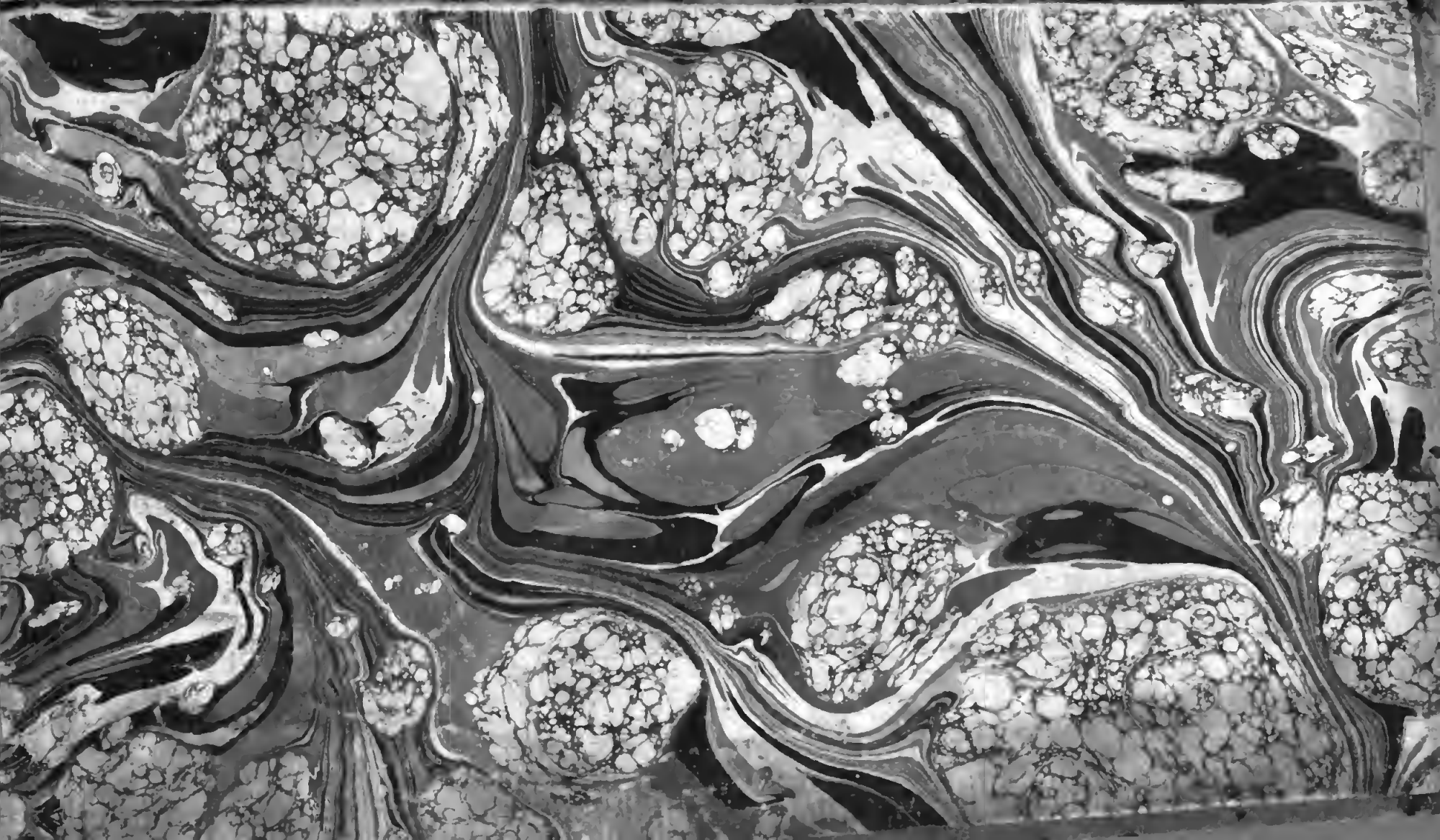
It has been thought worth while to beſtow this attention on eſtabliſhing the authenticity of the works of Oſſian, now in poſſeſſion of the public: Becauſe whatever rank they are

allowed to hold as works of genius; whatever different opinions may be entertained concerning their poetical merit, they are unqueſtionably valuable in another view; as monuments of the taſte and manners of an ancient age, as uſeful materials for enlarging our knowledge of the human mind and character; and muſt, beyond all diſpute, be held as at leaſt one of the greateſt curioſities, which have at any time enriched the republic of letters. More teſtimonies to them might have been produced by a more enlarged correſpondence with the Highland counties: But I apprehend, if any apology is neceſſary, it is for producing ſo many names, in a queſtion, where the conſenting ſilence of a whole country; was to every unprejudiced perſon, the ſtrongeſt proof, that ſpurious compoſitions, in the name of that country, had not been obtruded upon the world.

THE preceding chain of evidence would be ſufficient, one ſhould think, to ſettle any point of controverſy whatever. At leaſt we are in the habit of believing traditions in themſelves the moſt incredible, upon authority far leſs ſatisfactory. If additional proof is however wanted, we refer the reader to a Diſſertation on the Authenticity of Oſſian's Poems, inſerted by the reverend Mr Smith in his Galic Antiquities. This Gentleman has not only added his own teſtimony to the foregoing evidence, but has ſubjoined a numerous liſt of correſpondents, and of perſons to whom he was indebted "by oral recitation" for a conſiderable part of the originals of the poems which he has tranſlated, and which are intimately connected with the preſent collection. As it had been loudly demanded,* that the originals themſelves ſhould be produced, Mr Smith has printed his Galic Poems in a quarto volume, extending to an hundred and ſeventy-four pages. If any reader can reſiſt the conviction of ſuch evidence, as to the exiſtence of Oſſian's Poems in the Galic language, he muſt be ranked with thoſe hardy ſceptics who would not believe, *though one had ariſen from the dead.*

* This paragraph is addreſſed, in particular, to the admirers of the late Dr Samuel Johnſon. For his petulance upon this ſubject, the hereditary† diſtemper of lunacy forms a melancholy vindication. An apology of the ſame kind may be advanced for the buffoonery of James Boſwell, Eſq.

† "*I had it from my Father.*" DR JOHNSON.

THE END.

574634